

# Jim Carroll, (No More) 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 &quot;Mo-Ped&quot;

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 &quot;21&quot;  
What you get now comes inside a bun  
&quot;C'est la vie,&quot; the color TV  
That's gone too, but I'll stay with you

Repeat Refrain