

## Hilary Weeks

### "Reach Out"

Visit "[Reach Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

THE PROPHET:

Let's go. So bring your passport, girl.  
I'm trying to show you the world.  
I know your ex did you bad, but I'm your new perfect  
man.  
Dignity where you stand. With just a touch of my hand.  
I'm trying to show you my plan.  
You got me, girl. I'm a fan

HILARY:

From the minute that you walked right through the  
door,  
Thoughts were racing in my mind,  
Time to explore.  
I tell my friends that I just gotta have him.  
But don't look now, 'cuz I see you staring at him.  
Tunnel vision had him locked on in my sight.  
On a mission for position by the end of the night.  
It's like a prey playing games with the hunter  
Nowhere to run, boy, time to surrender.

And all I need is to feel you  
All I want is to feel you

CHORUS:

Reach Out and touch me  
Before I go insane.  
Reach out and touch me  
Boy don't you make me wait.  
I'm a dime and you're so on the money.  
Reach Out and touch me.

And all I need is to feel you.

Like a prayer, your touch can take me there.  
In my mind, you and me, in a secret affair.  
Oh, boy you're killing me and you don't even know it.  
Tried to hold back, but I can't control it.  
So I'm stepping to ya.  
Skip the 'How ya doin'?'  
Grab your hand, pull you closer to me, yea.

Out the door we're slipping.  
Then we start to kissing.  
Boy you're invited to my fanta-tasy.

And all I need is to feel you.  
All I want is to feel you.

CHORUS:

Reach Out and touch me  
Before I go insane.  
Reach out and touch me  
Boy don't you make me wait.  
I'm a dime and you're so on the money.  
Reach Out and touch me.

THE PROPHET:

Yea, you already know. It's Prophet, baby.  
Let's Go!  
I'm here to play with fire.  
Your body's my desire.  
The time to flirt across the room doesn't expire.  
'Cuz you a superstar. Get in my supercar.  
The paparazzi watchin' us the tube is on.  
I know I took it far, but look how good you are.  
And look how good you look.  
One touch, I'm supercharged.

HILARY:

Baby, can't you see how you're affecting me?  
Baby, sensual, physical fantasy.  
Maybe fate brought the two of us close and now,  
Don't you wanna  
Don't you wanna  
Don't you wanna  
Don't you wanna  
Reach Out and Touch Me

CHORUS:

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