

## **Roland J. Bowman**

### **"Lonely At The Top"**

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Give me a guitar, and a girl,  
And some dreams to make my life happy.  
And some whiskey in a bottle,  
And some lovin' to help me get through.  
Take the ribbon from your hair, turn up the music,  
So I can get stoned.  
Drink the whiskey to kill the pain, and try to tell me  
I'm not insane. And lie, and say that you still care.  
When I look in your eyes, and hold you.  
It feels like I'm in heaven.  
You're an angel to a devil, like me,  
Cause I'm living in hell. So I'll drown away all my  
sorrows,  
I'll drink the whiskey, till I can see the light.  
For it's brighter than the stars.  
Just like the music, of steel guitars,  
And it helps me to get through the night.  
(bridge) it's lonely up here at the top of the charts.  
With ten million fans, there all breaking your heart.  
From Virginia to the big time. First you lose and then  
you win.  
And tomorrow it starts all over again.  
Instl brk  
(bridge)  
It's lonely up here at the top of the charts.  
With ten million fans, there all breaking your heart.  
From Virginia to the big time.  
First you lose and then you win.  
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