

Top Floor

Naughty Boy

Ooooooh-ooh,

I can see the city light,
From where I stand on the top floor,
And I'm not sure if I'm dead,
I raise my hands to the clouds,
To check if heaven is with me now,
Cos the devil's in my bed,

And she won't love me,
Like she could,
And she won't hold me,
Like you would,

I bid this city goodnight,
And cover street lamps just like my eyes,
When it's quiet I'll go,

And say my sweetest goodbye,
Under billboards are fast food and mobile phones,

Cos they won't treat me,
Like they should,
Cos they don't need me,
Like you would,

My toes curl, clutch to the edge,
And filled up with regret,
Could you forgive me yet,

Would you know if I fell,
From this hotel?