

Tom Odell, Concrete

Got me in my hotel room
More pillows I could ever use
I think They call it luxury
But it doesn't make a difference to me

Coz I sleep on the bed that's made of concrete
Just two of us and no sheet
Just your feet rubbing up against my

Staring at the picture on the wall
It's pretty clever but it's got no soul
Show me your masterpiece
And it wouldn't make a difference to me

Coz I sleep on the bed that's made of concrete
Just two of us and no sheet
Just your feet rubbing up against my
rubbing up against my
rubbing up against my
rubbing up against my

I see all these aeroplanes
But I just wanna walk
Baby, it's happening
But I just wanna talk
So baby, won't yu come back
I need something real

Coz I sleep on the bed that's made of concrete
Just two of us and no sheet
Just your feet rubbing up against my
rubbing up against my
rubbing up against my
rubbing up against my