

Kings Of Leon, Day Old Blues

Toss me a breath, when you hold me down
hot like a razor on my face
something's growing that don't help me now
paging the doctor just in case

Low and behold things are killing me
silly expectations of a dream
girls are gonna love the way i toss my hair
boys are gonna hate the way i seem

Day old, day old, day old
day old, day old, day old, day old blues

Peace Christmas lights spitting German ling
feels like a fast or homeless sleep
at least there's a record that i love to play
dreaming about a place i'll never see

Betty, Betty, Annie is a praying
baby with a man like a lung
Smell her crying fighting back a fever
mad as hell give up