

The Kills, At The Back Of The Shell

Kiss all your fingers
What's that for
You'll never get to heaven
With your shirt all tore
Cut through your finger
And cut you loose
Lost a lot a blood
Lost a lot a cool cool cool
Now it ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
Now it ain't such a thrill
It get's a little dirty
Like the guts of a hack
And you'll never get it back
You'll never get the damn thing back
Looked a picture
It took up half a roll
The way you went and took off
Half your clothes, and now
It ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
It started at the back of the shell
And it ain't such a thrill
Running to catch up
The last city bus
Wearing out your yellow
Hula dress
Lipstick a mess
Your ch-cherry best
Kissing on the window
Just to check on the red
You know, it ain't such a thrill
Now it ain't such a thrill
It started at the back of the shell
Now it ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill...