

Leo Sayer, Cool Touch

hanging out with the nighttime clientele
place your ladder for the social climber
same old routine that you
call your lover on the mobile phone
c'mon over we'll have some fun
leave a message sayin' there's no
cool touch--too much--it's too much
too much--cool touch--or not enough
cool touch--too much--too
take me take me to the sky above
fool me fool me with your words of love
cool touch--too much
now she's reclined in the back of the sports car
champagne and glasses he slips right in
no passing
cool touch--too much--it's too much
too much--cool touch--it's not enough
take me take me to the sky above
fool me fool me with these words of love
cool touch--too much
a wind is blowing through this get rich town
she wraps the fur round her pretty waist
she feels a shiver
bring me bring someone I can trust
all this glitter's just a bag of dust
cool touch--too much--it's too much
I had enough of this cool touch
kids' stuff but I can't get enough