

The Killers, Sweet Talk

Lift me up on my honor
Take me over this spell
Get this weight off my shoulder
I've carried it well

Lose these shackles of pressure
Shake me out of these chains
Lead me not to temptation

Hold my hand harder
Ease my mind
Roll down the smokescreen
And open the sky

Let me fly
Man I need a release from
This troublesome mind
Fix my feet when they're stumbling
And well you know it hurts sometimes
You know it's gonna bleed sometime

Dig me out from this thorn tree
Help me bury my shame
Keep my eyes from the fire
They can't handle the flame

Grace cut out from my brothers
When most of them fell
I carried it well

Let me fly
Man I need a release from
This troublesome mind
Fix my feet when they're stumbling
I guess you know it hurts sometimes
You know it's gonna bleed sometimes

Now hold on
I'm not looking for sweet talk
I'm looking for time
Time for tower and sleep walk
Brother, 'cause it hurts sometimes
You know it's gonna bleed sometimes
Hold on

You know it's gonna hurt sometimes
When you call me
Hold on
Hold on
Hold on

I'm gonna climb that symphony home and make it mine
Let his resonance light my way
See, all these pessimistic sufferers tend to drag me down
So I could use it to shelter what good I've found