

# Please Don't Touch

Polly Scattergood

Can't play pretty tunes,  
my head is always messy. And I  
can't walk in a straight line  
my path is always, always gritty.  
And I Like to play piano,  
but it's often out of tune.  
And there are Lots of  
broken fingers in the  
dark parts of my room

## Chorus

Please don't...touch,  
Please don't stop and stare.  
Yes I Thank you for your kindness  
but there's sadness in the air.  
Please don't touch.  
'Cause it makes me jitter  
And although I lost my mind sir,  
I think you lost yours quicker.  
Please don't touch.

Love me tender  
love me true  
show your colours  
black and blue,  
make another cuppa  
on the sofa  
eating marmalade.  
And I hate to cry,  
no it's forgotten,  
feeling strange  
and looking rotten  
fighting like a soldier  
over skinny jeans  
and pick and mix

Please don't...touch,  
Please don't stop and stare.  
Yes I Thank you for your kindness  
but there's sadness in the air.  
Please don't touch.  
'Cause it makes me jitter  
And although I lost my mind sir,  
I think you lost yours quicker.  
Please don't touch.

## Verse

Fickle like a fruit machine  
playing with the cruise ship queen  
taking all his apples  
when they're going to  
play hide and seek.  
Unless you feel me  
please don't break me  
please don't let the rat man take me

'cause he thinks I'm weird,  
well what's a girl to do

Please don't...touch,  
Please don't stop and stare.  
Yes I Thank you for your kindness  
but there's sadness in the air.  
Please don't touch.  
'Cause it makes me jitter  
And although I lost my mind sir,  
I think you lost yours quicker.  
Please don't touch.