

George Jones "The King"

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I was the best looking thing she ever had her arms
around
At least that's what I told all over town
It was a privilege for her to watch just to keep me here
While I lay home and watch TV, sippin' on a cold, cold
beer.

I told myself I had it made for the rest of my life
A dream comes true for one who never gave his share
My life in this old house was like a king upon his throne
Till I woke up one morning and the one I love was gone.

And the King is not the King anymore
He got an empty house to rule which proves that he's a
fool
He drove her and his crown's right out of the door.

And the one he loved won't be back
She'll never put her foot back thru the castle door
And the King is not the King anymore.

And the King is not the King anymore...

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