

## U2

# "Playboy Mansion"

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If Coke is a mystery, Michael Jackson History  
If beauty is truth, and surgery the fountain of youth  
What am I to do?  
Have I got the gift to get me through  
The gates of that Mansion

If OJ is more than a drink, a Big Mac bigger than you  
think  
If perfume is an Obsession, then talk shows confession  
What have we got to lose?  
I'll never push my way through  
The gates of that mansion

I never bought a Lotto ticket  
I never parked in anyone's space  
And the banks feel like cathedrals because casinos  
took their place ass ass as ass  
Luck, come on down  
I wake up, she'll come around

Sex is a kind of religion  
We're down for playin' hard luck  
I never did see that movie, and I never did read that  
book  
Luck, come on down, let my numbers come around

Don't know if I can hold on  
Don't know if I'm that strong  
Don't know if I can wait that long  
Til the colors come flashing and the lights go on

Then will there be no time for sorrow  
Then will there be no time for shame  
And though I can't say why  
I know I've got to believe

We'll go diving in their pool  
It's who you know that gets you through  
The gates in the Playboy Mansion  
The Playboy Mansion  
In the Playboy Mansion  
Then will there be no time for sorrow?

Then will there be no time for shame?

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