

Steve Harley, I Can't Even Touch You

Show me a hole where the rain gets in

And I'll pour you water

Could be the answer to your prayer

Magical things I can perform anywhere

Somebody stop me

Somebody ought too

Too many jokes and too many sins

Blocking the hole where the sun comes in

Chorus: So I can't even touch you I can't even touch you

Thirty-odd years, maybe half a life-time mostly crazy

Maybe I played an honest hand

Young at heart, you're acting wreckless and bold

Why did you refuse me

Offer to hide you

Too many jokes and too many sins

Blocking the hole where the sun comes in