

Common Touch

Lovejoy

Use that key and make me bleed, radiator
And off-season
There's not a devil in hell who would turn down the chance to meet her
Talkin' underhand on a favourite band
You'd pretend to like before leaving
The torrential sounds under heaving clouds
You said the sky's just bruised, but I saw bleeding

What do you want?
I would not care enough to know
And further on
I still won't care enough to know
And if it's all too much for the common touch
I could gild my hands in that circumstance
I could lift you up, give a further thought
I could bleach your name in the ground

And I think she had a pretty name
Something that rhymed with Jesus
And it's insane
There's not a devil in hell who would turn down the chance to meet her
Sunk a couple grand on a losing hand
Complained and tried to fight the dealer
The habitual rounds over burial grounds
The father, daughter, and the mother Teresa, Teresa, oh
Fucking Teresa

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And could you give me a minute?
I'm not so sharp when I'm on my own
I see your face move in the shadows
Of all the places we used to go
But could you give me a minute?
I shut my mouth just to spite my nose
I wish my words were made for lovers
But I can't stand not singing on my own