

Blondie, (I'm Always Touched) By Your Presence Dear

Blondie

Plastic Letters

(I'm Always Touched) By Your Presence Dear

Was it destiny?

I don't know yet

Was it just by chance?

Could this be kismet?

Something in my consciousness told me you'd appear

Now I'm always touched by your presence dear

When we play at cards you use an extra sense

It's really not true

You can read my hand I've got no defense

When you send your messages, whispered loud and clear

I'm always touched by your presence dear

Floating pass the evidence of possibilities

We could navigate together psychic frequencies

Coming into contact with outer entities

We could entertain each one with our theosophies

Stay awake at night and count your REM's

When you're talking with your super friends

Levitating lovers in the secret stratosphere

I am still in touch with your presence dear

I am still in touch with your presence dear