

# Chris Rea, King Of The Beach

Let your fighting scars heal in the sun  
of a bright windy day  
Let your cold blades sleep in the sand  
till it's rusted away

Washed each night in the waves  
while you sleep away each memory  
And you wake to find yourself  
a new king to be

Away from the dark  
moving into the light  
King of the shadows  
gives up on the fight

He kicks of them shoes  
throws them away  
There's nobody here now  
except this salty blue day

Out of sight  
Out of reach  
He's king of the beach

Whatever I was  
well I'm not that now  
I tell you because  
it may help you somehow

So kick of them shoes  
and throw them away  
Cause there's nobody here now  
except this salty blue day