

Luxury

Jon Bellion

Could you lay with me
Underneath the stars, just conversate with me?
My plane is boarding soon and it's so plain to see
That one could lose his way
So could you pray with me
That I don't lose my soul in the luxury?

Money the jealous type, I always knew it
I knew she'd come around if I only sweat the music
But I'm starting to believe it, that's a problem to my health
Cause the size of half these checks could make me vomit on myself
But I give it up to heaven cause it isn't Jon
The chorus, an instrumental, oh you think it's odd?
I don't have to give you lyrics cause I know it's God
That's why I get emotional when the chorus drops

We're not sad at all
We know you have to leave and we're not mad at all
You'll be back in town and we'll play basketball
And if you fall off track we'll be your Adderall
We won't let your soul drown in luxury

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Pray with me
Lay with me
Conversate with me
Pray with me
Lay with me
Conversate with me
Please don't let my soul drown in luxury