

Soul Asylum, All The King's Friends

The papers read that the king is dead
The people said what we need instead
Is to be on our own
But people, they do the strangest things
You never know what they might do
When they are left alone
There's men without gods and gods without men
And a spirit of which none of them can transcend
But something peculiar is happening
We should just be happy with just what we've got
And the problems should be too few to mention
But they're not
Where can I go for some information?
So tired of the big sensation
I need to know what's going on
Oh well you're the well-informed
Into your world which I was born
My friend, here's to you
How would I know if there was something wrong
When the weak of heart out-survive the strong
The truth is almost always confidential
You never know just what you've got until it's gone
And your friends have never seemed so essential
When you're wrong
Remarkably incredible, incredibly forgettable
I know this might sound strange, don't ever change
Amazingly unfaceable, entirely replaceable
There's nothing I would rearrange, don't ever change
Out of luck, out of space, out of time, out of place
Don't try to save face my friend
There was a time and there was a place
For your face and for your race but it's been swept away