

Luxury Liner

Whiskeytown

Well the luxury liner, forty tonnes of steel
If I don't find my baby now
I guess I never will
I've been a long lost soul
For a long, long time
Yeah Ive been around
Everybody ought to know whats on my mind
You think I'm lonesome, so do I
So do I
Well, I'm the kind of guy
Who likes to make a livin' runnin' 'round
And I don't need a stranger
To tell me that my baby's let me down
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