

Heather Small

"Can't Be Touched"

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I'm in love
With an icon. I didn't expect him to call
I'm crushed and ground in some disaster
I feel like a criminal
Turn out the light, don't crush me
I get a bruise and I'm not even touching, touching
Are you sincere or are you dangling bair
And if I bit will you judge me

I don't know what's genuine
I go back and forth with him
Does a screw make a bad lynch pin
I don't know what's genuine

I think about this is a grin with a ? ? ? ? ?
I thought I couldn't be touched until they tagged me out
And I didn't even feel it at all
The bigger the hands, so full of s***
The neighborhood is one crowded bed
They're all so strange ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ?

I don't know what's genuine
So I go back and forth with him
Does a screw make a bad lynch pin
I don't know what's genuine

Oh I'm losing control
Who's in control
I'm losing control
Can't be touched

I don't know what's genuine
So I go back and forth with him
Does a screw make a bad lynch pin
I don't know what's genuine

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