

King or Cripple

Delirious?

(Smith)

King or cripple what have I become?
Beneath these kingly robes there lies a fragile man
What made me king can sometimes cripple
All that you give can sometimes rob my innocence
Why do you let us walk upon a cliff so steep
When deep below the sea there lies a bed of gold
And if this should be our battle place
Don't let me fall, don't let us fall
Keep me, keep me, keep me, keep me
I love to hold the hand of one who healed the blind
And saw the leper run into your arms of love
King or cripple, they were the same to you
You took a broken man and you treat him like a king