

## U2

# "Hold Me, Kill Me, Kiss Me, Thrill Me (Single Edit)"

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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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