

Elvis Costello, Human Touch

I know I've just gotta get out of this place
I can't stand any more of that mechanical grace
Though you say it's only industrial squeeze
It looks like luxury and feels like a disease

[Chorus:]

Oh give it to me, give it to me
I don't want to know much about much
Give it to me, give it to me
I need, I need, I need the human touch

Left with just a house to hold
Drinking your way to drydock
It's easy to break up a model citizen
Living in the state of shock

I just can't believe I am responsible for this
What the makeup hides can't be hidden with a kiss

When I'm talking in tongues I go where you lead
I don't make you plead, oh I need you
How I'd like to fix her in a picture of rage
How I'd like to catch her when she's acting her age
But when she's laying stretched out on the floor
It's no mystery to me anymore

[Chorus]