

# The Tingler

## The Mysterons

Fate points the finger  
It's a double-barreled ringer  
You're the one, you're the one  
That's been touched by the singer  
And then in the night, cold as ice  
Hi-five, you're a co-ed mingler  
He leaves no marks in spite of the sparks  
And so touch has become the winner  
Touch is the Tingler  
Making me itch  
Making me twitch  
Touch is the Tingler  
Controlling my mind  
Climbing my spine  
Fate points the finger  
What you gonna bring me?  
A pretty note from your sweet throat  
That's been touched by the Tingler  
But in the night, cold as ice  
Hi-five, co-ed mingler  
He leaves no marks in spite of sparks  
And so touch has become the Tingler  
Touch is the Tingler  
Making me itch  
Making me twitch  
Touch is the Tingler  
Controlling my mind  
Climbing my spine  
Fate points the finger  
It's a double-barreled ringer  
You're the one, you're the one  
That's been touched by the singer  
And then in the night, cold as ice  
Hi-five, you're a co-ed mingler  
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And so touch has become the Tingler  
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