

King of Hollywood

Withered Hand

Tonight I can feel the big stars
Through the soles of my shoes
I guess the way I wore a moustache kinda reminded you of you
In no particular time
Some European town
You threw your tarot cards up into the air
And watched them fall back down
Better The Devil you know, you'll be gone long before The Fool comes around
Every time I get into an airplane
I feel like crossing my heart
You said I remind you of your ex-wife
Like you were picking at the scar
Later that night I saw you smiling in your sleep under your oxygen mask
Like I was coming on strong at the show, like I was born again
Some of you guys should get with my God, he hates about everything
Well, everything except me, I'm the anomaly
Here we go, here we go now
Is this the Sunset Strip?
Another strawberry mojito pressed against your lip
I was sucking on mine
Like I was biding my time
I fell asleep watching a buzz band
I peeked out under my hood
Some of the people there were losing their shit
Please let me be misunderstood
Well, You can do what you want to
I tried to do what I could
The Gilded Palace Of Sin
and you, the King Of Hollywood

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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