

# Solo Flights

## Eagles of Death Metal

I don't need a reason baby,  
I don't have to worry.  
I keep a tight grip on myself,  
I ain't in no kind of hurry. You don't get it, no.  
You don't get it, no. You don't get it, no.  
You don't get it, no. So tired of fooling around  
in just a one way conversation.  
What the sitch's  
I scratch what itches.  
Bravo self-gratification Nobody does me like I do  
I'm just a one man operation.  
Beg me to show you the ropes,  
well I can't get no vacuumication. You don't get it, no.  
You don't get it, no.  
You don't get to love me! You don't get it, no.  
You don't get it, no. You don't get it, no.  
You don't get it, no. You don't get it,  
you don't get it.  
No one gets to love me! You don't get it, no  
cause I'll get it on. No one's gonna hold my hand,  
it's got a full-time occupation.  
I close my eyes and picture you  
and cut out all the aggrivation. You don't get it, no.  
You don't get it, no. You don't get it, no.  
You don't get it, no. You don't get it,  
you don't get it.  
No one gets to love me! You don't get it, no  
cause I'll get home.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>