

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 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
You don't know what you 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 clown to cry
Hold Me
Thrill Me
Kiss Me
Kill Me
They want you to be Jesus
They'll go down on one knee
They'll want their money back
If you're alive at 33

And your turning tricks
With your crucifix
You're the star
Of course, you're not shy
You don't have to deny love
Hold Me
Thrill Me
Kiss Me
Kill Me



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych