

The Tinger

Blondie

Fate points the finger
It is a double-barreled ringer
You're the one, you're the one
That's been touched by the singer
And then in the night cold as ice
Hi-five you're a co-ed mingler
He leaves no marks in spite of sparks
And so touch has become the winner
Touch is the Tinger
Making me itch
Making me twitch
Touch is the Tinger
Controlling my mind
Climbing my spine
Fate points the finger
What ya gonna bring me
A pretty note from your sweet throat
That's been touched by the Tinger
But in the night cold as ice
Hi-five co-ed mingler
It leaves no marks in spite of sparks
And so touch has become the Tinger
Touch is the Tinger