

# Sweet Talk

The Killers

Lift me up on my honour  
Take me over this spell  
Get this weight off my shoulders  
I've carried it well  
Loose 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 smoke screen  
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 sometimes

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 carry 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  
Top a tower and sleep walk  
Brother, cause it hurts sometimes  
You know it's gonna bleed sometimes  
Hold on

You know its 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