

# I Have the Touch

Peter Gabriel

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The time I like is the rush hour, 'cause I like the rush  
The pushing of the people, I like it all so much  
Such a mass of motion, do not know where it goes  
I move with the movement and, I have the touch I'm waiting for ignition, I'm looking for a spark  
Any chance collision and I light up in the dark  
There you stand before me, all that fur and all that hair  
Oh, do I dare, I have the touch Wanting contact  
I'm wanting contact  
I'm wanting contact with you  
Shake those hands, shake those hands  
Give me the thing I understand  
Shake those hands, shake those hands  
Shake those hands, shake those hands Any social occasion, it's hello, how do you do  
All those introductions, I never miss my cue  
So before a question, so before a doubt  
My hand moves out and, I have the touch Wanting contact  
I'm wanting contact  
I'm wanting contact with you  
Shake those hands, shake those hands  
Give me the thing I understand  
Shake those hands, shake those hands Pull my chin, stroke my hair, scratch my nose, hug my knees  
Try drink, food, cigarette, tension will not ease  
I tap my fingers, fold my arms, breathe in deep, cross my legs  
Shrug my shoulders, stretch my back - but nothing seems to please I need contact  
I need contact  
Nothing seems to please  
I need contact

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