

# 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