

## 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...