

# Gomez, Miles End

(One, two, three, four...)

Chinese symbols on his robe  
Never gonna match up with that smile  
He's wearing mostly black and gold  
It's been twelve days  
The longest for a while

He's been fortunate  
He can't tell a lie  
Redheads, blondes, brunettes  
They all fall for his lines

He's been king now for so long  
His days are numbered  
Times have changed, so move along  
The dream is over

Draped across Egyptian linen  
Even Cleopatra casts an eye  
A gossamer see-through zipped up tracksuit  
Champagne bottle, ten o'clock on thigh

He's been fortunate  
He cannot deny  
Jacuzzi baronet  
With soap suds in his eyes

He's been king now for so long  
His days are numbered  
Times have changed, so move along  
The dream is over

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His days are numbered  
Times have changed, so move along  
The dream is over

We've been waiting for so long  
We think it's over