

# Psapp, King Of You

Where&#039;s the bone, where&#039;s the sack?  
Where&#039;s these things of mine?  
Pack them up, put them out,  
Coz there&#039;s not much time.

Oh, I didn&#039;t know  
That you had feelings, too.  
Oh, I never thought  
That I was king of you.

Where&#039;s the shame in my case,  
As I&#039;ve fallen down?  
To the drug, to the floor  
In an eager pout.

Oh, I didn&#039;t know  
How alone you&#039;d be.  
And I never knew  
How much I&#039;d have to need.