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 enemy's 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 are singing

Be my mirror, my sword and shield My missions in a foreign field For some reason I can't

explain Once you go there was never Never an honest word that was when I ruled the world.