

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





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