

Al Stewart, King Of Portugal

Dreamed I was the King of Portugal
In a big four poster bed
Noble tapestries from wall to wall
And a crown upon my head
Bells ring and servants bring
The jewels and the robes
For the night to begin

Would you love me forever
If I had everything
Would you love me forever
If I were a king

Then it seemed that I was travelling
Through the granite hills of Dao
With a vineyard spread in front of me
In a carriage headed south
Night came with the skies aflame
And all that I saw
Was all mine to claim

There are those that can tell you
What your fantasies mean
But I don't feel the need to
Understand everything