

**Kevin Coyne****"Heaven Bound And Glory Be"**

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A reporter in a jailroom, whispering her source to a  
dying bulb  
While the prince is in a fable, peaceful in his cradle,  
convinced of the impossible:  
All those wicked words I used to build my wild Western  
truth!  
I was just following the rules. Yeah, I did what I had to  
do.  
So now it's later than it needs to be  
And in the dulcet tones of dream  
The prince atop his chariot,  
Heaven bound & glory be.

A mother in a market chases after children that she  
barely knows  
While the father on the barstool, dropped off by his  
carpool, is playing a familiar role:  
I used to be a conquering king. I watched the slow stars  
shoot & swing.  
When I'd wake, the world would sing. Now, I can't hear  
anything.  
So now it's later than it needs to be  
And while his stranger family sleeps  
The king looks for his castle,  
Heaven bound & glory be.

There's a myth we must've made  
One we're spreading every day  
In every dying dream we grieve  
The humming hole we fight & feed  
It's the loving lives we long for  
Heaven bound & glory be

A man in a hotel room, tangled to his teeth by the  
telephone  
He's waiting on a woman, wondering what she's doing,  
And pacing so his pulse won't slow.  
He drums his legs and pulls his hair; he carves her  
dimples in the air.  
The raging world has spooked him scared, and he  
don't want her lost out there.

So now it's later than it needs to be  
And though his aching eyes want sleep  
Against all rationality  
Against everything he believes  
He prays for her protection,  
Heaven bound & glory be.  
I pray for your protection,  
Heaven bound & glory be.

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