

# Touched

Joseph Arthur

There is a twist in everything  
Waking up at night  
With a headache in a penthouse  
That doesn't belong to you

Waking up with no one  
But your own infringement on everything  
And yeah you're a celebration  
A diamond ring  
But sometimes it just doesn't mean a thing  
You get up and have your coffee  
Buy your canvas, throw yourself against a wall  
That in some strange instances becomes a sky  
Or a vision or a tear  
A kind of hallelujah dawn  
This mess, this eternity of an existence  
It's either a dull thud or an electric explosion  
We all breathe in clouds of smoke  
We see lights and then nothing at all  
We all want peace as we rampage down streets of chaos  
But in the distance  
When I reopen my blinded eyes  
When I conjure up the will to believe again  
I know we are already home  
Rob from always on the run is so bad and copy paste is a sin  
Me and my folks  
Ocean waves against our feet  
Can anyone be talk to walk on water  
The secrets are whispered in the ocean air  
You blessed little children happy to be dancing together  
Can you be so bold as to truly look into one another's eyes  
To relax into each other  
Somethings don't have to be explained  
You just feel and automatically  
Know we are here to heal  
These wounds are deep  
These wounds are eternal

Touched touched...

We approach death  
Like wounded warriors  
Arms crossed  
Head bandaged  
We approach death  
When the wild call  
Sings broken melodies  
To fractured ears  
As sunlit shadows  
Blend evil fruit motions  
Which rise from the street  
And wreck torpedo hearts  
Windmills spin eternally  
Electric hearts beat endlessly  
And the pulse of life  
Surrenders to no one

Who am I  
I'm touched