

# Sweet Talk

## The Killers

Lift me up on my honor  
Take me over this spell  
Get this weight of my shoulder  
I've carried it wellLose these shackles of pressure  
Shake me out of these chains  
Lead me not to temptation  
Hold my hand harderEase my mind  
Roll down the smokescreen  
And open the skyLet me fly then I need a release  
From these troubles of mine  
Fix my feet when they're stumbling  
And well, you know it hurts sometimes  
You know it's gonna bleed sometimesDig me out from this thorn tree  
Help me bury my shame  
Keep my eyes from the fire  
They can't handle the flameThey've cut out from my brothers  
When most of them fail  
I carried it wellLet me fly then I need a release  
From these troubles of mine  
Fix my feet when they're snowing  
I guess you know it hurts sometimes  
You know it's gonna bleed sometimesNow hold on, I'm not looking for sweet talk  
I'm looking for time, time for towering sweet folk  
All because it hurts sometimes  
You know it's gonna bleed sometimes, hold onYou know it's gonna hurt sometimes  
When you call me  
Hold on, hold on, hold onI'm gonna come with that symphony home  
And make it mine, and this pleasure is mine, mark my way  
See all these pestilence pills, expert on pills came to drag me down  
So I could use this to shelter what could I've found

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>