

The King Is Dead Boring

John Wesley Harding

The king puts on his raiment
And surveys the royal scene
And tries to put his finger on
The source of all his ennui
But when something goes, it's gone, you know
Starts at the top, spreads down
Just check out the faded bodywork
Beneath his rusted crown

They're waiting for impeachment
But they can't see the day
The queen can't give him any heirs
The word is he's to blame
So he beheads her for amusements
And now he's quoting Nietzsche
You'd think that he would have known
She was his one redeeming feature

But the king isn't dead, the king's dead boring
That's the song that the millions sing
You name it, he's lost it, he lacks everything
The king is dead boring

He used to be a Don Juan
Now he's just the royal slut
Knocking up the servant girls
Waking up a half-cut
He gets a chance to win them back
But gives them some old spiel
And all they see's the ghost
Of his former ex-appeal

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That's the song that his minions sing
You name it, he's lost it, he lacks everything
The king is dead boring

They used to sing long live the king
He was the man with everything
But now they shout
"Get that dull bastard out"

He used to be so Carnaby
So out of all our leagues
Now it's all that he can do
To zip up his fatigues
If only he could make excuses
Engage with us somehow
But effort is so out of place
And failure's not allowed

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That's the song that the millions sing
You name it, he's lost it, he lacks everything
The king is dead boring