

U2, The Playboy Manison

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
And a Big Mac bigger than you think
If perfume is an obsession
And talk shows, confession
What have we got to lose
Another push and we'll be through
The gates of that mansion
I never bought a Lotto ticket
I never parked in anyone's space
The banks feel like cathedrals
I guess casinos took their place
Love, come on down
Don't wake her, she'll come around
Chance is a kind of religion
Where you're damned for plain hard luck
I never did see that movie
I never did read that book
Love, 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 colours 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 driving in that pool
It's who you know that gets you through
The gates of the Playboy mansion
But they don't mention...the pain
Then will there be no time for sorrow
Then will there be no time for shame
Then will there be no time for sorrow
Then will there be no time for shame