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Costello Elvis "Human Touch"

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I know I just got to get out of this place I can't stand any more of that mechanical grace though you say it's only an industrial squeeze it looks like luxury and feels like a disease

CHORUS:

oh give it to me, give it to me I don't want to know much about much give it to me, give it to me I need, I need, I need - your human touch

left with just a high-school hope on your way to dry dock it's easy to break up with all your senses living in a state of shock I just can't believe I'm responsible for this like a make-up eyes can be made up with a kiss

chorus

oh when I'm talking in tongues I go where you lead I go make a bet oh I need you

how I'd like to fix her in a picture of rage how I'd like to catch her when she's acting her age oh but when she's lying stretched out on the floor it's no mystery to me any more

chorus

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