

Echo And The Bunnymen, King Of Your Castle

Nature abhors a vacuum
I have read
Tell me how'd you explain
Your empty head
You hurt the one you love
Because you can
As if violence were virtue
In a man

The king of your castle
Might behind you
Power blind you
A fist full of feeling
Blame it all on lack of mother love

The mad, glad days of romance
Were the best
When you kept your cards pressed tight
against your chest
But soon, soon, all too soon
She'd understand
And she'd see and feel
The back of your right hand

The king of your castle
Might behind you
Power blind you
A fist full of feeling
Blame it all on lack of mother love

King Rat, God on a barstool
Hold your court
So self-centered, so deluded
So self-taught
Home bound sound as a pound
You bought your round
and round one begins tonight
Behind closed doors

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