

Don't Shoot Me Santa (feat. Ryan Pardey)

The Killers

Oh, Santa
I've been waiting on you
That's funny kid
Because I've been coming for you Oh, Santa
I've been killing just for fun
Well, the party is over kid
Because I, because I got a bullet in my gun
A bullet in your what (Santa's got a bullet in his gun, you know it)
(Santa's got a bullet in his gun) Don't shoot me Santa Clause
I've been a clean living boy
I promise you, did every little thing you ask me to
I can't believe the things I'm going through Don't shoot me Santa Clause
No one else around believes me
But the children on the block they tease me
I couldn't let them off that easy Oh, Santa
It's been a real hard year
There just ain't no getting around this
Life is hard but look at me I turned out alright Hey, Santa
Why don't we talk about it, work it out
Believe me, this ain't what I wanted
I love all you kids, you know that, hell I remember when you were just 10 years old
Playing out in the desert
Just waiting for a sip of that
Sweet Mojave rain In the sweet Mojave rain
The boy was on his own Don't shoot me Santa Clause
I've been a clean living boy
I promise you, did every little thing you ask me to
I can't believe the things I'm going through Hey, Santa Clause
No one else around believes me
But the children on the block they tease me
I couldn't let them off that easy They had it coming, so, why can't you see
I couldn't turn my check no longer
The sun is going down and Christmas is near
Just look the other way and I'll disappear forever Don't shoot me Santa Clause
No one else around believes me
But the children on the street they tease me
I couldn't let them off that easy Believe me Santa, Santa

Songwriters

BRANDON FLOWERS, DAVE BRENT KEUNING, MARK AUGUST STOERMER, RONNIE JR.

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