Cool Touch

Leo Sayer

Hanging out with the nighttime clienteleplace your ladder for the social climbsame old routine that you know so wellanother opening and another lineit's the cool touchyeah the cool touch
Call your lover on the mobile phonec'mon over we'll have some funleave a message sayin' there's no one homeI guess the good times just begunit's the cool touchyeah the cool touch
Cool touch--too much--it's too muichtoo much--cool touch--or not enoughcool touch--too much--too muchtoo much--cool touch--it's not enough
Take me take me to the sky abovefool me fool me with your words of lovecool touch--too much
Now she's reclined in the back of the sports carchampagne and glasses he slips right inno passing stranger could've torn them two apartsome games you play and you just can't help but winthe cool touchyeah the cool touch
Cool touch--too much--it's too muchtoo much--cool touch--it's not enough
Take me take me to the sky abovefool me fool me with these words of lovecool touch--too much
A wind is blowing through this get rich townshe wraps the fur round her pretty waisthe feels a shiver as he grips the wheelfeeling strangely out of place
Bring me bring someone I can trustall this glitter's just a bag of dustcool touch--too much--it's too muchtoo much--cool touch--it's not enough
I had enough of this cool touchkids' stuffbut I can't get enough

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