

# 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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