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Baby the time is right to tell it all like it is
And now that I feel God like there`s nothing that can`t be kissed
The name of a lonely soul is scratched into my brain
He thought he was King Creole
Until he found out, until he found out

He sits upon a throne
He lives a sleazy lie
But he`s all alone again, again

I can see a liat, sitting by the fire
Trouble in his heart, laughing at the thought
Coming as he goes into overdose
I wonder what he thinks of me?