

# The King of Oak Street

Kenny Rogers

Like a leaf caught in the wind he drifted a while  
With no purpose or direction to his life  
He tried to get himself together and pacify his mind  
And forget about the things he left behind.

A cryin' woman he left standing in his door  
With a two- month- old baby in her arms  
His little black book he left torn upon the floor  
God only knows he never meant to do her wrong.

A careless weekend on the other side of town  
Has torn the king of Oak Street's Castle down  
And all week long he's tried to phone her but she won't let him  
explain  
Now Sunday morning finds him walking in the rain.

He sits now in a phone booth and he prays  
That she'll forgive him and she'll believe he's changed his way  
s  
With shaking hands he deposits his last dime  
And he's still praying that she won't hang up this time.

Then the sweetest voice he's ever heard says "hello"  
Breakfast's almost ready baby, come on home  
I've thought the whole thing over and I think I understand  
That the king of Oak Street is just an ordinary man.

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