

Kings Of Leon, 100,000 People

Rake at the moon where the river flows
Cut from the cloth of the winter's cold
Bound the voices that no one hears
I've been around in a way for years
Stray from the heart the more that you know
All gussied up with no place to go
Table side the one of ypour dreams
Get what you want not what you need

Parlor games and 6 o'clock news
Hands of a stranger touching yu
Wide away incased in a dream
Everything is not as it seems
All yur time is heaven sent
Days and the nights all start to blend
It's not like thi stown to set you free
The more you look the less ypu see

The table set the ros eis out
You know what this is
Miles away from places you have been
The call was made to pull the shades
The stary of sometjhing new
Still nothing makes me feel the way

You do
You do
You do
You do
You do
You do