

Berlin, Touch

You can buy me a daquiri
You can take me home and tear my clothes off
Here am I. Married? No, I'm celibate, ha ha

Want a 'lude, I don't care
The feeling's numb but we cry, oh, aah
Here am I making sure you get your share

Well, isn't this a night
You have a wife, a little girl at home
Never mind, nice to know you, wave goodbye

Touch, touch, touch me, can you stay tonight?
I don't want you to leave my side
Talk, talk, talk to me, I need to know
Will you remember me tomorrow?

Well, if you say you love me I might believe
that you see something special in me
And then the days go by and you're not there
If you want me, touch me, touch me now