

Golden Earring, Truth About Arthur

He's looking at me with his eyes closed and his lips are moving fast
Little drops are dripping now from his chin upon his chest
And every time I try to escape, the little dwarf appears and fades

His glassy hand it touches me, I smell the air of death and life
Walking through the ballroom of the dead I hear two ghostly voices and a dark duet

Hearin the music of the minuet
Walkin through the ballroom of the dead
Voices, I wish they were signing glad

His glassy hand, it touches me, I smell the air of death and life
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Hearin the music of the minuet
Walkin through the ballroom of the dead
Voices, I wish they were signing glad

Hearing the music of the minuet
Ghostly voices, dark duet
Hearing the music of the minuet
Ghostly voices, dark duet
I don't wanna die!
Hearing the music of the minuet
I don't wanna die!
Ghostly voices, dark duet
I don't wanna die!
Hearing the music of the minuet
I don't wanna die!
Ghostly voices, dark duet
I don't wanna die!
I don't wanna die!