

Mr. Chess

Duncan Sheik

So good to meet you, Mr. Chess
I've always heard that you're the best
At housing knights
And castles high up in the air

So I beseech you, Mr. Chess
To let me sleep inside your bed
And would you sleep too
Would you sleep too in the chair?

You see, I dream of many things
Of floating solitary kings
Of pawns and people
With blue sequins through their hair

The jesters sings
The bishop brings the queen
A hollow following
And all the pawns and people stop
And people stare

So I too stop
At three o'clock
I stumble to your door
And knock

And ask to see you
Ask to be you, Mr. Chess
Oh, Mr. Chess

Now, I beseech you, Mr. Chess
To let me sleep, to let me rest
To let me dream, to let me sing without a care

And I will dream you things so fair
I'll sing you castles in the air
And I will sleep too
I will sleep too, well, I will rest

Oh, Mr. Chess
My Mr. Chess