

Goldfinger, Man In A Suitcase

I'd invite you back to my place
I know its mine because it holds my suitcase
It looks home to me all right
But it's a hundred miles from yesterday night

Must I be the man in a suitcase

Is it me, the man with the stranger's face
Must I be the man in a suitcase
Bird in a flying cage you'll never get to know me well
For security I race for my connection
The world's my oyster, a hotel room's a prison cell
Another key for my collection

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