

# Al Stewart, King Of Portugal

Dreamed I was the King of Portugal  
In a big four poster bed  
Noble tapestries from wall to wall  
And a crown upon my head  
Bells ring and servants bring  
The jewels and the robes  
For the night to begin

Would you love me forever  
If I had everything  
Would you love me forever  
If I were a king

Then it seemed that I was travelling  
Through the granite hills of Dao  
With a vineyard spread in front of me  
In a carriage headed south  
Night came with the skies aflame  
And all that I saw  
Was all mine to claim

There are those that can tell you  
What your fantasies mean  
But I don't feel the need to  
Understand everything