

Robbie Fulks

"Little king"

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Well it's a vile world but that's all right/Long as the little
king's alive
In a day of shifting styles/His damage will last awhile.
Dizzy in a fever of muscle and chrome/This jerkwater
town burned like Rome
Truckled to the torch of one savage kid/That's how to
rule! That's how to live!

When you're old and not so clever/When you're
dragging your ghost around
These wild years won't last forever/This kingdom
comes right down!

Little King had a Midas hand/Anything he touched
turned yellow and ran
Rebel boys, half-witted and brave/Felt lucky to follow
and slave
And from the back of his eyes, some demon
sprung/Made young men wanna touch bottles and
guns
Make Pleistocene creatures of Mom and Dad/Twice
more kick than your real kings had

It's a vile world, but that's O.K./That's where the smart
bucks are today
Tortoise shells and a wedding ring/So much for the
"little king."
But, see that hilltop, gutted and bare...?/15 years back
a King walked there
Now some half-wit hellspawn's gonna take his
turn/That's how to crash! That's how to burn!

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