

Bernard Fanning

"Thrill Is Gone"

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One, two, three

Sure was a hell of a mistake I made
But I sure am glad that I made it
No way for a grown man to behave
More the act of a teen opportunist

I stand accused of losing my head

We sit so high on the city walls
Our tears wash clean the cobblestones
It's not so much that the thrill is gone
Just a cleaner, sweeter, brighter thrill has come along

I can sense trouble just around the bend
And it's all been my kind of [Incomprehensible]
I can't carry on with all this pretense
When it's clear that my love has been fading

I stand accused of the things I said

We sit so high on the city walls
Our tears wash clean the cobblestones
It's not so much that the thrill is gone
Just a cleaner, sweeter, brighter thrill has come along
Brighter thrill has come along

We sit so high on the city walls
Our tears wash clean the cobblestones
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