

Seen

Kings of Leon

There's a home upon the hillside
Up above this cloud of dirt
And the music of the windchime
Has been known to shake the earth

I'm the woman in the window
Making plans to never leave
In the prison of my building
Trying hard to not be seen
Doing my best to not be seen

Electrical underworld
Electrical underworld

Has anybody seen my baby?
Can you tell me how she's been?
The weight has finally lifted
Now we don't have to run again
We don't have to run again, no no

Hey, coat rider
They don't rattle me
Hey, coat rider
Baby, rattle me
Hey, coat rider
Baby, rattle me
Hey, coat rider
Baby, rattle me
Hey, ghost rider
Baby, rattle me
Hey, ghost rider
Baby, rattle me