

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)