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