

Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me, Kill Me

U2

You don't know how you took it
You just know what you got
Oh Lordy you've been stealing
From the thieves and you got caught In the headlights
Of a stretch car
You're a star Dressing like your sister
Living like a tart
They don't know what you're doing
Babe, it must be art You're a headache
In a suitcase
You're a star Oh no, don't be shy
You don't have to go blind
Hold me, thrill me, kiss me, kill me You don't know how you got here
You just know you want out
Believing in yourself almost
As much as you doubt You're a big smash
You wear it like a rash
Star Oh no, don't be shy
It takes a crowd to cry
Hold me, thrill me, kiss me, kill me They want you to be Jesus
They'll go down on one knee
But they'll want their money back
If you're alive at thirty-three And you're turning tricks
With your crucifix
You're a star
Oh child Of course you're not shy
You don't have to deny love
Hold me, thrill me, kiss me, kill me

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