

Poets Of The Fall, King Of Fools

I worry that I can't give you what you need
That you'll find nothing underneath the peel
That I can't undo the times we disagreed
That I can't ignore the way I feel

Cos what I feel is the only truth I know
And I get by on this naivete of youth

If what I feel is the only truth
And what I give out will make up what I'll receive
Can I leave behind my naivete of youth?
Will I be crucified for wanting to believe?
I believe

Could you hold us up if I would drag us down?
Resurrect emotions from our past
N' if they had a king for fools would you wear the crown?
Build us up again and make us last

Cos what I feel is the only truth for me
And I get by on this naivete of youth

If what I feel is the only truth
And what I give out will make up what I'll receive
Can I still leave behind my naivete of youth?
Will I be crucified for wanting to believe?
I believe

And if we don't worry about a thing
Will we be sorry when the rain is falling again
And what does it matter
If fortune should favor
It's never the final amen

If what I feel is the only truth
And what I give out will make up what I'll receive
Can I still leave behind my naivete of youth?
Will I be crucified for wanting to believe?
I believe