

Pleasure

Feist

Get what I want
And still it's a mysterious thing that I want
So when I get it
I make sense of a mysterious thing
'Cause I've taken flight on such a serious wing
I, and you are the same and
Either fiction or dreaming

We know enough to admit
We know enough to admit
We know enough to admit

It's my pleasure
And your pleasure
It's my pleasure
And your pleasure

Oh, an echo calls up the line
An indication of time
Our togetherness
That is how we evolved
We became our needs
Ages up inside
Escaping similar pain
Dreaming safe and secure
Generations in line
Old and then the youth
Come to meet or fade
A chromosomal raid
Built by what we got built for
As much as what we avoid
So the mystery lifts

We know enough to admit
We know enough to admit

It's my pleasure
And your pleasure
It's my pleasure
And your pleasure
That's the same
That's what we're here for!
Pleasure, it's my pleasure
It's my pleasure, it's my pleasure
That's what we're here for!
Pleasure, it's my pleasure
It's my pleasure, it's my pleasure
That's what we're here for!
Pleasure
Pleasure
Pleasure
Pleasure, oh

You know it's true
Pleasure, pleasure
Pleasure, pleasure
Pleasure, pleasure

Pleasure, pleasure