

Dancehall

The King Blues

Sometimes I think that life is just a game.
And I get the urge to jump in front of a moving train.
But like some kind of sick joke, you keep me alive.
Every time I pass out you're there to revive.
But when I die, cremate me. Turn my ashes into diamonds
And turn those shining diamonds into a crystal ball.
Make it the centerpiece, glimmering and shimmering,
Spinning from the ceiling, in the middle of the dancehall.