

# Lost My Touch

## The Church

Streets of burnt-out shells, insurance jobs  
A temporary spell in hell and it throbs  
It throbs like hell in some divine comedy  
It won't sell and that's a tragedy  
But I know my way home I can get there alone  
The day I need you they can feed me to the lions  
They can stop trying to get it started  
Its heart is gone, its shone for the last time  
It's past time it's mean time held over in-between time  
It's like Halloween time

I don't owe you anything  
Now I'm out of power  
Now I've lost my touch  
Please don't touch anything  
Every passing hour  
Overcomes too much  
I don't owe you anything

There's a weaker weaker in the other speaker  
A weaker echo of my own voice  
Reproduced mechanically and electronically  
A symphony of frequencies  
Delivering a slithering sound  
A pound of flesh caught in the mesh, a fresher  
A special deluxe, de-essed it, you guessed it  
Undress it

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Should you would you could you could  
Could you look good back on the street  
Your feet get cold and you're too old you've been told  
You should've sold your soul  
It's not worth anything out here  
Not worth the earth you're standing on  
Earth, mother earth, hurt sweet mother earth  
What are you worth

I don't owe you anything  
Now I'm out of power  
Now I've lost my touch  
Please don't touch anything  
Every passing hour  
All becomes too much  
I don't owe you anything  
Now I've lost my power  
Now I'm out of touch  
I don't owe you anything, ah

Please don't touch anything, ah  
I don't owe you anything, ah  
I don't owe you anything, ah ah  
Please don't touch anything, ah ah

They say his name is Ray  
He was a dominating, woman-hating SSOB  
1 2 3 that's how easy it's gonna be  
Everything is complete  
If you need to cheat  
If you want to eat  
Even the air, once free  
You now pay the fee  
You now pay a fare if you want air  
It's not really fair  
Fair enough, it's tough stuff  
It's tough to get enough  
And you laugh, you laugh  
But you can't get the staff  
Hold onto the raft  
It's my craft  
It's finished, it's kaput  
It's over, finito Benito  
Dead Fred  
Gone for a song like old Hong Kong  
Gone for a song