**LITTLE KING LEAR**

Words & Music by Jon Ervin

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Little King Lear, he cried in his beer,

He said I must pay up and get the hell out of here,

I’ve got to stop fearing fear, said Little King Lear.

I’ve got to gather my gear and rise off my rear.

This kicking back don’t constitute no kind of career,

And I’m a prick without peer, said Little King Lear.

He quickly returned, said Boys I’ve been burned,

It seems there are some lessons that should never be learned.

Proceeding now are adjourned, said Little King Lear.

My fervor has fled, my demon is dead.

 The writing on the wall is now the worst that I’ve read

I’m gonna rip off some rags, and tear off the tags,

And saunter down the citadel and check out the flags.

They’re riding low on the masts, I know nothing lasts,

But if I hang in for a week I can have seven more blasts,

My muse has grown so severe, said Little King Lear.

 The poison seed soon will to be strewn

 I’d rather muck a stable with a demitasse spoon,

 But there’s the clang of the bell attends the coinage of hell

 And I can blow it on a blind date with Miss Can’t Never Tell

Now heaven is dark, and sick is the spark

This summing up the story ain’t no walk in the park,

No beast shall board a new ark, said Little King Lear

And though I treasure my trance, I must now stiffen my stance.

There’s gonna be a lot of ruins as the furies advance,

And I’ve been dying to dance, said Little King Lear.