

The Killers, Dirt Sledding (ft. Ryan Pardey, Richa

Hey kid
I'm getting tired
Of all this
Running around
I think I'm going down
Don't you think it's time
Time we reconciled
Maybe we could
Talk a while

Santa had a change of heart /4x
A change of heart /2x

And we know it wasn't easy
You've been after me a long while
A pathological display
Now take a moment to imagine
My dismay
When I heard you had a heart change
I was skeptical at first
Till you've seen it for yourself
I guess you just expect the worst

Crooked nose and bloodshot eyes
Iron will for telling lies
Cheap shit smile and one inch fuse
You hurt me Santa and I'm confused

Pretty girls, Christmas lights
Mistletoe, Holy Nights
Don't it sound like heaven on a cloud

Yeah, I hear you on the bomb shell
I was taken back myself
And I'd like to make it alright
So I called the elves
We hashed up a little guess what
Your nice status was renewed
Just tell Santa what you want
I'm gonna make your dreams come true

Red Porsche 944 like Jake
In "Sixteen Candles" for goodness sake
And a couple more you might have missed
Like a shiny Rolex on my wrist and

Pretty girls, Christmas lights
Mistletoe, Holy Nights
Don't it sound like heaven on a cloud

Too many people in black robes posing as judges
They should turn that mirror around
Too many people weighed down by frivolous grudges
When will we look to leave the past behind

"You know it's nice to see you wrapped up
See how far you've come
There's something to be said for being present
Not just getting one
So pass the gravy and tap your toes
And don't mind O. Jack Frost nipping at your nose"

Crooked nose and bloodshot eyes
Iron will for telling lies

If you've got squabble in your skin
Just take that turkey and trade it in for

Pretty girls, Christmas lights
Mistletoe, Holy Nights

All I ever really wanted was
Pretty girls, Christmas lights
Mistletoe, Holy Nights
Don't it sound like heaven on a cloud
Don't it sound like heaven on a cloud