

Tony Lucca**"Satisfied"**

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When I come home late
She knows where my head has been
No need or reason
To explain myself to her again
All I wanted was my lover
To be my best friend
And I guess that's why

My lady likes it
When the wild lives in my eyes
And sugar knows that her sweet thing
Is where my pleasure lies
All my problems pass on by

When I'm deep up inside
And I guess that's why
Why I'm so satisfied
So Satisfied

My baby takes good care of me
No matter where we are
Sometimes she'll go down dirty
While I'm drivin' in my car
And if she can't wait
She'll take me back behind the bar
And I guess that's why
Why I'm so satisfied
So satisfied

Gotta hand it to that girl
And how she makes me feel
She brought on to me all these feeling
I just can't conceal
And if I fail to thank her
You know it ain't no big deal
And I guess that's why
Why I'm so satisfied
So Satisfied

