

It's freezing in Bristol,
there's love on the telly.
A girl grinning at me,
she's doing the shimmy.
And she's cool,
and she's skinny..
And she's a fool for the
last living rock king.
It's her will, it's her
wonder it's her thrill,
it's her way home.
She's right where she
always wanted to be, she
can't change, change, change.
It's lightning in London.
There's s*** on the telly.
You're pushing my buttons,
you know how to touch me.
And I knew that you'd choose me,
by the times that
you tried to refuse me.
It's your thrill, it's your
wonder, it's your will,
it's you're way home.
You're right where you
always wanted to be, you can't
change, change, change, whoa.
It's morning in Philly.
My head's feeling heavy.
The sun makes me dizzy.
You monkey you left me.
And I know that you miss me,
by the way that you
kiss and resist me.
It's my thrill, it's my wonder,
it's my will, it's my way home.
I'm right where I always
dreamed I would be. I can't
change, change, change, whoa.