

The Decemberists, The Kingdom Of Spain

In the Kingdom of Spain
There are such colours
They defy any name
Like drab and dolor
Oh the King and the Queen of Spain
With their long unpronouncable names
Grace the table at the long lost Kingdom of Spain

In the Kingdom of Light
A lithe young lawyer
Tries a case for his unjustly arrested brother
But oh the King and the Queen of Light
Rule with unbendable might
So it's to the gallows at the long lost Kingdom of Light

In the Kingdom of Love
We're all just fodder
As the cannonades drub
Our sons and daughters
But oh the King and the Queen of Love
In their long white fingerless gloves
Bang the gavel for the long lost Kingdom of Love
Of love
Of love