

U2

"The Playboy Mansion"

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If Coke is a mystery, Micheal 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 O.J. is more than a drink and a Big Mac bigger than
you think
And perfume is an obsession and talk shows,
confession
What have we got to lose?
Another push and we'll be through the gates of that
mansion

I never bought a lotto ticket
I never parked in anyone's space
The banks, they're like cathedrals
I guess casinos took their place
Love "come on down"
I'll wake her, she'll come around
Chance is a kind of religion where you're damned for
plain hard luck
I never did see that movie
I never did read that book
But love 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
'Till the colours 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 driving in that pool
It's who you know that gets you through the gates of
the Playboy Mansion
But they don't mention the Playboy Mansion
Then will there be no time of sorrow
Then will there be no time for shame
Then will there be no time of sorrow
Then will there be no time for shame

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