

Beneath The Surface

Kings of Leon

Degrade me, my purpose
Bury me beneath the surface
I'm scratching, I'm clawing
Trying hard to make them pay

Can't stand me, beside me
Kid you not, your kiss sure killed me
The cold of my barrel
Never sees the light of day

Call me, call me,
you could only hurt the story
Call me, call me,
I'll be there to shine a light

The smell on the speakers
Sweaty ballroom dancing fever
They gather in numbers
Ever for a closer view

The cease fire the weaker
Hair so red I couldn't keep her
The dogs hound the neighbours
Everything was blown away

Call me, call me,
you could only hurt the story
Call me, call me,
I'll be there to shine a light

Machine, machines,
point me to the nearest party
You'll see, you'll see,
baby it's the only way

Call me, call me, you could only
Call me, call me, I'll be there

Machines, machines,
point me to the nearest party