

Masters Of Reality

"Kill The King"

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I was askin'
For two dollars
Two shots
To kill the king

"if you really love me
And you're thinking of me
You'd do just about anything"

It happened on a sunday
The liquour stores were closed
Thank heaven for the blue laws
We were swimmin' in our sunday clothes

I was askin'
For two dollars
To cook up somethin' cheap
I was shakin' like the rabbit
That was hangin' from her teeth

"and in many degrees of heat
The fire looked at the meat
And said 'if I cook you
The least you can do
Is lay there and be sweet' "

Call the fire in winter
When it snows it won't be cold
Call the wind in summer
If the salt should reign as gold

Eraticus
Kill the king
Magantas
Kill the king

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