

## **Kills, The**

### **"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 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 a 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  
And 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

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