

Sam's Town (Abbey Road version)

The Killers

Nobody ever had a dream 'round here
But I don't really mind that it's starting to get to me
Nobody ever pulls the seams 'round here
But I don't really mind that it's starting to get to me I've got this energy beneath my feet
Like something underground's gonna come up and carry me
I've got this sentimental heart that beats
But I don't really mind that it's starting to get to me Now, why do you waste my time?
Is the answer to the question on your mind
And I'm sick of all my judges
So scared of what they'll find
But I know that I can make it
As long as somebody takes me home
Every now and then Oh, have you ever seen the lights?
Have you ever seen the lights? I took the shuttle on a shock wave ride
Where people on the pen pulled a trigger for accolades
I took a bullet, and I looked inside
And it's running through my veins
An American masquerade I still remember grandma Ditzzy's wake
I've never really known anybody to die before
Red, white and blue upon a birthday cake
And my brother - he was born on the fourth of the July, and that's all So why do you waste my time?
Is the answer to the question on your mind
And I'm sick of all my judges
So scared of letting me shine
But I know that I can make it
As long as somebody takes me home Woo!
(Every now and then)
(Every now and then) You know I see London; I see Sam's Town
Pulls my hand, and let's my hair down
Rolls that world right off my shoulder
I see London; I see Sam's Town now

Songwriters

FLOWERS, BRANDON / KEUNING, DAVE BRENT / STOERMER, MARK AUGUST / VANNUCCI,
RONNIE JR. Published by

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