

The King Who Sold his Own

Chris Rea

One thousand stories, one thousand years
Each song it goes from hand to hand
They tell of kings, they sing of war
And the news of far off distant lands

They sing of how the blues came to be
Their own king sold them into slavery
The sad chords melt
Where the sadness came to be
When their own king sold them
Into slavery

One thousand stories, one thousand years
The truth of guilt and shame
But a king who sold his people out
To a world of whips and chains
The sound of pain the smell of fear
A treason born in hell
The king who sold his people out
It's a song they know so well

Cross the music, as you cross the sea
Cross your loved ones broken bones
Cos forever never to be free
Oh the king who sold his own ...
Oh the king who sold his own ...