

# The Misbegotten

The Charlatans

Oh oh oh-ooh  
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If You don't have the guts  
To tell me who You are  
If You don't have the look  
Then You might not get us far

I dusted down your childhood  
I gave You mine to share

I let You in my pockets  
There's enough loose change to spare

Could You be the last  
You should have been the first

You played me as You threw me in a twisted universe  
You touch me in a way  
Like no one in this world  
I don't even know if You're a boy or You're a girl

I like  
The way You touch me  
(Touch me touch me touch me touch me)

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For We are the misbegotten  
Live with me through dark and light  
On a journey into the unknown  
While we feel wild tonight  
I met a poet in a hotel  
Just the other night  
He said he lived in Aberdeen  
And would I like to take his life

Then I found two girls  
In matching bathing suits  
While he would like to dye my hair  
At least let me do your roots  
It seems lately I've been struck  
With what I really am  
You can't see it in a picture

Or in a photograph

But I like the way you touch me

I like  
The way you touch me

I like  
The way you touch me  
(Touch me touch me touch me touch me)