

The Tea Party "Touch"

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"Touch"

catatonic listless creature
try to comprehend
everything you've ever wanted
is around the next bend

don't try to fake it
i see you shaking
it doesn't mean a thing

look at you, the freak attraction
in this carnival of souls
failing all negotiations
you'll be the next sold

don't try to fake it
i see you shaking
it doesn't mean anything

now love, don't make a sound
reach down and touch the ground

emptiness is almost certain
like an automatic dream
you're closing in on the final curtain
you're on the next scene

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