

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

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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

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