

## Dangerous Type

### Letters to Cleo

Can I touch you, are you out of touch  
I guess I never noticed that much  
Geranium lover, I'm live on your wire  
Come and take me whoever you are

She's a lot like you  
The dangerous type  
She's a lot like you  
Come on and hold me tight

Inside angel, always upset  
Keeps on forgetting that we ever met  
Can I bring you out in the light  
My curiosity's got me tonight

She's a lot like you  
The dangerous type  
She's a lot like you  
Come on and hold me tight  
The museum directors with their high shaking heads  
They kick white shadows until they play dead  
They want to crack your crossword smile  
Can I take you out for awhile, yeah, yeah yeah yeah

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She's a lot like you  
Come on and hold me tight, tonight

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