

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
You don't roam the hillside like before

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Sold for English Pound