Eagles Of Death Metal, Solo Flights

I don't need a reason, baby
I don't have to worry
I keep a tight grip on myself
I ain't in no kind of hurry

You don't get it, no
You don't get it, no
You don't get it, no
You don't get it, no

So tired of fooling around
In just a one way conversation
What the stitch is, I scratch what itches
Bravo, self-gratification

Nobody does me like I do
I'm just a one man operation
Beg me to show you the ropes
Well, come get your edumacation

You don't get it, no
You don't get it, no
You don't get to love me

You don't get it, no
You don't get it, no
You don't get it, no
You don't get it, no

You don't get it
you don't get it
No one gets to love me!

You don't get it, no
'Cause I'll get it on

No one gonna hold my hand
It's got a full-time occupation
I close my eyes and picture you
And cut out all the aggravation

You don't get it, no
You don't get it, no
You don't get it, no
You don't get it, no

You don't get it
You don't get it
No one gets to love me!

You don't get it, no
'Cause I'll get home