## Curt Smith, Sun King

The evidence is on the page Not much to show for so much rage It makes me smile You lost it somehow

Solitude was your only choice Bitterness your only voice I saw your face The time is talking now

Boy you looked so bad!

You make the earth revolve You make the camera sing No conscience can absolve The Sun King

A small imbalanced vain recluse You use the planets to excuse Your costumed smile Your childish abuse

The gloves are off there are no rules I'm a regicidal fool Who'd change your face But change would just improve

Boy you looked so sad!

You make the earth revolve You make the camera sing No conscience can absolve The Sun King

Here comes the rain To test our will Here comes the rain To cleanse again

You make the earth revolve You make the camera sing No conscience can absolve The Sun King

(repeat)