

Old king's road

Michael Monroe

MC jacket and jeans ripped up to there
Dirty black boots Vaseline in your hair
You were a walkin' danger with a safety pinned shirt
Talkin' anarchy at the gig somebody might get hurt

We were all insane and the sound rang true
And we changed our names like the good ones do
I met you- on the old King's road

My big blonde kit, you thought it really took some guts
I got nothing but respect, 'cause you knew I was nuts
Getting spit in the face was as good as a kiss
But when Gypsy-Boy got hit with a pucket of piss

We went all insane and the sound rang true
With a lock and chain and a rose tattoo
I met you- at first ya wanna run me through
You-on the old King's road

We were all insane and the sound rang true
And we changed our names like the good ones do
With a lock and chain and a rose tattoo
I met you- on the old King's road

Down the old King's road
On the old King's road
Down the old King's road