simple things

Death Plus

Yuh, yuh, yuh
Yuh, yuh
Yuh

Round the city in a four-door
Saw you, see me in a corridor
Look at me and you ask for it
I want you, yeah I want more
Bystanders looking at us
Skyscrapers and [?]
Glass broke up on floors
Your makeup [?]
The concrete and the windshields
One hand on the steering wheel
One grabbing onto your leg
Yeah, now you really got me in my field

But you know to me it's not a big deal
You're looking at me sideways
I'm the best one to get into

It's the simple things in life
What do you want from me?
You got enough, alright?
It's the simple things in life
What do you want from me?
You got enough, alright?

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