

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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