

# 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 dwindles 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  
It's alright  
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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 fulfils 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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