

# Ride, Castle On The Hill

The King's been in his bedroom for weeks  
In exile from the world, he never speaks  
The Queen is in the counting house, her fingers in the till  
There's something happening to the Castle on the Hill

The jester's telling jokes to everyone  
Says "Now he's gone, well ain't it fun"  
There's whispers in the courtroom, "Is he crazy, is he ill?"  
Nobody has an answer, but they keep on asking still

And a friend of mine, one of the few  
Has locked himself away like Howard Hughes  
They're trying to replace him but they know they never will  
It ain't the same without him, on the Castle on the Hill

There's a wind of madness in the air  
Since he's gone nobody seems to care  
The court is disillusioned, everything is up for sale  
And the Castle on the Hill is like a boat without a sail