

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

Songwriters

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