Human Touch

Elvis Costello

I know I've just gotta get out of this place I can't stand any more of that mechanical grace Though you say it's only industrial squeeze It looks like luxury and feels like a disease

Oh give it to me, give it to me I don't want to know much about much Give it to me, give it to me I need, I need, I need the human touch

Left with just a house to hold Drinking your way to drydock It's easy to break up a model citizen Living in the state of shock

I just can't believe I am responsible for this What the makeup hides can't be hidden with a kiss

When I'm talking in tongues I go where you lead I don't make you plead, oh I need you How I'd like to fix her in a picture of rage How I'd like to catch her when she's acting her age But when she's laying stretched out on the floor It's no mystery to me anymore

Oh give it to me, give it to me I don't want to know much about much Give it to me, give it to me I need, I need, I need the human touch