Palace Of The King

[Freddie King](#)

I was born down in Dallas, raised up in the city of the wind
Yeah, I could spent a month of Sundays, talkin' about the places I have been
Yeah, I played the blues in England, I visit the Queen
She really dug my style, but the Queen is not my thing
I'm goin' back to Dallas, livin' in the palace of the king

Hey, they wanted me in Russia, but Moscow was much too cold
Yeah, I coulda' played down in Denmark, but girls was much too old
Yeah now, the Italians talk funny, I don't know what they say
I can't find a chitlin Pizza, at any price I pay
Goin' back to Dallas, livin' in the palace of the king

Oh, living in the palace of the king
Yeah, living in the palace
Leaving home was hard to think

[Guitar Solo]

I can make you smile, every note I play
I can make you happy, by playin' the blues my way
I'm goin' back to Dallas, livin' in the palace of the king

Yeah, I'm living in the palace of the king
Yeah, I'm living in the palace
That palace is quit the thing

Been around the world, I hear me things
Nothing can make me feel satisfied, but this blues I sing
I'm goin' back to Dallas, livin' in the palace of the king

Oh, I'm living in the palace of the king
Yeah, I'm living in the palace of the king
Yeah, I'm living in the palace of the king
Yes, I'm living in the palace of the king
Yeah, I'm living in the palace of the king

Lyrics submitted by Robert buchan.