

# King of Rome

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In the West End of Derby lives a working man  
He says " I can't fly but me pigeons can  
And when I set them free it's just like part of me  
Gets lifted up on shining wings"

Charlie Edson's pigeon loft was down the yard  
Of a rented house in Brook Street where life was hard  
But Charlie had a dream, and in nineteen thirteen  
Charlie bred a pigeon that made his dream come true

There was gonna be a champions' race from Italy  
"Look at the maps, all that land and sea  
Charlie, you'll lose that bird"  
But Charlie never heard  
He put it in a basket and sent it off to Rome

On the day o' the big race a storm blew in  
A thousand birds were swept away and never seen again  
"Charlie we told you so, surely by now you know  
When you're living in the West End there ain't many dreams come true"

"Yeah, I know, but I had to try  
A man can crawl around or he can learn to fly  
And if you live 'round here, the ground seems awful near  
Sometimes I need a lift from victory"

I was off with me mates for a pint or two  
When I saw a wing flash up in the blue  
"Charlie, it's the King of Rome, come back to his West End home  
Come outside quick, he's perched up on your roof"

"Come on down, your majesty, I knew you'd make it back to me,  
Come on down, you lovely one, you made me dreams come true"

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