

Kane**"A Different Kind of Knight"**

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Can I cut in on a dance?
You ain't gonna find what you're lookin' for
In that little Mexican
You can't mix your tears
With those from an agave plant
You see I've danced with him myself
And he's never been a friend

You go believin' in your Lancelot
Well it's all in vain
And you're chasin' picket fences,
There's always hell to pay
I met many a girl in here
With the same story line
All them boys on those white horses
Don't know how to ride

CHORUS

But I got a pain outside with enough giddyup
To be free
I got a faint smell of cheap perfume
And a hint of gasoline
See I'm a different kind of knight
You're gonna find your fairy tales are lies
I don't have a white horse
But you can come along for the ride

She said "I'm tired of living life in a romance book
I think chivalry's dead
And I ain't gonna look
For them roundtable boys on the white horse
That can't get the story right."

I said "as luck would have it
I was tossed by the throne
I let my merry hair down
Some years ago
And I traded my coat of arms
For a guitar and some broken yellow lines."

CHORUS

She kinda shifted in her seat a little bit
The thought of every eye on her bee-stung lips
And she raised that glass and the lime
And she kissed them goodbye

She said "promise me you'll take it slow
And swear no talk of tomorrow
And when you feel me tighten around you
Well you can let the hammer down."

And I got a pain outside with enough giddyup
To be free
I got a faint smell of cheap perfume
And a hint of gasoline
See I'm a different kind of knight
You're gonna find your fairy tales are all lies
I don't have a white horse
Oh
But you can come along for the ride

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