

# Thrill Is Gone

## BlueSaint

One, two, threeSure was a hell of a mistake I made

But I sure am glad that I made it

No way for a grown man to behave

More the act of a teen opportunistI stand accused of losing my headWe sit so high on the city walls

Our tears wash clean the cobblestones

It's not so much that the thrill is gone

Just a cleaner, sweeter, brighter thrill has come alongI can sense trouble just around the bend

And it's all been my kind of [making]

I can't carry on with all this pretense

When it's clear that my love has been fadingI stand accused of the things I saidWe sit so high on the city walls

Our tears wash clean the cobblestones

It's not so much that the thrill is gone

Just a cleaner, sweeter, brighter thrill has come along

Brighter thrill has come alongWe sit so high on the city walls

Our tears wash clean the cobblestones

It's not so much that the thrill is gone

Just a cleaner, sweeter, brighter thrill has come along

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