

Cliff Richard, First Date

Whatever happened
To the teenage romance
Is it hidden in a tacky magazine
Everybody's talking
Saying trash is neat
You think it's good fun
But it's never that free
Who is the man of the moment
Does his image stand ten feet tall
Or is he just a cardboard hero
Staring down at you from your wall

You can dream but you can't touch
You can dream but not too much
You can dream but you can't touch
You can dream but not too much

Friday night
Out on the town
It's a special date
First time around

You read all about the story book romance
He stands there waiting
And you want to hold his hand
Saturday
You're broken down
Your heart is lying somewhere
Is it lost or found

You can dream but you can't touch
You can dream but not too much
You can dream but you can't touch
If this is love it's not enough

You can dream but you can't touch
You can dream but not too much
You can dream but you can't touch
You want a love that costs too much
You can dream but you can't touch
If this is love it's not enough
You can dream of tender touch
Don't let your heart be lost to love