Touching The Untouchables

Men At Work

Hello to you, my sweet young friends
Have you got money perhaps you could lend?
I wash my leather face in the afternoon sun
My shirt's turn, my time's near done
Touching the untouchables but they don't know
Respect the disrespectables, but in the end you know
You turn away, what can I say?
Spend my nights in the telephone booth
I make sure I leave the phone off the hook
There are no Jones' and I pay no rent
I have to stand straight because my back's so bent
Tell my secretary I ain't takin' any calls
And if you want to find me, just ask the boys
Down at the wall that's where I'll be
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Park bench and cigarettes
Can you help me get off this fence?
Can't you see, I'm just an old man
Tryin' hard, do what I can
Touching the untouchables but they don't know
Repect the disrespectables, but in the end you know
You turn away, what can I say?
You'll never, never know, you'll never know

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