

Beneath The Surface

Kings of Leon

Degrade me
My purpose
Bury me
Beneath the surface I'm scratching
I'm clawing
Trying hard
To make them pay Can't stand me
Beside me
Kid you not
Your kiss sure killed me The cold of
My barrel
Never sees
The light of day Call me, call me
You could only hurt the story
Call me, call me
I'll be there to shine a light The smell
On the speakers
Sweaty ballroom
Dancing fever They gather
In numbers
Ever for
A closer view The cease fire
The weaker
Hair so red
I couldn't keep her The dogs hound
The neighbors
Everything was
Blown away Call me, call me
You could only hurt the story
Call me, call me I'll be there
To shine a light Machine, machines
Point me to the nearest party
You'll see, you'll see
Baby, it's the only way Call me, call me
You could only
Call me, call me
I'll be there Machines, machines
Point me to the nearest party

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