

The Tinger

French TV

Fate points the finger
It's a double-barreled ringer
You're the one, you're the one
That's been touched by the singer
And then in the night, cold as ice
Hi-five, you're a co-ed mingler
He leaves no marks in spite of the sparks
And so touch has become the winner
Touch is the Tinger
Making me itch
Making me twitch
Touch is the Tinger
Controlling my mind
Climbing my spine
Fate points the finger
What you gonna bring me?
A pretty note from your sweet throat
That's been touched by the Tinger
But in the night, cold as ice
Hi-five, co-ed mingler
He leaves no marks in spite of sparks
And so touch has become the Tinger
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