

The Luxury of Knowing

Keith Urban

You know when I'm coming home.
You know when I'm coming to bed.
You know that when I tell you that I love you
I mean every word I said. You know I'm a bit too proud.
You know that I know how to pray.
You know I won't give this up unless I have to give it up.
You know I won't walk away. But, baby, you're like a diesel truck,
Shifting gears and the pedal stuck,
Heading straight to the edge and showing no signs of slowing.
And I don't have the luxury of knowing.
You know that I like to dance,
But only when I'm dancing with you.
You know I must be bad at lying,
Because I've only ever told you the truth. Just when I think you're a hurricane,
You freeze right over and all that rain
Turns to ice and your whole world just starts snowing.
I don't have the luxury of knowing. Damn, it must be easy
Being in love with someone so blind.
Because I'll tell you right the only thing I really know
Is that you might change your mind;
Any day you could change your mind.
You know when I'm coming home.
You know when I'm coming to bed.
Baby, you're like a diesel truck,
Shifting gears and the pedal stuck,
Heading straight to the edge and showing no signs of slowing.
And I don't have the luxury of knowing.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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