

# Sex on Fire – Kings of Leon

Lay where you're laying  
Don't make a sound  
I know they're watching  
They're watching  
All the commotion  
The kiddie like play  
Has people talking,  
Talking  
You, your sex is on fire  
The dark of the alley  
The breaking of day  
The head while I'm driving  
I'm driving  
Soft lips are open  
Knuckles are pale  
Feels like you're dying  
You're dying  
You, your sex is on fire  
Consumed with what's to transpire  
Hot as a fever  
Rattling bones  
I could just taste it  
Taste it  
If it's not forever  
If it's just tonight  
Oh, it's still the greatest  
The greatest, the greatest  
You, your sex is on fire  
You, your sex is on fire  
Consumed with what's to transpire  
And you, your sex is on fire  
Consumed with what's to transpire



Słowa: Kings of Leon  
Muzyka: Kings of Leon



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