

Kings Of Leon, Trani

Dirty belly of a secret town
Cheap trick hookers, they're hanging out at the barn at the Greyhound station
And the bare-chested boys are going down on every thing that the momma believe
Pack of smokes and a little bump of cocaine, help you feel not so strange

Said old Pa, "She don't get off, unless somebody's standing near her."
"And she'll shine, once-a she's crossed the line, hands all tied to a chair."
Oscillatin' on the ground, blowin' white noise sound, like a trani on ten."

All the bubbas got their heads in a nod,
they don't know what they love or deserve to get
Chances are that that worm in his lap
doesn't even know which fish that he'd like to bite tonight, ah tonight, tonight

Ah maybe tonight

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God's on the call, iddn't that the priest --
fingers in the dirt, spitting out his teeth
Spitting out his teeth!

Oscillatin' on the ground, blowin' white noise sound, like a trani on ten.