

Constantines, The "New King"

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Your mother and father
Walked out of the city
Bound together as they were bound to be
To pull a fortune from a river
Drink the syrup from the tree
Kith and kin
When the ice gets thin
We'll forage and we'll fend
As you deliver we'll begin
to deliver them

Your father on the radio
Your mother on the hill
Put these words together
With their bodies and their will
Kith and kin
When the ice gets thin
We'll forage and we'll fend
As you deliver we'll begin
To deliver them

Show your faces, hear the sound
There's a new king coming 'round.

They came to this world naked
To be sad inside the head
They will nurse and decorate you
And learn you how to stand
In your mother's leather jacket
and your father's cotton shirt
you look good into the light
go down deep into the dirt

Kith and kin
When the ice gets thin
We'll forage and we'll fend
As you deliver we'll begin
To deliver them

Show your faces, hear the sound
There's a new king coming 'round.

Your mother and father
Walked out of the city
Bound together as they were bound to be
To pull the bed from new beginnings
Of drift wood and fallen leaves

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