

Palace Of The King

Popa Chubby

was born down in Dallas, raised up on the city of wind
Spent a month of Sundays, talkin' about the places I have been
Played the blues in England, I played 'em for the Queen
The Queen did love my style, but the Queen is not my thing
Goin' back to Dallas, livin' in the palace of the king

Couldn't play it in Moscow, you know that it was way too cold
Played the blues in Denmark, but women there they was way too old
Couldn't talk Italian, don't listen when they say
Couldn'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
Living in the palace
Be a natural thing

Everywhere I go, don't matter what I say
Lord I make you happy with every note I play
Goin' back to Dallas, livin' in the palace of the king

(guitar solo)

Oh, living in the palace of the king
Living in the palace
Be a natural thing

I can make you smile, I can make you swing
I can make you happy with every note I play
Goin' back to Dallas, livin' in the palace of the king

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