

# 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