

Captain Potters Plastic Flies

"The King"

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THE KING SAT IN HIS CASTLE - ALL BY HIMSELF
NO BIRDS, NO SERVANTS, HE COULD HEAR NO SOUND
CAPTURED ON HIS THRONE

SELF CONTEMPTED, SELF DENIAL
AFTER HE SOWED THE SEEDS
OF HIS MOURNING
HIS PEOPLE FEEL IT TOO

A WALL ROUND HIS GARDEN ONCE
IS NOW GROWING AROUND HIS RELM
IF HE SAW HIS REFLECTION HED BE FREED FROM THOSE
WHO KNEEL DOWN BEFORE HIM

ALL HIS ICY WORDS, MENT ITS ABOUT TIME
TO CALL BACK THE BIRDS HE ONCE SENT OUT
TOO MANY THINGS IN THESE AUGUST SURROUNDINGS
NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE - ONLY A DREAM
ONLY ADREAM - ONLY A DREAM

ALL HIS ICY WORDS, MENT ITS ABOUT TIME
TO CALL BACK THE BIRDS HE ONCE SENT OUT
TOO MANY NIGHTS IN THESE AUGUST SURROUNDINGS
THE LIGHT OF THE CANDLES CASTS THE SHADOW

THE HEDGES DOW GROW THICKLY IN THE AIR
HIS CROWN LEFT AT THE END OF THE HALL
A FLOWER AT THE THIRD KALLEM
THE LIGHT OF THE CANDLES CASTS THE SHADOW...

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