

# 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 your dreams  
Get what you want not what you need

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

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

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