

Conway Deborah, King Of Jordan

Deborah Conway and Richard Pleasance

He is friends with everyone

And everybody is his friend

The stakes are high but he is sure

They will be loyal to the end

What wouldn't we do with friends like that

Walk to the edge of the precipice

Balance like a dancer in her finest hour

I don't want to be the King of Jordan

I don't want to be the King of Jordan

We are humbled by the sight

Of crown and sceptre in its glory

Tall dark handsome and polite

Makes such a pretty cover story

But the fence that he's been sitting on is not so strong

And the line that he's been taking is not so straight

And there's blind curves all down this road

Are you so sure of where you stand

When you're the centre of attention

As fame and fortune hover round

The unbelievers appetite is whetted

And long knives are easy to conceal

And a smile hides a multitude of sins

And I don't like the way you're looking at me