

# 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