

Luxury

Frank Tovey

All I need is a luxury and she looks a lot like you
Smooth talking, keep walking,
no stopping, bar hopping
Don't need no excuse, I got my own issues
Complicated, frustrated,
but so damn scared to change this
Talk to me, every hour of everyday
they talk to me
I'm not going back again,
I'm not going back again...

All I need is a luxury and she looks a lot like you
Got a fever but I believe that
I'm gonna see this through
Want to share but I'm so damn scared
And it hurts when you can't even go nowhere
You're the one that keeps me going...
One more day, worth the wait,
you'll be driving me home
I'm angry, they tell me
Don't need their bullshit therapy
Got a social disease
Thanks a lot but I don't believe
Denying no faking, I'm trying they're mistaking
'Talk to me', all they ever seem to say is
'talk to me'

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