

## David Mead "World Of A King"

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So a man and a woman forked at a baby  
The prince of dysfunction boy on a string  
From a suburban palace he walked out to freedom  
Enslaved to a concept in the world of a king

And baby's love he's smoking in a peacoat  
A ship on the ocean bird on a wind  
With a poem and soul written in his honor  
There's a concrete assumption in the world of a king

A guitar and a girlfriend, just off the turnpike  
Yeah, the foundtain of ego learned how to sing  
But the truth shall engage him with heartbreak and  
cold cots  
In an unguarded moment in the world of a king  
And baby's gone, she's dancing on a big stage  
With a tear and a tutu  
The phone never rings  
And he can't go on, he's banging on a keyboard  
There's an E-mail to Jesus from the world of a king

I took a moment to remember a moonlit night  
Conversation by the candlelight was free  
Never trying to please yourself  
Never happy with nobody else but me  
So a man and a woman...

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