

U2, Playboy Mansion

If Coke is a mystery, Michael Jackson History
If beauty is truth, and surgery the fountain of youth
What am I to do?
Have I got the gift to get me through
The gates of that Mansion

If OJ is more than a drink, a Big Mac bigger than you think
If perfume is an Obsession, then talk shows confession
What have we got to lose?
I'll never push my way through
The gates of that mansion

I never bought a Lotto ticket
I never parked in anyone's space
And the banks feel like cathedrals because casinos took their place
Luck, come on down
I wake up, she'll come around

Sex is a kind of religion
We're down for playin' hard luck
I never did see that movie, and I never did read that book
Luck, come on down, let my numbers come around

Don't know if I can hold on
Don't know if I'm that strong
Don't know if I can wait that long
Til the colors come flashing and the lights go on

Then will there be no time for sorrow
Then will there be no time for shame
And though I can't say why
I know I've got to believe

We'll go diving in their pool
It's who you know that gets you through
The gates in the Playboy Mansion
The Playboy Mansion
In the Playboy Mansion
Then will there be no time for sorrow?
Then will there be no time for shame?