

# Sandy Denny, The King & Queen Of England

Bring back the king to his throne,  
And the smile may return to the queen.  
How can she rule on her own,  
When the glory of what might have been is all she feels?

The fire still burns in the hearth,  
The music still plays for her pleasure.  
But the air is as cold as the death,  
And the soft melodies only measure her bittersweet tears.

Every note of each song brings a vision  
Of love and of pain back to me,  
Like a captive I've locked in a prison  
And whose liberty rests upon me.  
But I can't find the key.

You may never be free.

The servants still hang on his every word,  
But his youthfulness passes him by.  
The king only watches the seasons  
And they watching him see his sparkling eye  
Holds no diamond any more.

In the folds which begin every ending,  
I wish I forever could lie.  
But the cloth I wear is not for mending,  
For what tailor could stitch up the torn blue sky?  
So the battle is done.  
Nobody won.