

Cool Touch

[Leo Sayer](#)

Hanging out with the nighttime clientele
place your ladder for the social climb
same old routine that you know so
well
another opening and another line
it's the cool touch
yeah the cool touch

Call your lover on the mobile phone
c'mon over we'll have some fun
leave a message sayin' there's no one
home
I guess the good times just begun
it's the cool touch
yeah the cool touch

Cool touch--too much--it's too much
too much--cool touch--or not enough
cool touch--too much--too much
too much--cool touch--it's not enough

Take me take me to the sky above
fool me fool me with your words of love
cool touch--too much

Now she's reclined in the back of the sports car
champagne and glasses he slips right in
no passing stranger
could've torn them two apart
some games you play and you just can't help but win
the cool touch
yeah the cool touch

Cool touch--too much--it's too much
too much--cool touch--it's not enough

Take me take me to the sky above
fool me fool me with these words of love
cool touch--too much

A wind is blowing through this get rich town
she wraps the fur round her pretty waist
she feels a shiver as he grips
the wheel
feeling strangely out of place

Bring me bring someone I can trust
all this glitter's just a bag of dust
cool touch--too much--it's too much
too much--cool touch--it's not enough

I had enough of this cool touch
kids' stuff but I can't get enough

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