

May I bring you up to date?
We are living in the 20'th century not in the 18'th
May I bring you up to date, sir?
We are not alive at all
This isn't Napoleon, this isn't Bonaparte, this is fate
This isn't Josephine, she's still in the tent
This isn't the Holy Mother Mary on the balcony of Judas
This is Louis, Louis, the sun king
Louis Quatorze, he was the fire king
He had disgrace there was no finer prince
He had this whole department structured up in Maine
This is Louis, Louis, the sun king
He sacked the Pope who played the pawn in Venezuela
In Venezuela they have lots of cocaine
The cocaine drug is sending people to their magic maker
But when I come home it's what I want
Emperors and gender benders dictate
What's going on
I'm going to seek and find and spend my favorite dollar
This isn't Napoleon or one of his divine illusions
This isn't Napoleon this isn't fate this isn't drugs
This is Louis, Louis, the sun king
I'm getting sick of all the history and facts
I'm going to sail a boat and never coming back
I'm going to trash the Pope and bury his career
And sail this boat into the Southern Hemisphere
You know they say, the grass is always greener on the other side
I know it's not true, I've been there and I'm dying to get back
The grease from grass is born of peace then worn away
My name's Napoleon, I didn't know that
This isn't Venezuela
And Venezuela's vacant
Venezuela's peeking holding jewels up to the West
They say, the grass is greener on the other side
I know it's not true, I've been there and I want to get back
I'm getting sick of all the history and facts
I'm going to sail a boat and never coming back
I'm going to trash the Pope and bury his career
And sail this boat into the Southern Hemisphere
May I bring you up to date?
I am up to date
This isn't Napoleon, this isn't fate, this isn't rhyme
This is a story of times that we had sight
This is Louis, Louis, the sun king
Louis Quatorze, Louis XIV, Louis revolting
He wore his faith abused his wealth in the years 1600's
14,000 men, 14,000 horses withdrew their labors
And here we go into the principality of Paris
We burn the palace and shoot the people with the sour faces
The sour faces have got the people's innocence in their hands
And this dirty, filthy palace has still got no truth
We storm the palace on the 4th and 5th amendments
My name's Napoleon, I didn't breed there
They say, the grass is greener on the other side
Well, I've been there Other Wolfgang Press songs