

I Have the Touch

Peter Gabriel

The time I like is the rush hour, 'cause I like the rush
The pushing of the people, I like it all so much
Such a mass of motion, 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 Wanting contact
I'm wanting contact
I'm wanting contact with you
Shake those hands, shake those hands
Give me the thing I understand
Shake those hands, shake those hands
Shake those hands, shake those hands Any social occasion, it's hello, how do you do
All those introductions, I never miss my cue
So before a question, so before a doubt
My hand moves out and, I have the touch Wanting contact
I'm wanting contact
I'm wanting contact with you
Shake those hands, shake those hands
Give me the thing I understand
Shake those hands, shake those hands Pull my chin, stroke my hair, scratch my nose, hug my knees
Try drink, food, cigarette, 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

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