

Bruce Hornsby

"Twelve Tone Tune / King Of The Hill"

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I'm leaning on a rail
Letting my eyes roam over the plain
I'm laughing on my break
Feeling like a captive on a long chain
Watch the people pick up sticks
Big boss man cracks his whip
It's serious but we laugh to keep from crying
Spouting out the company line
Everything here's just fine
He says he cares about me but he's lying
Up, up in the big house
The king of the hill.

I'm watching the boss man
Talking to his sister with the dirty hands
They sit, cussing at the rules
Wishing they could lose me as fast as they can
He's got me in the roughest rig
He thinks I took his brother's gig
People say they've got the game rigged
His daddy gave him everything
A job and a house and his earring
Why does he think that I'm so threatening, so bad
And up, up in the big house
King of the hill
And there, driving the big cat, king of the hill

I'm over in my space
Swatting bugs, sweat stains rolling down my face
I'm trying not to drink
Knowing I've got to roll out of this place
Watch the people pick up bricks
King of the hill with his nightstick
Caught up in accounting tricks
Throw a bone to the poor hicks
Got some candy, take a lick
Great white hope, shooting bricks
Time to let us all share the wealth
Getting coffee for the big stick
Hand in his pants at the skin flick
Lots of poisons, take your pick
Mama, mama, mama come quick

Felling like I'm getting sick
Have you noticed any nervous tics
Think I'd better take care of myself
And up, up in the big house
King of the hill
And there, driving the big cat
King of the hill

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