

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
There's 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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