

Sitting out smoking in the garden of the apartment  
I reached down to grab your hand and kissed it when you weren't  
looking  
Ooh, you're on the sheets like it's a dirty magazine  
And I like the way you say exactly what you mean

Truly, know that you really don't need  
To be in love to make love to me

Said you wear a new perfume for each city that you visit  
So you can always remember how it felt to be there  
And your lips are red and all the pictures that you send  
Wearing white or black, all leading up to when we met

Truly, know that you really don't need  
To be in love to make love to me  
Truly, know that you really don't need  
To be in love to make love to me