

Kings Of Leon, Slow Night So Long

Slow night, so long, she's frenching out the flavour
She's 17 but I done went and plum forgot it
No tears are gone, they're pooling on the table
No tears are gone, they're leaving their mark behind
So far, so good, she's absolutely wasted
she's handing up and changing her story around
I just don't know where leading ladies come from
I just don't know where they can be found
She's opened up just like she really knows me
I hate her face, but enjoy the company
I'll take you home or back to Oklahoma
You're not so nice, but the sex sells so cheap
Rise and shine all you gold-diggin' mothers
Are you too good to tango with the poor, poor boys?
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