

# Pickup Truck

Kings of Leon

I walk you home to see  
Where you're living around  
And I know this place  
Pour yourself on me  
And you know I'm the one  
That you won't forget

And in your denim eyes  
I see something's awry  
And I see you're weak  
When he comes around  
I see you're fixing to shine  
And my face won't speak

Hate to be so emotional  
I didn't mean to get physical  
But when he pulled in and revved it up  
I said, "You call that a pickup truck?"

And in the moonlight I throwed him down  
A kicking, screaming and rolling around  
A little piece of a bloody tooth  
Just so you know I was thinking of you  
Just so you know, oh

Trembling misery and it's cold as a hole  
Hug your bones and skin  
Crackling wood's gone white  
And my eyes swelled up now  
I can see the light

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