

U2

"Hold Me, Kill Me, Kiss Me, Thrill Me"

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You don't know how you took it, you just know what you got
Oh, lordy, you've been stealing from the thieves and you got caught
In the headlights of a stretch car, you're a star

Dressing like your sister, living like a tart
They don't know what you're doing, babe, it must be art
You're a headache in a suitcase, you're a star

Oh, no, don't be shy
You don't have to go blind
Hold me, thrill me, kiss me, kill me

You don't know how you got here, you just know you want out
Believing in yourself, almost as much as you doubt
You're a big smash, you wear it like a rash, star

Oh, no, don't be shy
It takes a crowd to cry
Hold me, thrill me, kiss me, kill me

They want you to be Jesus, they'll go down on one knee
But they'll want their money back if you're alive at thirty-three
And you're turning tricks with your crucifix, you're a star

Oh, child, of course you're not shy
You don't have to deny love
Hold me, thrill me, kiss me, kill me

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