The King

Jonathan Edwards

The stars have gone down into their bed
And I am running like a thief in the night
To steal the crown off the king's head
And win the kingdom in one night

And I would that you could see me now
When the cowards come to ask their king
They stand in line all holding hands
They stand in line all holding hands

Tell us if you can be king
Or if you cannot talk then sing, yeah

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