Nerina Pallot, Mr.King

Good days, bad days, I've had a few of those,
Same old story-I know how this song goes,
At least I did, but now I'm not so sure,
Nothing's in its place, nothing's certain anymore,
Birds fly, trees sway, why can't I be like that?
Happ knowing what I am, in fact and leaving be?
But truth has been obscured,
I am only human and I'm always wanting...more.
Oh, the world is a place and they say it's on our side,
But I wonder, is there comfort in those moments when we die?
Now I see, Mr. King, this was in the books you gave me,
Which I read, disbelieving, thinking poets are depressed,
Oh, Mr. King, I have changed, I confess.
Oh, those good days I remember well,
Tape on windows, wintertime was hell,
But it was fun, and people there were kind,
There was good work to be done, and I learnt to think my time.
And the world was a good place, and in days were where I lived,
I imagined life had purpose and I'd something good to give,
Mr. Cave played along on the battered hallway piano,
Oh, every love song a secret to be shared,
Oh, Mr. King, how I wish I was back there.
Now, I've got 10 things lined up on a shelf,
Reasons to be cheerful for myself,
I don't know why you're showing me the sky,
You say you see heaven,
I see hell, but want to try.
And the world is a place, and I pray it's on my side,
But I'd find greater comfort if I just lay down and died,
I don't know what's become of the girl who once knew sunshine,
What's become of the girl who knew sorrow but was strong?
Oh, Mr. King you were right, all along,
Mr. King you were right,
Oh, Mr. King, you were right-I was wrong.