

King Of The Hill

[Roger McGuinn](#)

L.A.'s asleep - you roll up your window
The night air is cold - the freeway is clear.
In a green Gucci bag - are you prized possessions
The jewels of your mind - to hold back the fear. And when Monday comes round - there's a high lonesome sound
And she follows you down for the kill.
And a while blinding light - makes it all seem so right
And you feel like the king of the hill. The driveway is long - your princess is lovely
Your servants all wait - for your knock on the door.
How many years - will you crawl through this castle
So satisfied - and still wanting more.
And when Monday comes... The guests have arrived - with all the right faces
But you miss the ball - in that room down the hall.
It's sunrise again - the driveway is empty
The crystal is cracked - there's blood on the wall.
And when Monday comes round...

Songwriters

PETTY, TOM / MCGUINN, ROGER Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>