

# The Luxury Of Knowing

**Keith Urban**

You know when I'm coming home.  
You know when I'm coming to bed.  
You know that when I tell you that I love you  
I mean every word I said. You know I'm a bit too proud.  
You know that I know how to pray.  
You know I won't give this up unless I have to give it up.  
You know I won't walk away. But, baby, you're like a diesel truck,  
Shifting gears and the pedal stuck,  
Heading straight to the edge and showing no signs of slowing.  
And I don't have the luxury of knowing. You know that I like to dance,  
But only when I'm dancing with you.  
You know I must be bad at lying,  
Because I've only ever told you the truth. Just when I think you're a hurricane,  
You freeze right over and all that rain  
Turns to ice and your whole world just starts snowing.  
I don't have the luxury of knowing. Damn, it must be easy  
Being in love with someone so blind.  
Because I'll tell you right the only thing I really know  
Is that you might change your mind;  
Any day you could change your mind. You know when I'm coming home.  
You know when I'm coming to bed.  
Baby, you're like a diesel truck,  
Shifting gears and the pedal stuck,  
Heading straight to the edge and showing no signs of slowing.  
And I don't have the luxury of knowing.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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