

# The Thrill

## New Lows

Well you're sick, sick, sickness spreads  
Through those veins into your bed  
A fiend fakes out smiles instead  
While I wait here alone

So what, my conscience bothers me  
So what, that's who I've got to be  
Oh God, how inspirational  
Don't take all this shit personal  
I don't mind, mind the time  
The time it takes to find you  
Go on, go on and thrill me  
Go on, go on, go on

If looks could kill, she's killed for less  
The less you are convinced  
Go on, go on and thrill me  
Go on, go on, go

Well you're sick, sick, eyes are dull  
Feeling like some criminal  
I know you got a better place to go  
While I drink here alone

So what, my conscience bothers me  
So what, that's who I've got to be  
Oh God, how inspirational  
Don't take all this shit personal

I don't mind, mind the time  
The time it takes to find you  
Go on, go on and thrill me  
Go on, go on, go on

If looks could kill, she's killed for less  
The less you are convinced  
Go on, go on and thrill me  
Go on, go on, go

Looking out the corner of her blue angelic eyes  
(Hold your breath, hold your breath, hold your breath)  
Trying to find a place inside the world that you despise  
Looking out the corner of her blue angelic eyes  
(Hold your breath, hold your breath, hold your breath)  
Trying to find a place inside the world that you despise

I don't mind, mind the time  
The time it takes to find you  
Go on, go on and thrill me  
Go on, go on, go on  
If looks could kill, she's killed for less  
The less you are convinced  
Go on, go on and thrill me  
Go on, go on, go  
Go on, go

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