

Frightened -- trying to decide
Which way do I side
Can't make up my mind this time
Searching -- curiosity's burning
Just what am I learning
From all this wasted time
Waiting in line?

Wrapped up in
What might have been
I just pretend
That luck was seized from me
All alone (but on the throne)
The King of tragedy
Caught up in what could be
If only God had smiled on me
Another dance with circumstance
For His Majesty

Crying
My bitter tongue denying
A life wasted in trying
To rise from the bed I've made
Where I lay
Screaming
My aching head is reeling
The crown of thorns I'm feeling
Made by my own hands
Do you understand?

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Neither her nor there
In between is where I'm found
Holding court with my excuses:
Will the King ever denounce his crown ??

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