

## **Roger McGuinn**

# **"King of the Hill"**

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L.A.'s asleep, you roll up your window  
The night air is cold, the freeway is clear  
In a green Gucci bag are your 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 white 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 'round, there's a high  
lonesome sound  
And she follows you down for the kill  
And a white blinding light makes it all seem so right  
And you feel like the King of the Hill, yeah

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, there's a high  
lonesome sound  
And she follows you down for the kill  
And a white blinding light makes it all seem so right  
And you feel like the King of the Hill

And when Monday comes 'round, there's a high  
lonesome sound  
And she follows you down for the kill  
And a white blinding light makes it all seem so right  
And you feel like the King of the Hill

Yes, you feel like the King of the Hill  
Ah, you feel like the King of the Hill  
Yes, you feel like the King of the Hill

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