

## U2

# "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me, Kill 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 theives 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  
There's 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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