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 enemies’ eyes

Listen 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 aringing,

Roman Catholic 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,

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,

Ah, who would ever wanna be king?

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Ooh ooh ooh ooh

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