

# Bruce Hornsby, King Of The Hill

Oh, I'm leaning on a rail  
Letting my eyes roam over the plain  
Oh, I'm laughing on my break  
Feeling like a captive on a long chain  
Watch the people pick up sticks  
Big boss man cracks his whip  
It's serious but we laugh to keep from crying (whoa, crying)  
Spouting out the company line  
Everything here's just fine  
He says he cares about me but he's lying (whoa, lying)

And up, up in the big house  
The king of the hill

Oh, I'm watching the boss man  
Talking to his sister with the dirty hands  
They sit, cussing at the rules  
Wishing they could lose me as fast as they can  
He's got me in the roughest rig  
He thinks I took his brother's gig  
People say they've got the game rigged (whoa, rigged)  
His daddy gave him everything  
A job and a house and his earring  
Why does he think that I'm so threatening, (whoa, so bad)

And up, up in the big house  
King of the hill  
And there, driving the big cat  
King of the hill

I'm over in my space  
Swatting bugs, sweat stains rolling down my face  
I'm trying not to drink  
Knowing I've got to roll out of this place

Watch the people pick up bricks  
King of the hill with his nightstick  
Caught up in accounting tricks  
Throw a bone to the poor hicks  
Got some candy, take a lick  
Great white hope, shooting bricks  
Time to let us all share the wealth (whoa, the wealth)

Getting coffee for the big stick  
Hand in his pants at the skin flick  
Leisure suit, but thinks he's slick  
Lots of poisons, take your pick  
Mama, mama, mama come quick  
Feeling like I'm getting sick  
Have you noticed any nervous tics  
Think I'd better take care of myself (whoa, myself)

And up, up in the big house  
King of the hill

And there, driving the big cat  
King of the hill