

Eagles, 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 a while nothin' was pretty
After a 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