

## The Waterboys

### "King Electric"

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King Electric, motor on  
the King is dead, the king is gone  
The King is in us, let his song  
play on!

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I was cutting a dash down Bleecker Street  
the sewer was a-staiming underneath my feet  
I looked down MacDougal 'bout half a block  
said to myself "That's where you come from"  
I got a vision right there and then in my mind's eye  
you in your finery, strolling by  
Hands on your hip and your guitar case  
sound of the future blowing in your face

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the King is dead, the king is gone  
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play on!

I stepped down the stairs, ventured through the door  
sound nearly knocked me clean to Singapore  
Black man child waltzing 'cross the stage  
squeezing guitar, singing Purple Haze

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play on!

I remember back home, many moons ago  
I had a front-room band, you should have heard us  
blow  
We were rough as a dog, loud as sin  
with a lead guitar player, name of Davy Flynn  
He could play with his teeth, upside of his head  
he could make that thing ring like a-raising that dead

You were his idol, you were his man  
I didn't get it then Davy, now I understand

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'Cos you were just too early, I was just too late  
You were just too fine, you were just too great  
You were just too real, you were just too true  
This world wasn't beautiful enough for you

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play on!

Keep your electric eye on me, babe  
Put your ray gun to my head  
Press your space face close to mine, love  
Freak out in a moonage daydream, oh yeah

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