

Psapp, King Of You

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

Oh, I didn't know
That you had feelings, too.
Oh, I never thought
That I was king of you.

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

Oh, I didn't know
How alone you'd be.
And I never knew
How much I'd have to need.