

## **Keith Urban**

# **"The Luxury Of Knowing"**

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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.

