

Black Thumbnail (Live From SoHo)

Kings of Leon

My cold, cold sailor heart says, "Get on your way."
I ain't too proud to say it but that's how I'm made
I'll be that person 'till my dying day
I try so awful hard but I can't changeFrom runways to the road I ramble alone
This thumbnail sized heart is black as coal
Though beauty it still bring me to my knee
Don't waste a tear on me this my diseaseDon't leave no smell on me
Don't leave no smell on me
I've run off in your sleep
Don't leave no smell on meThose preppy boys in blue they're making fun of us
So we take it to the street 'cause we're an ornery cuss
But we're not here to make your children bleed
We're here to come around with the tumbleweedDon't leave no smell on me
Don't leave no smell on me
I've run up in your sleeve
Don't leave no smell on meNow guitar, go get herDon't take these boots off me when you thinking I'm dead
I'll still be running from the demon in my head
I'll be that person 'till my dying day
I try so awful hard but I can't changeDon't leave no smell on me
Don't leave no smell on me
I know I'm up your sleeve
Don't leave no smell on meDon't leave no, no smell

Songwriters

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