

# Touch the Hand

**Bryan Adams**

Stand up, if ya wanna fight  
I'm tellin' all the women, stand up for your rights  
If ya wanna wear the trousers, you wanna act like a man  
I'd love to trade ya places, love to be your thang  
I'd do all the shopping, collect you favourite suit  
Press all the laundry, polish all your boots  
And if you brought me flowers, I'd meet you at the door  
Have your dinner ready, your slippers on the floor  
And when day turns to night and you feel alright  
And I turn out the lights Touch the hand of the man who'll make ya woman  
Touch the hand of the man who'll make it right  
Touch the hand of the man who'll make ya woman  
'Cause when day turns to night and you feel alright  
And I turn out the lights Stand up, it's alright  
Love to play the woman, love to play your wife  
Light you favourite cigarette, pour your favourite drink  
Wear your best apron, wash the dishes in the sink  
Get your shaving lotion, turn the shower on  
Warm up your bathrobe, keep my baby warm  
Read ya bedtime stories, while you take a nap  
Turn on the T.V., put out the cat  
But when day turns to night and you feel alright  
And I turn out the lights

Songwriters

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