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

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