

# At the Back of the Shell

## The Kills

Kiss all your fingers  
What's that for  
You'll never get to heaven  
With your 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

It 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 it ain't such a thrill  
Running to catch up

The last city bus  
Wearing out your yellow  
Hula dress  
Lipstick a mess

Your ch-cherry best  
Kissing on the window  
Just to check on the red  
You know, it ain't such a thrill

Now 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

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written by HINCE, JAMIE/MOSSHART, ALISON  
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