Just a puppet on a lonely string, oh who would ever want to be king?

С			)		G			Em		
I hear Jerusalem bells are ringing, Roman Cavalry choirs are singing.										
С			D			G			Em	
Be my mirror, my sword, and shield, my missionaries in a foreign field.										
C			D		G				Em	
For some reason I can't explain, I know Saint Peter won't call my name,										
	С	D			В	m		Em		
Never an honest word, but that was when I ruled the world.										
С	Em		С	Em		С	Em		D	D
C Oh, ol	D n, oh	G	Em		С	D	G	Em		
(2nd Chorus)										
C Oh, ol	D n, oh; o	Bm h, oh,	Em oh							