Concrete

Tom Odell

Got me in my hotel room
More pillows I could, ever use
I think they call it luxury
But it doesn't make a difference to meCause I'd sleep, on a bed that's made of concrete
Just the two of us and, no sheet
Just your feet, rubbing up against mineStaring at the picture on the wall
Yeah it's pretty clever, but it's got no soul
Show me your masterpiece
And it wouldn't make a difference to meCause I'd sleep, on a bed that's made of concrete
Just the two of us and, no sheet
Just your feet, rubbing up against mine
Oh rubbing up against mine
Oh rubbing up against mineI sit on these aeroplanes
But I just wanna walk
Play me these symphonies
But I just wanna talk
So babe won't you come back
Oh I need something realI'd sleep, on a bed that's made of concrete
Just the two of us and, no sheets
Just your feet, rubbing up against mine
I'd sleep, on a bed that's made of concrete
Just the two of us and, no sheet
Just your feet, rubbing up against mine
Oh rubbing up against mine
Oh rubbing up against mine
Rubbing up against mine
Rubbing up against mine

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