

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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