

I set out to rule the world
With only a paper shield and a wooden sword.
No mountain dare stand in my way,
Even the oceans tremble in my wake.

The tide is brave, but always retreats.
Even the sand, it cowers under my feet.
My kingdom towers above it all,
While I sleep safe and sound in my cardboard walls.

Now I bear little resemblance to the king I once was.
I bear little resemblance to the king I could become.
Maybe paper is paper, maybe kids will be kids-
Lord, I want to remember how to feel like I did.

So I draw my sword with the morning sun,
I summon the moon as soon as the day is done.
The clouds march on, on my command.
Even the rain, it falls according to plan.
The trees bow down and give their leaves.
I humbly accept their offerings of peace.

The years wore on and changed my heart,
The leading role for a smaller part.

Now I bear little resemblance to the king I once was.
I bear little resemblance to the king I could become.
Maybe paper is paper, maybe kids will be kids.
But Lord, I want to remember how to feel like I did.
'cause I bear little resemblance to the king I once was.
I bear little resemblance to the king I could become.
Maybe paper is paper, maybe kids will be kids.
But Lord, I want to remember how to feel like I did.

I set out to rule the world
With only a paper shield and a wooden sword.