

King of Pain  
 (The Police - Sting)  
 Merlin DAD

*verse 1*

D											2	1.
A	0	1	2	3	4	4	0	1	3.			0
D												

There's a lit-tle black spot on the sun\_\_ to-day.\_\_ It's

D			1	1.				2	1.		
A	1	2			0	3.			0.	1	2
D											

the same old thing\_ as\_\_ yes\_\_ter-day.\_\_ There's a black

D	1	1					2	1				1
A			0	1	3.				0	1	2	
D												

hat caught in the high\_\_ tree top. There's a flag pole

D	1.					2	1.
A		0	1	3.			
D							

rag\_\_ and the wind\_\_ won't stop.\_\_

*Chorus*

D													
A	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2	1	
D													

I have stood here be-fore\_\_ in-side the pour-ing rain

D												
A	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2		3	2
D												

with the world turn-ing cir\_\_cles run-ning 'round my

D												
A	1	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2
D												

brain. I guess I'm al-ways hop\_\_ing that you'll end this

D													
A	1	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2	1
D													

reign but it's my des-ti-ny\_\_ to be the king of pain.

*verse 2*

D											2	1.
A	0	1	2	3	4	4	0	1	3.			
D												

There's a lit-tle black spot on the sun\_\_ to-day.\_\_

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D											
A	2	4	3.	2.	1.	0	1	2	4	4.	
D											

(that's my soul\_\_ up\_\_ there\_\_) It's the same old thing\_\_

D			2	1.							
A	0	3			2	4	3.	2.	1.		
D											

as\_\_ yes\_\_ter-day.\_\_ That's my soul\_\_ up\_\_ there.\_\_

D									2	1	
A	0	1	2	4	4.	0	1	3.			
D											

There's a black hat caught\_\_ in a high\_\_ tree top.

D											
A	2	4	3.	2.	1.	0	1	2	4	4.	
D											

That's my soul\_\_ up\_\_ there.\_\_ There's a flag pole rag\_\_

D				2	1.						
A	0	1	3.			2	4	3.	2.	1.	
D											

and the wind\_\_ won't stop.\_\_That's my soul\_\_ up\_\_ there.\_\_

*Chorus*

D												
A	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2	1
D												

I have stood here be-fore\_\_ in-side the pour-ing rain

D												
A	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2	
D												

with the world turn-ing cir\_cles run-ning 'round my

D												
A	1	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2
D												

brain. I guess I'm al-ways hop\_ing that you'll end this

D													
A	1	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2	1
D													

reign but it's my des-ti-ny\_\_ to be the king of pain.

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Verse 3

D												2	1.
A	0	1	2	3	4	4.	0	1	3.				
D													

There's a fos-sil that's trapped\_ in a high\_ cliff wall\_

D													
A	2	4	3.	2.	1.	0	1	2	3	4			
D													

That's my soul\_ up\_ there.\_ There's a dead sal-mon

D						2.	1.						
A	4	0	1	2	3			2	4	3.	2.	1.	
D													

fro-zen in a wat-er fall.\_ That's my soul\_ up\_ there.\_

D												2	1.
A	0	1	2	4	4	0	1	3					
D													

There's a blue whale beached by a spring-tides ebb.

D													1
A	2	4	3.	2.	1.	0	1	2	3				
D													

That's my soul\_ up\_ there.\_ There's a but-ter-fly

D	1			0.	2	1							
A		0	1				2	4	3.	2.			
D													

trapped in a spi\_der's web.\_ That's my soul\_ up\_

D													
A	1.												
D													

there.\_

Chorus

D													
A	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2	1	
D													

I have stood here be-fore\_ in-side the pour-ing rain

D													
A	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2		
D													

with the world turn-ing cir\_cles run-ning 'round my

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D	
A	1 0 1 2 3 2 3. 0 1 2 3 2
D	

brain. I guess I'm al-ways hop\_ing that you'll end this

D	
A	1 0 1 2 3 2 3. 0 1 2 3 2 1
D	

reign but it's my des-ti-ny\_\_ to be the king of pain.

*Bridge*

D	1.
A	2 2 2. 2 2 3 2 1. 1 2.
D	

There's a king\_\_ on a throne\_\_ with his eyes\_\_ torn out\_\_

D	1 1 1 2
A	2 2 2. 2 3 3 3 2
D	

There's a blind\_\_ man look-ing for a sha-dow of doubt;

D	1. 1 1 2
A	2 2 2. 2 3 3 2
D	

There's a rich\_\_ man sleep\_ing on a gol-den bed.

D	1. 0 1. 2
A	2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2
D	

There's a ske-le-ton chok\_ing on a crust of\_\_ bread.

*Verse 4*

D	2 1.
A	0 1 2 4 4. 0 1 3
D	

There's a red fox torn\_\_ by a hunts-men's pack.\_\_

D	
A	2 4 3. 2. 1. 0 1 2 4
D	

That's my soul\_\_ up\_\_ there.\_\_ There's a black winged

D	2 1
A	4. 0 1 3. 2 4 3. 2. 1.
D	

gull\_\_ with a bro-ken back. That's my soul\_\_ up\_\_ there\_\_

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D												2	1.
A	0	1	2	3	4	4	0	1	3.				
D													

There's a lit-tle black spot on the sun\_\_ to-day.\_\_

D												2	1.
A	0	1	2	4	4.		0	3					
D													

It's the same old thing\_\_ as\_\_ yes\_\_ter-day\_\_

*Chorus*

D													
A	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2	1	
D													

I have stood here be-fore\_\_ in-side the pour-ing rain

D													
A	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2		3	2	
D													

with the world turn-ing cir\_cles run-ning 'round my

D													
A	1	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2	
D													

brain. I guess I'm al-ways hop\_ing that you'll end this

D													
A	1	0	1	2	3	2	3.	0	1	2	3	2	1
D													

reign but it's my des-ti-ny\_\_ to be the king of pain.

*Outtro*

D													
A	4	3	4p2.										
D													

king of pain.\_\_

Key

p = pull off