

First Aid Kit

"I met up with the king"

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I met up with the king
He confessed his body was burning
I met up with the king
His body had begun to rot
And he said "don't think less of me
I'm still the same man I used to be"

But no one believed him
No one believed him

I once knew a pretty girl
And she was in love with the world
And she loved a young man
Who loved her body but never saw her mind
He took everything she had kept
And then he took everything else that was left

But no one believed her
No one believed her

I feel just like the king
As I fall on the muddy ground
I feel just like you gal
There's people thinking
They know something now
Well I don't know anything at all
And we mean nothing to history
Well thank God

So tell me do you believe me?
Do you believe me?
I bet you don't
I bet you won't

