

Reverend Horton Heat, King

Here comes the king
King!
King!
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house

Slippers, paper, pipe, and dog
Easy chair and a burning log
Something smells good in the kitchen tonight
Oh yeah, my baby can treat me right
Like every Tom, and Dick, and Harry know
Out on the street you're just another Joe-shmoe
When you get inside my home
Ceasar never had it better in Rome

King!
Here in my house
King!
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house

My throne is just a La-Z-Boy
A hotrod Ford is just a toy
I may rule, but I can't be mean
I still must answer to the queen
So if you're lucky just like me
You must feel like royalty
If this has a familiar ring
Then you know just why i sing

King!
Here in my house
King!
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house

King!
Here in my house
King!
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house

I'm just a farmer bustin' sod
Just one creature under God
Truth be known, and truth be seen'n
I'd be nothin' without my queen
So if you feel like monarchy
You don't mind a little anarchy
My hotrod Ford has a couple of dings
But the engine purrs and the radio sings

King!
Here in my house
King!
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house
King!
Here in my house
King!
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house
Here in my castle, I'm king of the house
Here in my castle, I'm king
Here comes the...
King!