Thrill Is Gone

Drake

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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