

## King of Boys

Steve Martin

On a hill in Mold, North Wales  
Sightings of a ghostly boy  
Clad in gold glittering in the moonlight

King of boys your grave's been robbed  
Sold for English Pounds  
You can't wear your gold cape anymore  
You don't roam the hillside like before

They took everything you had  
And they left you cold like that  
Long ago they stole a boy from the moonlight

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Sold for English Pounds  
You can't wear your gold cape anymore  
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