

B.B. King F/ Eric Clapton, Riding With The King

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Miscellaneous

Riding With The King

I dreamed I had a good job and I got well paid,
I blew it all at the penny arcade,
A hundred dollars on a cupid doll,
No pretty chick is gonna make me crawl,

And I teetered the way to the promised land,
Every woman, child and man,
Get your caddillac and a great big diamond ring,
Don't you know you're riding with the king?

He's on a mission of mercy, to the new fronteir,
He's gonna take us all outta' here,
Up to that mansion, on a hill,
Where you can get your prescription pill

And I teetered the way to the promised land,
Everybody clap your hands,
And don't you dirts love the way that he sings?
Don't you know you're riding with the king?
You're riding with the king!
Don't you know you're riding with the king?

A tuxedo and a shining green burning five,
You can see it in his face, the blues is alive,
Tonight everybody's getting their angel wings,
Don't you know you're riding with the king?

I stepped out of Mississippi when I was ten years old,
With a suit cut sharp as a razor and a heart made of gold.
I had a guitar hanging just about waist high,
And I'm gonna play this thing until the day I die.
Don't you know you're riding with the king?
Don't you know you're riding with the king?
(You're riding with me baby)
(You got good hands)
(Yes, you're riding with the king)
(I wanted to say B.B. King, but you know who the king is)