

Ken Hensley, King Without A Throne

Walk on the dusty road
Without any shoes
See all the people out there
Singing the blues
I've got my trouble but
I'm paying my dues
It isn't easy but
There's too much to lose

Many's the time
I have wandered alone
Looking this way and that
For something unknown

But where can a good king go
Without his throne?

Many's the good man
Lost in his prime
The path of fortune
Took him well before his time
He ain't got his trouble
But I've still got mine
Got to find some freedom
Before I start to decline

The moon is rising and
I'm still on my own
This must be life I guess
The seeds have been sown

Where can he go, who can he see
Is there anybody, it's easy to be
Find him a stairway, find him a tree
And while you're doing it
Please won't you find one for me

The unbeliever says
It's hard to believe
I'm told the preacher
Frowns on those who deceive
The winds of winter
Steal leaves from the trees
The path of fortune
Is getting closer to me

The snow is falling
And the truth is obscured
I think of all the things
My soul has endured
Cursing this loneliness
That can't be cured