

Pete Townshend, Contact

Stop cold in your tracks;
this brother could not relax;
and like a stone between my eyes,
I'm gonna shed its disguise;
Don't let me lose, don't let me lose contact.

Movin' fast with the feeling;
pulling hard and there's no concealing;
diamond fingers pull me through;
couldn't do it without you.
Now I'm seeing what, I'm seeing what I believe in.

You give me a piece of your action;
you star (stone) me with a calm;
I've been fed off my karma,
too much, much too long.

Being pushed at the frontier;
feel it up to my ears;
to you my life is melting in,
without you to helter shelter me.
Now I'm not stoppin', not stoppin' where love is feeling