Tom Odell, Concrete

Got me in my hotel room More pillows I could ever use I think They call it luxury But it doesn't make a difference to me

Coz I sleep on the bed that's made of concrete Just two of us and no sheet Just your feet rubbing up against my

Stating at the picture on the wall It's pretty clever but it's got no soul Show me your masterpiece And it wouldn't make a difference to me

Coz I sleep on the bed that's made of concrete Just two of us and no sheet Just your feet rubbing up against my rubbing up against my rubbing up against my rubbing up against my

I see all these aeroplanes But I just wanna walk Baby, it's happening But I just wanna talk So baby, won't yu come back I need something real

Coz I sleep on the bed that's made of concrete Just two of us and no sheet Just your feet rubbing up against my rubbing up against my rubbing up against my rubbing up against my