

Church "Lost My Touch"

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Streets of burnt-out shells, insurance jobs
A temporary spell in hell and it throbs
It throbs like hell in some divine comedy
It won't sell and that's a tragedy
But I know my way home I can get there alone
The day I need you they can feed me to the lions
They can stop trying to get it started
Its heart is gone, its shone for the last time
It's past time it's mean time held over in-between time
It's like Halloween time

I don't owe you anything
Now I'm out of power
Now I've lost my touch
Please don't touch anything
Every passing hour
Overcomes too much
I don't owe you anything

There's a weaker weaker in the other speaker
A weaker echo of my own voice
Reproduced mechanically and electronically
A symphony of frequencies delivering
A slithering sound a pound of flesh
Caught in the mesh of pressure
A special deluxe de-essed it you guessed it
I'm trembling

I don't owe you anything
Now I've lost my power
Now I'm out of touch
Please don't touch anything
Every passing hour
Overcomes too much
I don't owe you anything
Now I've lost my mind
Now I'm out of touch

Should you would you could you could
Could you look good back on the street
Your feet get cold you're too old you've been told
You should've sold your soul

It's not worth anything anything out here
Not worth the earth you're standing on
Earth mother earth hurt sweet mother earth
What are you worth?

I don't owe you anything
Now I'm out of power
Now I've lost my touch
Please don't touch anything
Every passing hour
All becomes too much
I don't owe you anything
Now I've lost my power
Now I'm out of touch
I don't owe you anything, ah
Please don't touch anything, ah
I don't owe you anything, ah
I don't owe you anything, ah ah
Please don't touch anything, ah ah

Then he said his name is Ray
He was a dominating, woman-hating misogynist S.O.B
1 2 3 That's how easy it's gonna be
Everything is complete
If you need to cheat
If you want to eat
Even the air, once free
You now pay a fee
You now pay a far if you want air
It's not really fair
Fair enough, it's tough stuff
It's tough to get enough and you laugh
You laugh but you can't get the staff
Hold onto the raft
It's my craft
It's finished, it's kaput
It's over, finito Benito
Dead Fred
Gone for a song like old Hong Kong
Gone for a song

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