

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 youIn 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 aroundEvery 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 anomalyHere 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 timeI 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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