

# Out of Touch

## Hall & Oates

Shake it up is all that we know  
Using the bodies up as we go  
I'm waking up to fantasy  
The shades all around  
Aren't the colors we used to see Broken ice still melts in the sun  
And times that are broken  
Can often be one again  
We're soul alone  
And soul really matters to me Take a look around You're out of touch  
I'm out of time  
But I'm out of my head  
When you're not around You're out of touch  
I'm out of time  
But I'm out of my head  
When you're not around Reaching out for something to hold  
Looking for a love where the climate is cold  
Manic moves and drowsy dreams  
Or living in the middle between the two extremes Smoking guns hot to the touch  
Would cool down if we didn't  
Use them so much, yeah  
We're soul alone  
And soul really matters to me Too much You're out of touch  
I'm out of time  
But I'm out of my head  
When you're not around You're out of touch  
I'm out of time  
But I'm out of my head  
When you're not around Out of touch  
Out of touch You're out of touch  
I'm out of time  
But I'm out of my head  
When you're not around You're out of touch  
I'm out of time  
But I'm out of my head  
When you're not around You're out of touch  
I'm out of time  
But I'm out of my head  
When you're not around

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