

Kills

"At the Back of the Shell"

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Kiss all your fingers, what's that for?
You'll never get to Heaven with you shirt all tore
Cut through your finger and cut you loose
Lost a lot a blood, lost a lot a cool, cool, cool

Now it ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
Now it ain't such a thrill

It get's a little dirty like the guts of a hack
And you'll never get it back, you'll never get the damn
thing back
Looked a picture, took up half the roll
The way you went and took off half your clothes

And now it ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
It started at the back of the shell
Now it ain't such a thrill

Running to catch up, the last city bus
Wearing out your yellow hulla dress
Lipstick a mess, your ch-ch-cherry best
Kissing on the window just to check on the red

You know, it ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
It started at the back of the shell
Now it ain't such a thrill

It ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill

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