

The Bucket

Kings of Leon

I'll be the one to show you the way
You'll be the one to always complain
Three in the morning, come a-bang-bang-bang
All out of fags and I just can't wait
Cancel the thing that I said I'd do
I don't feel comfortable talking to you
Unless you got the zipper fixed on my shoe
Then I'll be in the lobby drinking for two
Eighteen, balding, star
Golden, fallen heart
Look at the shakies, what's with the blush?
Fresh off the plane in my fuzzy rush
Everyone's gathered to idolize me
I hate the way you talk, your Japanese scream
It's been too long since I've left the shed
You kick the bucket, I'll swing my legs
Always remember the pact that we made
Too young to die, but old is the grave
Eighteen, balding, star
Golden, fallen heart
I'ma gonna show the way.
I'ma gonna show the way.
I'ma gonna show the way.
I'ma gonna show the way.
Eighteen, balding, star

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