

Out Of Touch (Buddy Rogers Remix)

Hall & Oates

Shake it up is all that we know
Using the bodies up as we go
I'm waking up to a fantasy
The slates 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
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

Songwriters

PAUL KEENAN, DARREN SAMPSON, DARYL HALL, JOHN OATES Published by

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