

The king has fled by the se-a,
a G
And the queen hardly breathes
a G

So let's just build up a li-ne.
Fm E7
And no one gets in alive.
Fm E7
And call me Sire.
a

Down in my spine,
a+g
Well, I wasn't always right,
a+f#
But I can see clearly now,
a+f
With my he-art.
E7
So let's just build up a li-ne.
Fm E7
And no one gets in alive.
Fm E7
And call me Sire.
a