

## Houses

(Music Jan Akkerman/Lyrics Mike Hayes - April 1970)

In the house of the king of kings,  
A man can find many things.  
Drink a golden goblet full of wine,  
Made from fruit from a godly vine,  
A nectar tasting so divine,  
In the house of the king of kings.

In the house of the poorest of poor,  
Where no carpets adorn the floors,  
Only trampled straw and mud,  
Relaid when the rains cause flood,  
Causing pains in ancient bones,  
In the house of the poorest of the poor.

In the house of the richest of rich,  
Clothes are sewn with a silver stitch,  
Robes are woven from spiders silk,  
Baths are taken in exotic milk,  
And sickness never makes you ill,  
In the house of the richest of the rich.

In the house of the weakest of weak,  
A place where no one will seek,  
There's no room for lying down,  
Or standing or turning round,  
The walls are all falling down,  
In the house of the weakets of the weak.

In the house of the king of all kings,  
Sits a wise one who knows all these things  
He continues to dine,  
Still keeps on drinking the wine,  
He likes it just fine,  
In the house of the king of all kings.

(Was recorded as the instrumental "House of the King")