

# Conway Twitty, If You Touch Me (You've Got To Love Me)

Well she packed my bags and kicked me out when we were havin' bad times  
Looking back I can see it was over nothin'  
Since then there's been too much red wine and women messin' up my mind  
But nothin' can compare with baby's lovin'

At two o'clock this mornin' I made up my mind  
I'm gonna go back home to my sweet baby  
I'm looking though the window at the city for the last time  
Lord knows this life it'll drive me crazy

Well I walked out on the highway caught a semi headed home  
I hope she'll take me back oh Lord I'm prayin'  
Now I'm standin' at the front door hopin' I'll find her all alone  
Then I heard her sweet voice sayin'

And she said if you touch me you've got to love me  
And if you love me you'll have to stay with me forever  
And I'll forgive you and love will be like it should be  
So if you touch me you've got to love me  
If you touch me you've got to love me