

# First Aid Kit, I Met Up With The King

I met up with the king  
He confessed his body was burning  
I met up with the king  
His body had begun to rot  
And he said don't think less of me  
I'm still the same man I used to be

But no one believed him  
No one believed him

I once knew a pretty girl  
And she was in love with the world  
And she loved a young man  
Who loved her body but never saw her mind  
He took everything she had kept  
And then he took everything else that was left

But no one believed her  
No one believed her

I feel just like the king  
As I fall on the muddy ground  
I feel just like you gal  
There's people thinking  
They know something now  
Well I don't know anything at all  
And we mean nothing to history  
Well thank God

So tell me do you believe me?  
Do you believe me?  
I bet you don't  
I bet you won't