

## **Pete Townshend**

### **"Contact"**

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Stop cold in your tracks;  
this brother could not relax;  
and like a stone between my eyes,  
I'm gonna shed its disguise;  
Don't let me lose, don't let me lose contact.

Movin' fast with the feeling;  
pulling hard and there's no concealing;  
diamond fingers pull me through;  
couldn't do it without you.  
Now I'm seeing what, I'm seeing what I believe in.

You give me a piece of your action;

you star (stone) me with a calm;  
I've been fed off my karma,  
too much, much too long.

Being pushed at the frontier;  
feel it up to my ears;  
to you my life is melting in,  
without you to helter shelter me.  
Now I'm not stoppin', not stoppin' where love is feeling

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