

## 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 m  
eet 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 m  
eet 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