

Elton John, The King Must Die

No man's a jester playing Shakespeare
Round your throne room floor
While the juggler's act is danced upon
The crown that you once wore

And sooner or later
Everybody's kingdom must end
And I'm so afraid your courtiers
Cannot be called best friends

Caesar's had your troubles
Widows had to cry
While mercenaries in cloisters sing
And the king must die

Some men are better staying sailors
Take my word and go
But tell the ostler that his name was
The very first they chose

And if my hands are stained forever
And the altar should refuse me
Would you let me in, would you let me in, would you let me in
Should I cry sanctuary

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The king is dead, the king is dead
The king is dead, the king is dead
Long live the king