

Rebel King

Julian Lennon

Hate city rivals first pulse and then freakola
Dreaming of redemption, no end
To the living edit, the sound of amputation
Or the centrifugal pull of an endless bend

Until you shoot, shoot that rebel king down

There's a shimmering dog, sayin' danger what's at work here
The in growing twitch of faceless laughter
A cause without end to serve forever
The missionary madness of the sacrificial lamb

Until you shoot, shoot that rebel king down
Not until you shoot, shoot that rebel king down
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Not until you shoot, shoot that rebel king

On the hero's tomb is written
Not what he was but what he should've been
And nothing you can do will change the circumstances
Just a mild infuriation with statistics of sin

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Circular lie in a calibrated order
Weathering time with salt an' water
Tears that you cry are your endeavor
To break into the madness of imaginary lines

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