

King Christian

Mew

1577 there was born a king of architectual passion
Placed in dire peril he would stand tall and erect
In retrospect

All I do is run tonight
Even twice as sweet but half as bright
I did not intend to impersonate a friend

If I didn't know my luck
Listen to the clock's last ticking tock
I shall ascend at last
Like a question never asked

Think him not so good natured
Oh no, not the slightest bit, quite the opposite
Because even though he would build things
He onto his queen was mean, poor Anna Katherine
She's crying

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I could not remain your friend
Lest it would have made a difference then
Could it possibly?
Well no thanks to you and me

Hey, this is the king speaking to you
Bet you didn't think I'd make it this far
But I know you all remember old Christian
I was number 4, you see
And people will think of me and say:
A good king was he! And cry...

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