## Gina Young ''Touch''

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you breathe like asthma you always do i don't believe god i believe in you

so why, why's it gotta be like everywhere you're standing everywhere you're stand is hollowed ground how'd you get so high? was it by dragging me down dragging me down

one shoe off and one shoe on, she's gone, she's gone one shoe off and one shoe on, she's gone, she's gone

and she says touch me quick i won't be in this body for long she says touch me quick i won't be in this bosy for long

we cling so tightly to things i can't believe we're all still riding your machine so you found roses in the ocean, roses in the ocean do you think that makes you holy shit? if that's a miracle, and if you're a saint i tell you god's not that great

sleep with the goddamn fishies again sleep with the goddamn fishies again sleep with the goddamn fishies again

and she says touch me quick i won't be in this body for long she says touch me quick i won't be in this body for long

small hands can still shatter glass or write my name with a knife we traded pleasure for pain you traded me for a relgiously violent life and she says touch me quick i won't be in this body for long she says touch me quick i won't be in this body we won't be in these bodies for long

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