

A Hold Of Me

The Boomtown Rats

One two three four
So what's the story? So what's the score?
What did we do? What are we guilty of?
When they shoot you down
Bring you to your knees
Until you hit the ground
And kick you in the teeth

And I dreamed I was standing, on my own,
Staring out, into the twilight zone,
And I dreamed of icebergs,
And I dreamed of heat,
And my face was melting, and the SLE

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Then I was kneeling, on a stone,
And I heard you scream, into the telephone
Then I felt the hunger, so I think of meat
And if it wasn't you, it must have been me

And I don't like them, any more,
The things they do, the things they stand for,
Shoot you down, bring you to your knees
Then you hit the ground
Kick you in the teeth

But no they'll never, never,
Never, never, never,
Get a hold of my heart,
No they'll never, never,
Never, never, never,
Get a hold of me.
Hold of me, hold of me, hold of me.

And the rain was falling, all around my head,
And I blinked my eyes, so I wasn't dead.
And my ears was ringing, and my tongue slipped out,
And I licked my lips until my teeth fell out.
And I saw you running, and you made the line,
Then it was night, but it was still too bright,
Then it turned to dawn, and it was still too dark,
And the streets were empty, and it was time to start
And I'm for thinking, between the ears,
For mental process, for cogs and gears,
Yes I'm for flesh, and I'm for mind,
Oh I'm for people, and I'm for life!

So what's the story? So what's the score?
So what did we do? So what are we guilty of?
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Bring you to your knees

Oh when you hit the ground
They kick you in the teeth

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Never, never, never,
Get a hold of my heart,
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