

The Luxury

The Tragically Hip

Zoo Lion sobers up and starts to scream and shout
A little dose of home fire got him all smoothed out
Melancholy wine soaked tenderness
She hated it here, oh she couldn't care less

Prison yard stares and fleur-de-lis tattoos
Cannibals are saving all their bones for soup
Eating with my fingers and sucking hulls of ships
My parasite don't deserve no better than this

The Golden Rim Motor Inn
Soft water and colour TV
Oh so consumed with the shape I'm in
I can't enjoy the luxury
The luxury

She says, "Why are you partial to that Playboy con?
When you can see me naked any time you want?"
If I had loads of money to make me tame and sour
I could pay you to remind of my baby by the hour

Zoo Lion sobers up and starts to scream and shout
A little dose of home fire got him all smoothed out
If this is where it all starts getting good
Then I'll be here waiting for you like I said I would

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