

King Of The City

Jennifer Nettles

My name is Jose, but they call me "The Rey"
My throne sits downtown in the air
I wash all the windows to thirty-six floors
And man, I just love it up there

My wife is the queen, and she used to clean
The hospital next to our home
Now she takes care of babies
For a nice white lady too busy to raisin' her own

I used to wash dishes on Bowery and Ninth
Ran pizzas around on a back
Yeah, I'd do what it takes, gettin' paid half the wage
Any job the gringos don't like

All the way up here is so quiet
Don't believe me, boy? Oh you really should try
I look around, ain't it pretty?
It's good to be king of the city

That day in September, I'll always remember
Started out just like the rest
I was floor 26, when the first plane hit
And I still feel that sound in my chest

It's true I wasn't born here, but my heart is sworn here
To hold up your dreams with my own
That day on my perch, I made it to church
And I prayed for each soul to fly home

See, I watched them fall from that buildin'
And I wept for all of their wives and their children
I won't forget, it'll always get me
The saddest day to be king of the city

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