

Untouchable

Rialto

If you were an angel, I would cut off your wings.
To keep you with me, I would do anything.
Like broken bottles, that slip from drunken hands,
I've watched my star falling, and shatter on the ground.
First you wash your hair, then you wash your hands.
Oh yeah, I think I understand.

Untouchable, if I'm not fit,
To even crawl, if I'm too sick,
I'll soak my skin in alcohol, until I feel untouchable.
I blew my chances, as you blowdried your hair.
I thought of my answers, as you walked down the stairs.
D'you think I'd defile you, if you were to close?
D'you think I'd infect you?
D'you think I'd give you a dose?
First you wash your hair, then you wash your hands.
Oh yeah, I think I understand.

I'll drink until my skin is full, and I will feel untouchable.

Untouchable... Untouchable.