

U2, Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me, Kill Me

You don't know how you took it
You just know what you got
Oh Lordy you've been stealing
From the theives 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