

# Phil Lynott, King's Call

It was a rainy night the night the king went down  
Everybody was crying it seemed like sadness had surrounded the town  
Me I went to the liquor store  
And I bought a bottle of wine and a bottle of gin  
I played his records all night  
Drinking with a close, close friend

Now some people say that that ain't right  
And some people say nothing at all  
But even in the darkest of night  
You can always hear the king's call  
You can always hear the king's call

Well they put him away in Memphis  
Six feet beneath the clay  
Everybody was crying  
Everybody said it was a plain grey day

Me I went to the liquor store  
And I bought another bottle of wine and another bottle of gin  
I played his records all night  
And I got drunk all over again

Now some people say that that ain't right  
That ain't right  
And some people say nothing at all  
I say nothing  
But even in the darkest of night  
You could always hear the king's call  
You could always hear the king's call

I wonder if you're lonesome tonight  
And I'd rather go on hearing your lies  
Than to go on living without you

Now some people say that that ain't right  
And some people say nothing at all I say nothing  
But even in the darkest of night  
You could always hear the king's call  
You could always hear the king's call  
You could always hear the king's call  
Now the stage is bare and I'm standing here  
They might as well bring the curtain down  
I cried the night the king died