

# Louis XIV

## The Wolfgang Press

Allen / cox / gray  
[May I bring you up to date?  
We are living in the 20'th century not in the 1800's.  
May I bring you up to date, sir?  
We are not alive at all.]This isn't Napoleon this isn't Bonaparte this is fate  
This isn't Josephine she's still in the tent  
This isn't the Holy Mother Mary on the balcony of Judas  
This is Louis, Louis the sun king  
Louis Quatorze he was the fire king  
He had disgrace there was no finer prince  
He had this whole department structured up in Maine  
This is Louis, Louis the sun king  
He sacked the Pope who played the pawn in Venezuela  
In Venezuela they have lots of cocaine  
The cocaine drug is sending people to their magic maker  
But when I come home it's what I want  
Emperors and gender benders dictate  
What's going onI'm going to seek and find and spend my favourite dollar  
This isn't Napoleon or one of his divine illusions  
This isn't Napoleon this isn't fate this isn't drugs  
This is Louis, Louis the sun kingI'm getting sick of all the history and facts  
I'm going to sail a boat and never coming back  
I'm going to trash the Pope and bury his career  
And sail this boat into the Southern HemisphereYou know they say the grass is always greener  
on the other side  
I know it's not true I've been there and I'm dying to get back  
The grease from grass is born of peace then worn away  
My name's Napoleon I didn't know that  
This isn't Napoleon (Venezuela!)  
And Venezuela's vacant  
Venezuela's peeking holding jewels up to the WestThey say the grass is greener on the other  
side  
I know it's not true  
And I've been there and I want to get backI'm getting sick of all the history and facts  
I'm going to sail a boat and never coming back  
I'm going to trash the Pope and bury his career  
And sail this boat into the Southern Hemisphere[May I bring you up to date? I am up to  
date]This isn't Napoleon this isn't fate this isn't rhyme  
This is a story of times that we had sight  
This is Louis, Louis the sun king  
Louis Quatorze, Louis XIV, Louis revolting  
He wore his faith abused his wealth in the years 1600's

14, 000 men, 14, 000 horses withdrew their labours  
And here we go into the principality of Paris  
We burn the palace and shoot the people with the sour faces  
The sour faces have got the people's innocence in their hands  
And this dirty, filthy palace has still got no truth  
We storm the palace on the 4th and 5th amendements  
My name's Napoleon, I didn't breed there  
They say the grass is greener on the other side  
Well, I've been there...Keyboards: Mark Cox, Andrew Gray, Rew, Drostan Madden  
Bass: Leslie Langston  
Voices: Michael Allen, The Man With 2 Brains  
Drums: Rew, T.W.P.  
Programming: Rew, T.W.P.  
Engineered: John Madden  
Produced: Drostan Madden, T.W.P.  
Arranged: Rew, T.W.P.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>