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## Steve Martin "King Of Boys"

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On a hill in Mold, North Wales Sightings of a ghostly boy Clad in gold glittering in the moonlight

King of boys your grave's been robbed Sold for English Pounds You can't wear your gold cape anymore You don't roam the hillside like before

They took everything you had And they left you cold like that Long ago they stole a boy from the moonlight

King of boys your grave's been robbed Sold for English Pounds You can't wear your gold cape anymore You don't roam the hillside like before

King of boys your grave's been robbed Sold for English Pounds

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