

# Out Of Touch

Oz

OUT OF TOUCH

Going home how does it feel  
Down the drifters lane  
You rolling free  
It kicks you up it feels alright  
Like the hell in the veins

Driving you crazy  
Driving you mad  
You slave to the streets  
It's all you have

Got to be bad, got to be cool  
Under the gun, you ain't no fool  
You need to rock, you need to roll  
And you feel no pain

Driving me crazy  
Driving me mad  
Through the night  
You slave to the streets  
It's all you have

Ooo... On the edge of the knife  
Burning out of touch  
Ooo... When this heart hits the night  
It never gets enough, yeah

On the edge of the knife  
When this heart hits the night  
Yee...

Ooo... On the edge of the knife  
Burning out of touch  
Ooo... When this heart hits the night  
It never gets enough

Burning out of touch  
Burning out of touch, yeah