

California King

Hot Apple Pie

I got a message on my phone
Some chick from Rolling Stone said
"We'd like to do an interview
And take a few pictures of you" Well, my label says I'm number one
Hotter than the Dickens son
But you need to get where the action is
If you wanna be a superstar, kid So I, I packed my bags and caught a plane out to L.A.
And I rented me a palace down by the sea
A small town boy to a California king I rolled up in my limousine
Paparazzi on the scene
I'm supposed to open up the show
I'm nominated five times you know I was drowning in accolades
Rescued by a righteous babe
Her bodyguards got us out of the crowd
Into the hills an' up to the clouds And through the gates and golden doors and onto her bed
Overlookin' the boulevard of broken dreams
A small town boy to a California king Well, things out here move pretty fast
There ain't much that's built to last
And you're only as good as your last song
And the moment that you stop to rest
They'll steal your throne So I made the rounds religiously
I wore my crown respectfully
Rubbin' elbows and egos and such
And man, I never felt so outta touch I was losin' sight of what was true
Longin' for the life I knew
Them honeysuckle flowers and country roads
And good ol' Dixieland between my toes So I, I packed my guitar and hopped a train
And made my escape
And I took only good memories home with me
This small town boy's goin' back to Tennessee
Oh, oh, oh, California king just ain't me, no, no

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