

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 your 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 white 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 'round, there's a high lonesome sound
And she follows you down for the kill
And a white blinding light makes it all seem so right
And you feel like the King of the Hill, yeah
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, there's a high lonesome sound
And she follows you down for the kill
And a white blinding light makes it all seem so right
And you feel like the King of the Hill
And when Monday comes 'round, there's a high lonesome sound
And she follows you down for the kill
And a white blinding light makes it all seem so right
And you feel like the King of the Hill
Yes, you feel like the King of the Hill
Ah, you feel like the King of the Hill
Yes, you feel like the King of the Hill

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