

## Setting Sun

### Dance Hall Crashers

There was a boy and he thought himself quite special  
Somehow important and confidently able  
He didn't care if your face got under his foot  
As long as he didn't stop to have to look

He had a chest for the trophies that he'd stolen  
He shined them every morning on his way in  
And even he really started to believe it  
Rationalizing that they were meant for him

But I know that you're not the king of the setting sun  
I know what you are and have done  
And that crown you found is gonna leave  
On your head a big green ring  
You're not the king of the setting sun  
I know what you have not done  
And you're gonna burn in Hell

He sometimes wondered if he was just trash  
He felt guilty one day, but it passed  
And after that, he convinced even himself  
That everyone loved him and no one else

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Thinking back, you smiled at  
How you'd come this far  
And how the idiots had bought into what  
You told them you are  
Now, hold really still and hope that they don't see  
That you're one big vacancy

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