

# 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