

Long Live The King

James Arthur

Chords used: **Em C G B**

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The plucking pattern starts on the A string and you pluck every string on the way up to the (High) E string, then you pluck your way back down to the A string and then start again.
Example:
e|-----0-----
B|-----0-----0-----
G|-----0-----0-----
D|-----2-----2-----
A|----2-----2-----
E|-----
--}

Em
Iâ€™m getting tired of your disrespect.
C
When, itâ€™s evident Iâ€™ll always be the best.
G
Whether or not youâ€™re being serious or say it in jest,
B
Iâ€™ve got a licence to right; you havenâ€™t passed your test.
Em
Yeah, Iâ€™m good with words, and youâ€™re fucking chronic.
C
Forever second fiddle, your tales, Iâ€™m sonic.
G
Is this the baddest I can go? I can get much badder.
B
Iâ€™ve been doing this since youâ€™ve been in your Huggies, hold your bladder.
Em
Youâ€™ve been studying me, wetting yourself,
C
Cause youâ€™re afraid when I rise youâ€™ll be left on the shelf
G
Where you belong; with the rest of the wannabes,
B
Donâ€™t ever ask me to support you, you can never fall on me.

Chorus:
C
I ve been holding my tongue for a long while,

D

Sat back, watch you parade my style.

Em

Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to listen, chance dying,

C

might as well kill him or pretend.

D

To the crown, turn around, sit down; Iâ€™m the king,

Em

Long live the king.

C

Long live the king.

G

Long live the king.

B

Long live the king.

Verse 2:

Em

Anything you can do, I can do better.

C

Even when sheâ€™s soaked through, I could make her wetter.

G

Stop tryâ€™na make me look bad, so you can be taken seriously,

B

What makes you think I give a fuck what people think of me?

Em

You disrespect me now Iâ€™m obligated to destroy.

C

Why would anybody go to war with men? Youâ€™re just a boy

G

Nothing to write about so put your Barbie biro down.

B

Save yourself embarrassment, fucking clown.

Em

You making moves because you be mollycoddled silver spoon.

C

Your skills are average, good at copying, carry a tune.

G

All the gear, no idea, daddyâ€™s bank account.

B

And when it comes to your abilities, small amount.

Em

When you compare it to what I can bring, itâ€™s minuscule.

C

Youâ€™re the pupil; Iâ€™m the teacher, go back to school!

G

You have to be in possession of the limelight for me to come and take it from

B

you, why donâ€™t you get it right?

Chorus:

C

I ve been holding my tongue for a long while,

D

Sat back, watch you parade my style.

Em

Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to listen, chance dying,

C

might as well kill him or pretend.

D

To the crown, turn around, sit down; Iâ€™m the king,

Em

Long live the king.

C

Long live the king.

G

Long live the king.

B

Long live the king.

Em

Long live the king.

C

Long live the king.

G

Long live the king.

B

Long live the king.

C

I ve been holding my tongue for a long while,

D (start full out strumming)

Sat back, watch you parade my style.

Em

Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to listen, chance dying,

(stop full out strumming)**C**

might as well kill him or pretend.

D

To the crown, turn around, sit down; Iâ€™m the king,

Em

Long live the king.

C

Long live the king.

G

Long live the king.

B

Long live the king.