

Michael Hutchence

"The King Is Gone"

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They came from the second city
Where the screams came unattached
Addiction was the latest style
In the faces they could not match
There was a blue beat playing
On the radio left behind
And a man selling lies as truth
Like a king who was loved too much
They made a mess of their only child
But her innocence was not lost
While the judge and jury took their time
They counted the miles and laughed

Make way, yeah, for the way we are
The fever still burns though the king is gone

Fever comes to the innocent
It can make you mad and free
But you'll never find a scrap of love
If you don't wanna feel the heat
A million flames that are lickin'
They lie like dogs at your feet
Waitin for words of wisdom
From the mouths of the bittersweet
In the valley of indiscretion
Where fear plays the piper's tune
The heroes are the ones who tell the truth
And break the rules with the courage of love

(Give it to the feeling)
(Fear you are, give it up, pick you up)
(Give it)

Make way for the way we are
Fever still burns though the king is gone...
Make way for the way we are
The king is gone... but the fever is on
Ugh! Ooh! Oh!

