School Yard Rumours

To Kill a King

Let the past stay in the past and go
I've seen wise men stoop and shudder
From the cold breast they're thrown
And the cardinal weeps as the devil sleeps
On the curve above his earlobe
And you don't go to church anymore

And I know it's not fair,
Yeah I know it's not fair

We searched high and we searched low
But there were no witnesses there
And the mothers flutter as the fathers stutter
"And there is no smoke without fire" line
And you don't go to school anymore

And I know it's not fair,
Yeah I know it's not fair

Arm your boy to the teeth
[x2]

And no one picks up the phone
Jut till the fog of rumours thin
And the witches hunt is an insatiable cunt
Designed to drag men down whole
And you don't go outside anymore

And I know it's not fair,
Yeah I know it's not fair
Oh I know it's not fair
Oh I know it's not fair

Arm your boy to the teeth
[x2]
Arm your boy to the teeth
[x4]

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