

## **Chris Mann**

### **"Viva La Vida"**

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I used to rule the world, seas would rise when I gave  
the word.

Now in the morning I sleep alone, sweep the streets I  
used to own.

I used to roll the dice, feel the fear in my enemy's eyes  
Listen as the crowd would sing

"Now the old king is dead! Long live the king!".

One minute I held the key, next the walls were closed  
on me

And I discovered that my castle stand

Upon pillars of salt, pillars of sand.

I hear Jerusalem bells ringing, Roman Cavalry choirs  
are singing.

Be my mirror, my sword and shield, my missionaries in  
a foreign field.

For some reason I can't explain, once you go there was  
never

Never an honest world but that was when I ruled the  
world.

It was the wicked and wild wind, blew down the doors  
to let me in.

Shattered windows and the sound of drums

People couldn't believe what I'd become.

Revolutionaries wait for my head on a silver plate

Just a puppet on a lonely string, oh who would ever  
want to be king?

I hear Jerusalem bells ringing, Roman Cavalry choirs  
are singing.

Be my mirror, my sword and shield, my missionaries in  
a foreign field.

For some reason I can't explain, I know Saint Peter  
won't call my name.

Never an honest world but that was when I ruled the  
world.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

I hear Jerusalem bells ringing, Roman Cavalry choirs  
are singing.  
Be my mirror, my sword and shield, my missionaries in  
a foreign field.  
For some reason I can't explain, I know Saint Peter  
won't call my name.  
Never an honest word but that was when I ruled the  
world.

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