

The Misbegotten

The Charlatans

Oh oh oh-ooh
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)