

# Tell the King

The Libertines

I've got a little secret for ya

Even now there's something  
To be proud about  
You come up the hard way  
And they'll remind you every day  
You're nothing

Oh my words in your mouth  
Are mumbled all about  
You're like a journalist  
How you can cut and paste and twist  
You're awful

Tell it to your king  
Tell him everything you know  
Tell him you know how I feel  
Tell him you know how I feel at the palace gates  
Oh I'm all levered off my face  
And just to work out what it's on about  
And see snakes in eyes  
And danger signs

If you were late you mustn't dare complain  
And you won't like this at all  
There's nothing to break your fall

Oh tell it to your king  
Tell him everything you know  
And you know how I feel out of place  
Until I'm levered off my face  
And I can't work out what your on about  
Didn't they explain  
You have to play the game, oh-oh

He drinks and smokes his cares away  
His heart is in the lonely way  
Living in the ruins  
Of a castle built on sand