

U2**"The Three Sunrises"**

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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 And a Big Mac bigger than you think If 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 feel like cathedrals I guess casinos took their place Love, come on down Don't 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 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 'Til 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 diving in that pool It's who you know that gets you through The gates of the Playboy mansion The Playboy mansion The Playboy mansion Then will there be no time for sorrow Then will there be no time for shame Then will there be no time for sorrow Then will there be no time for shame

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