

Soft

Kings of Leon

I used to see you every day
I used to see you every day
I danced around your folk and soul
I danced to all your fucking soul
I left you with your nose a bleedin'
And your toes a creepin' around
Ah so mundane and incomplete
Hand my down my pants and get me off this street I'm passed out in your garden
I'm in I can't get off so soft
I'd pop myself in your body
I'd come into your party, but I'm soft Behind the fringe of a whiskey high
Mutilating cat like eyes
And in your nose blood decadence
You try to drag me into your bohemian dancing
You paint my fingers and you paint my toes
You let your perfect nipple show I'm passed out in your garden
I'm in I can't get off so soft
I'd pop myself in your body
I'd come into your party, but I'm soft
But I'm soft I'm passed out in your garden
I'm in I can't get off so soft
I'd pop myself in your body
I'd come into your party, but I'm soft I'm passed out in your garden
I'm in I can't get off so soft
I'd pop myself in your body
I'd come into your party, but I'm soft

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