

# Echo And The Bunnymen, King Of Your Castle

Nature abhors a vacuum  
I have read  
Tell me how'd you explain  
Your empty head  
You hurt the one you love  
Because you can  
As if violence were virtue  
In a man

The king of your castle  
Might behind you  
Power blind you  
A fist full of feeling  
Blame it all on lack of mother love

The mad, glad days of romance  
Were the best  
When you kept your cards pressed tight  
against your chest  
But soon, soon, all too soon  
She'd understand  
And she'd see and feel  
The back of your right hand

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Might behind you  
Power blind you  
A fist full of feeling  
Blame it all on lack of mother love

King Rat, God on a barstool  
Hold your court  
So self-centered, so deluded  
So self-taught  
Home bound sound as a pound  
You bought your round  
and round one begins tonight  
Behind closed doors

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