

Kings Of Leon, Genius

Everybody wants to be a showman
Yeah they all got another one
Everybody think they got a genius
Everybody got me on the run
Sometimes I think they come here
Just so you can say that you can
And I can't get alone in my bathroom
I need to give myself a hand

Y'all cuh-cuh-cuh-creepin'
Creepin' underneath my skin
Fuck you and your flashbulbs
Snappin' my picture again
You drink all my whiskey
You steal all my smoke
And you're crowded all around me
Like I got nowhere to go

Eyes are gonna roll
Beggin' me to kill
Time for you to go
I'm-a-gon' spill
It ain't yo fast train
I'll be the king runnin' at the wheel
I ain't lookin' to make no deals here no

You keep stickin' to me like a prickly porcupine
You're gettin' your information from the grocery checkout line
Are ya true confessin' of your little girl obsession
Cuz I was only messin', an' I had a little time

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