King of the Hill
**by Tom Petty and Roger McGuinn**

[F] L.A.'s asleep, you [Am] roll up your window

The [Bb] night air is [Gm] cold, the [Bb] freeway is [C] clear

In a [F] green Gucci bag are [Am] your prized possessions

The [Bb] jewels of your [Gm] mind to [Bb] hold back the [C] fear

And when [Dm] Monday comes 'round, there's a [F] high lonesome sound

And she [Gm] follows you [Bb] down for the [Dm] kill

And a white blinding light makes it [F] all seem so right

And you [Gm] feel like the [Bb] King of the [Dm] Hill

[F] The driveway is long, your [Am] princess is lovely

Your [Bb] servants all [Gm] wait for your [Bb] knock on the [C] door

[F] How many years will you [Am] crawl through this castle?

[Bb] So satisf[Gm]yied and [Bb] still wanting [C] more

And when [Dm] Monday comes 'round, there's a [F] high lonesome sound

And she [Gm] follows you [Bb] down for the [Dm] kill

And a white blinding light makes it [F] all seem so right

And you [Gm] feel like the [Bb] King of the [Dm] Hill

The [F] guests have arrived with [Am] all the right faces

But [Bb] you miss the [Gm] ball in that [Bb] room down the [C] hall

It's [F] sunrise again, [Am] the driveway is empty

The [Bb] crystal is [Gm] cracked, there's [Bb] blood on the [C] wall

And when [Dm] Monday comes 'round, there's a [F] high lonesome sound

And she [Gm] follows you [Bb] down for the [Dm] kill

And a white blinding light makes it [F] all seem so right

And you [Gm] feel like the [Bb] King of the [Dm] Hill