

# Son Of The King

MC Hammer

It's been a real long week, you're hurting your feet  
The enemy is screaming 'defeat, defeat'  
It's tough to bear, and trouble's everywhere  
At times it seems like nobody cares  
He may not come when you call him  
But he's always there when you need him  
He's cold in effect  
And I know no clown could never ever beat him

Life ain't as bad as it may seem  
When you're the son of the king  
When you're the son of the king  
Oh, let my choir sing  
Take us higher

Now, here's a little story I got to tell  
About two phony preachers on their way to hell  
One sells rags, and calls them a blessing  
And if you buy 'em you'll cold learn a lesson  
Another sits in towers, hours and hours  
Can you tell me, does this man have the power  
Of the spirit, that is freely given  
It's for the money this man is living

You can't buy in, if you know what I mean  
To be the son of the king  
Let my choir sing

I'm so tired, and yet so fired up  
You lie to his people  
What a shame that you do, what you do  
I believe in him, and not in you  
I trust in his word, and have you heard  
You just want the money, that's to the curb  
The more that you need, the more you want  
[?]

Money ain't worth losing your dream  
When you're the son of the king  
Oh, choir, sing for me

Now I know, little old miracles, they come true  
Source in our prayer [?] through  
God bless the child [?] own  
The thief, the liar, the list goes on  
Forgive all the preachers who are lost  
Who charge for your word, it don't cost  
Me nothing but time, to kneel and pray  
Bless all my brothers and sisters [?]

Life ain't as bad as it may seem  
When you're the son of the king  
When you're the son of the king  
Oh, sing, choir  
Ah yeah  
I feel it  
Tiskáno z pisnický-akordy.cz