

# Touching the Untouchables

Men at Work

Hello to you, my sweet young friends  
Have you got money perhaps you could lend?  
I wash my leather face in the afternoon sun  
My shirt's torn, my time's near done

Touching the untouchables but they don't know  
Respect the disrespectables, but in the end you know  
You turn away, what can I say?

Spend my nights in the telephone booth  
I make sure I leave the phone off the hook  
There are no Jones' and I pay no rent  
I have to stand straight because my back's so bent  
Tell my secretary I ain't takin' any calls,  
And if you want to find me, just ask the boys...  
Down at the wall...That's where I'll be...

Oh...  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Park bench and cigarettes  
Can you help me get off this fence?  
Can't you see, I'm just an old man  
Tryin' hard, do what I can

Touching the untouchables but they don't know  
Respect the disrespectables, but in the end you know  
You turn away, what can I say?  
You'll never, never know  
You'll never know