

Blondie, Presence, Dear

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.
(it's really not cheating)
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 pass 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.