

# Hot Apple Pie, California King

I got a message on my phone  
Some chick from Rolling Stone said  
"We'd like to do an interview  
And take a few pictures of you," well  
My label says I'm number one  
Hotter than the dickens, son, but you  
Need to get where the action is  
If you wanna be a superstar, kid, so I

Packed my bags and caught a plane out to LA  
And I rented me a palace down by the sea...  
a small town boy to a California king

I rolled up in my limousine  
Paparazzi on the scene, I'm  
Supposed to open up the show  
I'm nominated five times you know, I was  
Drowning accolades  
Rescued by a righteous babe  
Her bodyguards got us out of the crowd  
Into the hills, up to the clouds, and

Through the gates and golden doors and onto her bed  
Overlookin' the boulevard of broken dreams..  
a small town boy to a California king

Well, things out here move pretty fast  
There ain't much that's built to last  
And you're only as good as your last song  
And the moment that you stop to rest,  
they'll steal your throne, so I

Made the rounds religiously  
I wore my crown respectfully  
Rubbin' elbows and egos and such, and  
Man, I never felt so outta touch, I was  
Losin' sight of what was true  
Longin' for the life I knew, them  
Honeysuckle flowers and country roads  
and good ol' Dixieland between my toes, so I

I packed my guitar and hopped a train  
and made my escape  
And I took only good memories home with me..  
this small town boy's goin' back to Tennessee

California king...just ain't me