

Libertines, The

"Tell The King"

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I've got a little secret for ya

Even now there's something
To be proud about
You come up the hard way
And they'll remind you every day
You're nothing

Oh my words in your mouth
Are mumbled all about
You're like a journalist
How you can cut and paste and twist
You're awful

Tell it to your king
Tell him everything you know
Tell him you know how I feel
Tell him you know how I feel at the palace gates
Oh I'm all levered off my face
And just to work out what it's on about
And see snakes in eyes
And danger signs

If you were late you mustn't dare complain
And you won't like this at all
There's nothing to break your fall

Oh tell it to your king
Tell him everything you know
And you know how I feel out of place
Until I'm levered off my face
And I can't work out what your on about
Didn't they explain
You have to play the game, oh-oh

He drinks and smokes his cares away
His heart is in the lonely way
Living in the ruins
Of a castle built on sand

