

# King

Reverend Horton Heat

Here comes the king  
King!  
King!  
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house

Slippers, paper, pipe, and dog  
Easy chair and a burning log  
Something smells good in the kitchen tonight  
Oh yeah, my baby can treat me right  
Like every Tom, and Dick, and Harry know  
Out on the street you're just another Joe-shmoe  
When you get inside my home  
Ceasar never had it better in Rome

King!  
Here in my house  
King!  
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house

My throne is just a La-Z-Boy  
A hotrod Ford is just a toy  
I may rule, but I can't be mean  
I still must answer to the queen  
So if you're lucky just like me  
You must feel like royalty  
If this has a familiar ring  
Then you know just why i sing

King!  
Here in my house  
King!  
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house

King!  
Here in my house  
King!  
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house

I'm just a farmer bustin' sod  
Just one creature under God  
Truth be known, and truth be seen'n  
I'd be nothin' without my queen  
So if you feel like monarchy  
You don't mind a little anarchy  
My hotrod Ford has a couple of dings  
But the engine purrs and the radio sings

King!  
Here in my house  
King!  
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house  
King!  
Here in my house  
King!  
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house  
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house  
Here in my castle, I'm king

Here comes the...  
King!