

The Ballad Of Michael Valentine

The Killers

Michael plays with stars
Soul Sister won't you take a ride in his car
Late to call
When you wanted to be all
Baby don't be so shy
Rock children hold your heads up high
In the night while I try
And tell the ballad of Valentine

You got it bad, but you know it's true

I caught up with a friend in Dallas
We took a trip to New Orleans
Those black-eyed ladies
Won't say they're sorry

We finally caught a train to Memphis
Where everybody talks the same
Those blue suede babies
All know my name

And I said hold tight
Can't you see it's hurting me
But I've got the buzz
Like Marlon Brando
Michael Valentine, can't we unite?

We ended up in North Dakota
Although my heart's in Mexico
My munequita
All went to Soho

With your new suit, and your black tie
Hold on, you're just a gambling man, all proper like
I broke to the right and I caught your eye
Shut your mouth and wave goodbye
Tonight, I ain't gonna let you rain on this parade

And I said hold tight
Can't you see it's hurting me
But I've got the buzz
Like Marlon Brando
Straight faced with misery tonight

And I will not lie when I say I ain't cold no more
But I've got the buzz
Like Greta Garbo
Walking forwards in the sun
And I've got a cold tale left to write

Well uh oh
I know he's gonna be there tonight