

# Kings Of Leon, 100,000 People

Rake at the moon where the river flows  
Cut from the cloth of the winter's cold  
Bound the voices that no one hears  
I've been around in a way for years  
Stray from the heart the more that you know  
All gussied up with no place to go  
Table side the one of ypour dreams  
Get what you want not what you need

Parlor games and 6 o'clock news  
Hands of a stranger touching yu  
Wide away incased in a dream  
Everything is not as it seems  
All yur time is heaven sent  
Days and the nights all start to blend  
It's not like thi stown to set you free  
The more you look the less ypu see

The table set the ros eis out  
You know what this is  
Miles away from places you have been  
The call was made to pull the shades  
The stary of sometjhing new  
Still nothing makes me feel the way

You do  
You do  
You do  
You do  
You do  
You do