

# Heather Nova, 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, 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  
Aah, give me the thing I understand  
Shake those hands, shake those hands  
Shake those 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  
Tac tac tac, tac, I need contact  
Nothing seems to please, I need contact

Tac tac tac, tac, I need contact  
Aah, tac tac tac, I need contact  
Nothing seems to please, I need contact  
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, I need contact