

# Eagles, The King Of Hollywood

Well, he sits up there on his leatherette  
Looks through pictures of the ones that he hasn't had yet  
When he thinks he wants a closer look,  
he gets out his little black telephone book  
(He's calling, calling, calling  
He's calling, calling, calling  
He's calling, calling, calling  
He's calling)

"Come sit down here beside me, honey.  
Let's have a little heart to heart.  
Now look at me and tell me, darlin',  
how badly do you want this part?  
Are you willing to sacrifice?  
And are you willing to be real nice?  
All your talent and my good taste,  
I'd hate to see it go to waste."

"We gon' get you an apartment, honey.  
We gon' get you a car.  
(spoken) Yeah, we're gonna take care of you, darlin'.  
We gon' make you a movie star.  
For years I've seen 'em come and go."  
He says, "I've had 'em all, 'ya know.  
I handled everything in my own way.  
I made 'em what they are today."

After 'while nothin' was pretty.  
After 'while everything got lost.  
Still, his Jacuzzi runneth over.  
Still he just couldn't get off.  
He's just another power junky.  
Just another silk scarf monkey.  
You'd know it if you saw his stuff.  
The man just isn't big enough.