

Day Old Blues

Kings of Leon

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 expectation 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 blues

Peach 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 praying,
Baby with a man like lung

Smell her crying fighting back a fever
Mad as hell give up