# Jim Carroll, Luxuries

Your uncle's scandals shook the house of lords
Your daddy's squeezed out as chairman of the board
No more doctors write you no more 'scripts
No more intercontinental trips

No more luxuries
No more luxuries

No more crystal pistols up your nose
The dry cleaner wants money on the clothes
The rolls royce, my dear . . . need it be said?
If I were you I would think "mo-ped"

Refrain:
No more luxury . . .
No more luxuries
And all you are left with is me
Left with me
Left with me
No more luxuries

You gotta do it in a whole new way
But I'm gonna make a vow to stay
We gotta eat it off the floor a while
You don't even have a phone to dial
Do it in a whole new way,
Honey, that's the price we pay

Your necklaces have turned to centipedes
They slowly crawled away . . .
And the bar is empty and there ain't no waiter
The ice all melts in the refrigerator
The dead meat drips
On the asparagus tips

There's no more luxuries
You're left with me
No more, no more
There's no more luxuries

That article on you in interview
It was dropped for a feature on monaco's zoo
Calvin called, he wants his hand-made vest
And it's snip snip to your american express

No more luxuries
No more luxuries
And all you are left with is me
Just me, mon cheri

No more lunching out at "21"
What you get now comes inside a bun
"c'est la vie," the color tv
That's gone too, but I'll stay with you

Repeat refrain