

Touch

Dead Poet Society

Whoa-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
Touch

I'm getting up early
I'm standing outside
I can't wait to see her
Dressed up in white
Don't want no one to love me
I only need her
I'm getting insane and I
Just wanna get closer

Whoa-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
Touch
Whoa-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
Me

She's killing me softly
I don't even mind, but
Whenever I'm fucked up
I wish she would die
Nicotine and her with me
I'm like Amy
Touch her screen
Yeah she's my queen
Oh my baby

Whoa-oh-oh-oh
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Touch
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Oh-oh-oh
Me

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