King Of The World

Young Rising Sons

Smoke and mirrors
It's a house of cards
Everybody has windows
And big cigars
The law of the jungle
Is very new to some
The animals are vicious and arrogant
And they eat their young
I used to work my job from 9 to 5
I just survived
I was the king of the world
I had every thing thrown at me,
That the judge and jury could hurl
I was the man of the hour
I would claw and scratch my way up,
To the very top of the tower
Helter skelter
It's a den of thieves
Sea of errors
That a greedy man weaves

A few really bad apples
Always spoil the lot
Rolling blackouts
On everyone's block
I go to work and try to make ends meet
My life is over
I was the king of the world
I had everything I needed,
I owned every type of girl
I was the man of the hour
I would claw and scratch my way,
Up to the very top of the tower
Instrumental Break
I was the king of the world
I had everything I needed,
I owned every type of girl
I was the man of the hour
I would claw and scratch my way,

Up to the very top of the tower

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