

I used to rule the world  
Seas would rise when I gave the word  
Now in the morning I sleep alone  
Sweep the streets I used to own

I used to roll the dice  
Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes  
Listened as the crowd would sing,  
"Now the old king is dead! Long live the king!"  
One minute I held the key  
Next the walls were closed on me  
And I discovered that my castles stand  
Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand

I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing  
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  
Be my mirror, my sword and shield  
My missionaries in a foreign field  
For some reason I can't explain  
Once you'd gone there was never  
Never an honest word  
And that was when I ruled the world

It was a wicked and wild wind  
Blew down the doors to let me in  
Shattered windows and the sound of drums  
People couldn't believe what I'd become  
Revolutionaries wait  
For my head on a silver plate  
Just a puppet on a lonely string  
Oh who would ever want to be king?

I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing  
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  
Be my mirror, my sword and shield  
My missionaries in a foreign field  
For some reason I can't explain  
I know St. Peter won't call my name  
Never an honest word  
But that was when I ruled the world

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh [5x]

Hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing  
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  
Be my mirror, my sword and shield  
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When are you gonna come down  
When are you going to land  
I should have stayed on the farm  
I should have listened to my old man

You know you can't hold me forever  
I didn't sign up with you  
I'm not a present for your friends to open  
This boy's too young to be singing the blues

So goodbye yellow brick road  
Where the dogs of society howl  
You can't plant me in your penthouse  
I'm going back to my plough

Back to the howling old owl in the woods  
Hunting the horny back toad  
Oh I've finally decided my future lies  
Beyond the yellow brick road

What do you think you'll do then  
I bet that'll shoot down your plane  
It'll take you a tub of your favourite ice cream  
To set you on your feet again

Maybe you'll get a replacement  
There's plenty like me to be found  
Mongrels who ain't got a penny  
Sniffing for tidbits like you on the ground

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