

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