

Nova Heather, I Have The Touch

The time I like is the rush hour, 'cause I like the rush
The pushing of the people - I like it ever so much
Such a mass of motion - I do not know where it goes
I move with the movement and ... I have the touch
I'm waiting for ignition, I'm looking for a spark
Any chance collision and I light up in the dark
There you stand before me, all that fur and all that hair
Oh, do I dare ... I have the touch
Only, only wanting contact
I'm only, only wanting contact
I'm only, only wanting contact with you
Shake those hands, shake those hands
And give me the thing I understand
Shake those hands, shake those hands
Shake hands, shake hands
Any social occasion, it's hello, how do you do
All those introductions, I never miss my cue
So before the question, so before the doubt
My hand moves out and ... I have the touch
Only, only wanting contact
I'm only, only wanting contact
I'm only, only wanting contact with you
Shake those hands, shake those hands
And give me the thing I understand
Shake those hands, shake those hands
Shake hands, shake hands
Pull my chin, stroke my hair, scratch my nose, hug my knees
Try drink, food, cigarette, the tension will not ease
I tap my fingers, fold my arms, breathe in deep, cross my legs
Shrug my shoulders, stretch my back - but nothing seems to please
I need contact
I need contact
Nothing seems to please
I need contact