

# The Bandit

Kings of Leon

Chiseled their names in stone  
Heavy the load you tow  
And the red horse is always close  
And the fire don't burn below

Two hundred miles to clear  
Chasing a sound I hear  
When the call brings them all to tears  
And the hopes they all turn to fears

And they're walking around  
With their heads in the cloud screaming  
Must catch the bandit  
Reckless abandon  
Rundown and stranded  
Must catch the bandit

Tracks in the dirt for days  
Sniff out the fire ablaze  
And the red door, it seems to sway  
And it carries a heavy weight

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