



reCAPTCHA

I'm not a robot



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■ Music ■ The streets I used to own I used to roll the dice Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes Listen as the crowd would sing Now the old king's dead, long live the king One minute I held the key Next the walls were closed on me And I discovered that my castle's down Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand I hear jarrison of bells a-ringing Roman Catholic choirs are singing Be my mirror, my sword, and shield My missionaries in a foreign field For some reason I can't explain Once you've gone it was never, never an honest word That was when I ruled the world It was a wicked and wild wind Blew down the doors to let me in Shattered windows and the sound of drums People couldn't believe what I'd become Revolutionary sway Pulled my head on a silver plate People couldn't believe what I'd become Revolutionaries wait For my head on a silver plate Just a puppet on a lonely string Oh, who would ever want to be king? I hear jerrys and the bells are ringing Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my mirror, my sword and shield My missionaries in a foreign field For some reason I can't explain I know Saint

