

U2

"Hold, Thrill, Kiss, Kill Me"

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You don't know how you took it
You just know what you got
Oh lawdy, you 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
If they don't know what you're doin'
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
You need a crowd to cry
Hold me, thrill me
Kiss me, kill me

They want you to be Jesus
They'll got 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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