

Life of Luxury

Your Demise

I reckon it's time to leave this city,
To leave this life of luxury.
My well's dried up, I'm full of pity,
This dusty trail's the life of me,
But I'm wondering, you gonna be my girl? You gotta be my Yeah Mama.
You could be my Yeah Mama.
Come and be my Yeah Mama.
Yeah Mama. Well baby it just don't matter to me,
Just how miserable this life can be,
Cuz I got you and you got me.
Yeah Mama

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