

# Thrill Is Gone

Drake

One, two, three  
Sure 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 opportunist  
I stand accused of losing my head  
We 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  
I 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 fading  
I stand accused of the things I said  
We 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 along  
We 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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