

Kings Of Leon, Seventeen

Oh she's only seventeen
Whine n whine n whine, weep over everything
Bloody Mary breakfast busting up the street
Brothers fighting, when's the baby gonna sleep
Heaving ship too sails away
Said it's a culmination of a story and a goodbye session
It's a tick of our time and the tic in her head that made me feel so strange
So I could call you baby, I could call you, dammit, it's a one in a million
Oh it's the rolling of your Spanish tongue that made me wanna stay
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Oh it's the rolling of your Spanish tongue that made me wanna stay