

# Tunng, King

Four foot nothing knees stained with dirt  
When we went hiding why don't you seek?  
No one came looking for me  
Your head restless with greed

She carried on shoulders like a little king  
She is worshipped and adored  
Invisibly worshipped and ignored  
No one came looking for me

Twisted metal and underground deeds  
This weightless town no good for me  
Your head restless with greed  
Your fate laid down in deep