

# Kings Of Leon, My Party

it's raining on old yellow  
and it's carving a path  
so now we're on our way

it's taking us on journeys  
where we wipe away frowns  
amongst a crowded place

so why you never call me  
no you never seem to call me  
now that I'm okay

I'll beat you in the end  
and every time you turn around  
here will come the coming of age

ooh she's at my party

my cocky look emerges  
when you question my moves  
cause you ain't got no taste

you're talking about my baby  
I could flip you upside down  
and I could mop this place

so why you never saw me  
no you never seen my calling  
right in front your face

I'll smoke you in the end  
and don't you ever turn around  
cause here's that coming of age

ooh she's at my party