

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 disrespectful's, 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 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
 Respect the disrespectful's, but in the end you know
 You turn away, what can I say?
 You'll never, never know
 You'll never know

Songwriters

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