

Letters To Cleo, Dangerous Type

Can I touch you, are you out of touch?
I guess I never noticed that much
Geranium lover, I'm live on your wire
Come and take me, whoever you are

She's a lot like you
The dangerous type
She's a lot like you
Come on and hold me tight

Inside angel, always upset
Keeps on forgetting that we ever met
Can I bring you out in the light?
My curiosity's got me tonight

She's a lot like you
The dangerous type
She's a lot like you
Come on and hold me tight

Museum directors with high shaking heads
They kick white shadows until they play dead
They wanna crack your crossword smile
Can I take you out for a while, yeah, yeah yeah yeah

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The dangerous type
She's a lot like you
Come on and hold me tight, tonight

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