

Hunchback Legend

Am C
Your king's father killed me, it was in a war
G D
Where we had had too many killings before.
F Am
And the fight it was fair, though I did not survive,
G F
but my honor remained until you did arrive.
Am C
For the pen is more mighty by far than the sword:
G D
For murder by words you deserve an award.
F Am
To get past the censors, and then to gain fame
G F
you've written that farce that has sullied my name.

Am C G
You're a bard, you're a fart, you're a liar.
Am C G
I'm a man, I'm a king, I'm a knight.
Dm Am
I'm a lover, a husband, a father -
C G
Bardic slander's not easy to fight.
Dm F
I am Richard the Third and your play is absurd
Am D
Now you are The Bard and pretend you are good -
F G Am
but the quill in your hand's dripping red with my blood.

You say I'm a hunchback, a killer, a fiend,
a madman, a monster, by mankind demeaned;
through regicide, fratricide, nepocide, war
I strive to gain power and hunger for more.
But regicide is just the thing you have done,
Though the king that you slew had been long dead and gone.
You made me a wretch for the Tudors' delight,
Now history books spread the lies you did write.

You're a bard, you're a fart, you're a liar.
I'm a man, I'm a knight, I'm a king,
I'm a lover, a husband, a father -
There's no murder involved in this thing.
I am Richard the Third and your play is absurd
Now you are The Bard and pretend you are wise -
And your image campaign is built on my demise.

G	F
<i>Don't tell me that this is mere fiction</i>	
G	F
<i>when it leads blameless men to conviction</i>	
Am	G
<i>Don't tell me we're all actors upon a great stage</i>	
D	F
<i>when I'm painted a villain on every page,</i>	
G	F
<i>who slays love and kin without any remorse,</i>	
G	F
<i>and then ends up hobbling while he screams for a horse.</i>	
Am	G
<i>And for centuries to come I see stages lit bright</i>	
F	G
<i>depicting me falling to madness from might.</i>	

Cause you're bards, you're farts, you're liars,
Were kings, valiant knights, noble men,
We are lovers and husbands and fathers -
but name us all thugs cause you can.
I am Richard the Third and your play is absurd
Now you are The Bard and pretend you are true -
just you wait till someone does the same thing to you.

For history gets written by those who will win
And no one remembers what really has been:
I ne'er plucked a white rose, the boar was my crest -
The lies you are telling keep me from my rest.
For killing the princes no motive I had
but King Henry Tudor, he needed them dead.
And I hope one day none will remember your name,
And I hope future songs will restore my own fame.

You're a bard, you're a fart, you're a liar.
You're no genius, no artist, no God,
I'm a king and a knight and a lover:
You're a brown-nose, a turncoat, a fraud,
I am dead, I am gone yet my story goes on!
For historians will prove I was noble and kind -
but your play will get played and the world will not mind.