

Blondie, (i'm Always Touched By Your) Presence

Was it destiny? I don't know yet
Was it just by chance? Could this be kismet?
Something in my consciousness told me you'd appear
Now I'm always touched by your presence dear
When we play at cards you use an extra sense
You can read my hand, I've got no defense
When you sent your messages whispered loud and clear
I am always touched by your presence dear
Floating past the evidence of possibilities
We could navigate together, psychic frequencies

Coming into contact with outer entities
We could entertain each one with our theosophies
Stay awake at night and count your R E M's
When you're talking with your super friends
Levitating lovers in the secret stratosphere
I am still in touch with your presence dear
I am still in touch with your presence dear
I am still in touch with your presence dear, dear, dear, dear, dear