

King of the Mountain (Live San Francisco)

Crosby & Nash

And he sits in the grand stand alone
He's got this big smile on his face
He feels like he's just come home
Feels like he's finally, finally found his place In the sun, he has won
He's the King of the mountain alone
Pigeons fighting over scraps, yeah
Humans they say do not Hiding from life and little naps
Waking up to find
You have been caught, you have been bought, yeah
You're the King of some mountain alone Mmm ...
Empty wrappers blowin' past him in the breeze
He can still hear last Sunday roar
He sits there and pulls his coat tighter over his knees

Songwriters

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