

## **Beth Orton**

# **"Untouchable Part 2"**

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(C. Kirschner, B. Orton, S. Jung)

I got King Kong playin Ping-Pong with a big bong in my  
brainstorm and the pains warm

Swarm like smog in Hong Kong I know it's wrong but I  
kill me softly with my own song

Some magic wand could make it be ok kill the decay  
like a cake and a lay

But today- it wasn't a good day and you can't touch me  
I've already faded, I faded away

Beth Orton: Sometimes I wear nothing on the outside

Because there's too much on the inside

The bouncer wouldn't let me in

He said my emotions were too close to the skin

And at this point a touch would feel like a cut

Turn me off, just turn it off

I'm off base off face when I think I lace I cough mace

I could go on for days but then I always complain  
A waste of breath and a name

I aim and I maim and I came here to choose but when I  
look around me, compare me and lose

Payin dues feelin blues got no clues and it's all news to  
you, huh

I keep it so undercover I could be a mattress and it  
matches the patchy ashes my brain crashes

This address, I hope I move from it from summit to  
plummet I covet release and it's comin

Untouchable it ain't discussible I'm disgustable in a  
vestibule must a pulled a musclefull in my head

I bet I get better but better remember I waited forever

Fuck Princess I'm talkin 'bout Concetta you never met  
her

It kind of appears my ego account's in arrears

Fear, tore up and teared with wet tears I feel weird and  
I wish it was easy to ask you to come here

Sometimes I'm happy when I see the sun one day I'll  
say I've won

And if you think this song is done there's Untouchable  
Part 1

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