

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