

Idiot's Delight

John Wesley Harding

The world is turning upside-down, no-one's in the black
The king is on the balcony, the queen is in the sack
He's lying through his golden teeth, she's lying on her back
Beneath the handsome soldier and the family coat of arms
The lady she's affected by the soldier's obvious charms
And the king sweats quite profusely and says we should stay calm
I can see his brand new suit but I can't see the man
He's here to cover up his so-called economic plan
But his voice dwindle to nothing, he strikes up the royal band
It's alright
It's alright
It's alright tonight
It's all performed for the idiot's delight

The trains are almost empty since the crash of 89
They built a brand new station but forgot about the lines
They built a brand new human but forgot about the spine
Everything gets cut to bits, no-one sees it bleed
It's not the way you play the game but how you can succeed
Put the bastards in a new town and watch the rabbits breed
The king he's got a stepson in return for foolish pride
The queen had her mad moment's glory, then of course she dies
The soldier planned the revolution right from the inside
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The soldier's executed, he's mistaken for the king

Who said he was from somewhere else and hadn't done a thing
And made off with the crown jewels but misplaced his wedding ring
Power's aphrodisiac, addicts die of thirst
The new El Presidente saw his bubble finally burst
And the king returned from exile, by request to break the curse
He fulfills election promises with temporary cures
And everything's worse than it once was without the same allure
And his stepson is on squad inspection making overtures
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