

## The Dangerous Type

Letters to Cleo

Can I touch you, are you out of touch  
I guess I never noticed that much  
Geranium lover, I'm live on your wire  
Come and take me whoever you are  
She's a lot like you  
The dangerous type  
She's a liot like you  
Come on and hold me tight  
Inside angel, always upset  
Keep on forgetting that we ever met  
Can I bring you out in the light  
My curiosity's got me tonight  
She's a lot like you  
The dangerous type  
She's a liot like you  
Come on and hold me tight  
The museum directors with their high shaking heads  
They kick white shadows until they play dead  
They want to crack your crosswoird smile  
Can I take you out for awhile  
She's a lot like you  
The dangerous type  
She's a liot like you  
Come on and hold me tight