

Steve Kilbey, Life's Little Luxuries

What you need is a flattering mirror
A strong elixir with no hangover properties
Nineteen year old lovers who can stay hard all night
A million dollars with no strings attached

I say yeah yeah yeah
But you don't know where you can find it
I say yeah yeah yeah
Life's little luxuries

What you need is a vial full of asses milk
Your very own doctor to prescribe you the blues
A brilliant career with critical acclaim
Orgasms, riches, power and fame

A trip to india
A trip down the ganges

A copy of justine, signed by de sade
A bag or two of neil's purple heads
Gold-tipped, silver printed, black calling cards
A villa in sydney
An igloo in alaska
A girl who can come
Anytime I ask her
Thirteen red peacocks with eyes like the sun
Monogrammed bullets for my pearl handled gun
A rolls a mercedes
A dozen blue poles
The flesh of my servants
The deed to their souls
To meet damien lovelock from the celibate rifles
Chocolates and salmon
Truffles and trifles
Wait there's more
Everything and more
There's gotta be more