

## **Killers, The**

### **"The Ballad Of Michael Valentine"**

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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, 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 that 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 hearts in Mexico  
Mi muÃ±equita,  
Abre tus ojos

With your new suit and your black tie,  
Hold on you're just a gambling man  
All proper, like  
Well 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 that it's hurting me?  
But I've got the buzz  
Like Marlon Brandon  
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 forward to the Sun,

And I've got a coat tail left to ride  
Oh, uh-oh  
I know  
He's gonna be there tonight

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