

# Al Stewart, Shah Of Shahs

After these processions comes the sweeping up  
The rag and bone possessions, an old tin cup  
The army trucks have hauled away the newly slain  
The angry crowd retreats, but They'll be back again  
And the prisoner in the palace does not understand  
The ingratitude around him after all he's done and planned  
But if this the way that it must be then he'll be damned  
If he will let them take away his perfect dream  
Ministers stuff bank notes into leather bags  
Their wives have packed the jewelry and the luggage tanks  
The word is on the street now, growing day by day  
And even the informers know the stay away  
And the prisoner in the palace is appalled by this charade  
Feeling strangely unprotected by his miles of golden braid  
And if this is the way that it must be then i'm afraid  
He will not let them take away his perfect dream  
And these mountains of equipment brought from foreign lands  
Are now stacked up in the desert being buried by the sand  
These rows of helicopters rusting where they stand  
Are butterflies to take away the perfect dream  
He cried inside the limousine and at the airport too  
Where the soldier knelt before him and kissed his shoe  
He flew across the desert and the open sea  
While they tore down all his statues and his legacy  
And the victor greets the newsmen with a strange and stoic style  
They take a hundred thousand pictures and in none of them a smile  
But this is just the way that it must be now for a while  
he's only come to bring another perfect dream