

The 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 liot like you
Come on and hold me tight
Inside angel, always upset
Keep 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 liot 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 crosswoird smile
Can I take you out for awhile
She's a lot like you
The dangerous type
She's a liot like you
Come on and hold me tight