

# Touch You

## The Golden Palominos

You turn your head, I rest on you  
Beneath my skin, inside my bones  
You guide my hand, what can I do but touch you  
You lift your head, I press on you  
The more you move the less I know  
You guide my hand, what can I do but touch you  
Heavy arms, breathing, passion, fever  
The burden of joy  
Flavor, rhythm, turning, sweet  
A gift from the woman who shone in the dark  
Temper, promises, jealousy, tears  
The burden of joy  
Pressure, aching, repeating, sweet  
A gift from the woman who shone in the dark  
The body extends like a thought  
Like something you almost remember  
Your memory is made of light  
With your face shining like fate  
Becoming something I can keep  
Heavy arms, breathing, passion, fever  
The burden of joy  
Flavor, rhythm, turning, sweet  
A gift from the woman who shone in the dark  
You turn your head, I rest on you  
Beneath my skin, inside my bones  
You guide my hand, what can I do but touch you  
I lie here making a weapon out of desire  
You hear me from far away but  
My voice does not touch you  
I throw out a net, waiting to gather you in  
So I can keep you like a photograph  
You turn your head, I rest on you  
Beneath my skin, inside my bones  
You guide my hand, what can I do but touch you  
You raise your head, I press on you  
The more you move the less I know  
You guide my hand, what can I do but touch you  
With warm hands, I die, you die,  
Where is he, where am I,  
Without laughter I am dead,  
Dead and dead  
In the pitch dark night  
Arrow shot at him  
Heavy arms, breathing, passion, fever  
The burden of joy  
Flavor, rhythm, turning, sweet  
A gift from the woman who shone in the dark  
Temper, promises, jealousy, tears  
The burden of joy  
Pressure, aching, repeating, sweet  
A gift from the woman who shone in the dark  
You turn your head, I rest on you

Beneath my skin, inside my bones  
You guide my hand, what can I do but touch you  
Your memory is made up of light  
It takes up residence and shines out  
Like a photograph of fire  
Like the light of my own body in the dark  
Like something you almost remember  
You turn your head, I rest on you  
Beneath my skin, inside my bones  
You guide my hand, what can I do but touch you  
You lift your head, I press on you  
The more you move the less I know  
You guide my hand, what can I do but touch you

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