

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