

# Kings Of Leon, Stormy Weather

Four in the morning  
Came and you left without warning  
Looking for a good time lover  
A right now man

Running like bulls of Pamplona try as I might to control you  
You're like smoke in my eyes  
Closed every time  
Face of a starchild  
Born in a sea, a mile high  
Never seen a bad moon rise  
It's the right time now

Time away from here  
Has never felt so long  
Find your souvenir  
And make your way back home