Emerson, Lake & Powell, Touch And Go

Man in the street, no time to sleep
No time for nothing no Patek Phillippe
Pedal to the metal Blow by Blow
You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and go

They're leaving you nothing nowhere to go
Just put you in the corner like an old banjo
The strings are breaking but you can't say no
You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and touch and go

All systems go friend of foe
You're caught up in the middle where the four winds blow
Come without a warning like a U.F.O.
You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and go

You see this woman on a TV show
She's drippin' in diamonds from head to toe
They make you believe it's the status quo
You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and touch and go

All systems go friend or foe
It's all dependin' on the dice you throw
Come without a warning like a U.F.O.
You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and go