

# Goldfinger, Man In The 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

Another key for my collection  
For security I race for my connection  
Bird in a flying cage you'll never get to know me well  
The world's my oyster, a hotel room's a prison cell

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