

## Phil Marshall

### "Touched"

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Take me home, to you, and I'll touch you for a second,  
'cause that's all I got  
Take me home to you, coz the air is getting heavy,  
And the paperweight is slippin off

I know I know I know I think you Know. Gotta get away

My head hurts, and it makes me cry  
And from the moment you left, I've been wondering  
why  
We press on, through the smokey air  
Great places I have stayed and so glad that I played

I know I know I know I think you know. Gotta get away

The time we take, the rules we break, the lives we  
change, stand on up  
My soul's awake, never gonna break, feel the sound,  
off the ground

True to say my heart aches,  
No matter where you are, you're missing someone  
I pass through, these different towns, but,  
no matter what I'm staying around

I know I know I know I think you know. Gotta get away

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