

Sage Francis

"The Emperor's New Clothing"

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Written By: Sage Francis

I listen for secrets hidden in whispers...in the winter
time/
And catch them tickling my whiskers...colliding with
wind chimes/
The kind that send shivers...up and down tingling
spines/

Thinking time could stretch if...

we'd spin a design inside our web that would catch
drifts/
The type that blow out birthday candles before we
make our death wish/

I'm waiting for a message in my calling so I'm checking
my voice mail,
and I'm answering machines with man-made dreams.
Man made bandaids to cover up the seams.
The cover-up seems to only work if the wound never
opens up or bleeds.
Beads of sweat form above the eyes of a heathen
Emperor/
Who won't get on his feet and step outside into the
freezing temperature/
He wants to adjust the global thermostat/
But he's so remote...and you can't control the world like
that/

Come to find these eggs ain't even golden.
I see depreciation in the family jewels the Queen is
holding.
That broken marriage was fixed. It happened when her
feet were frozen.
She still remains to be the only one who's seen the
Emperor's new clothing...

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