

# 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