

# 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