

Kenny Rogers "The King Of Oak Street"

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The King of Oak Street

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 ways
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.

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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