

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

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