

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 you 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 while 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...

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...