

Please Don't Touch

Polly Scattergood

Can't play pretty tunes,
my head is always messy. And I
can't walk in a straight line
my path is always, always gritty.
And I Like to play piano,
but it's often out of tune.
And there are Lots of
broken fingers in the
dark parts of my room

Chorus

Please don't...touch,
Please don't stop and stare.
Yes I Thank you for your kindness
but there's sadness in the air.
Please don't touch.
'Cause it makes me jitter
And although I lost my mind sir,
I think you lost yours quicker.
Please don't touch.

Love me tender
love me true
show your colours
black and blue,
make another cuppa
on the sofa
eating marmalade.
And I hate to cry,
no it's forgotten,
feeling strange
and looking rotten
fighting like a soldier
over skinny jeans
and pick and mix

Please don't...touch,
Please don't stop and stare.
Yes I Thank you for your kindness
but there's sadness in the air.
Please don't touch.
'Cause it makes me jitter
And although I lost my mind sir,
I think you lost yours quicker.
Please don't touch.

Verse

Fickle like a fruit machine
playing with the cruise ship queen
taking all his apples
when they're going to
play hide and seek.
Unless you feel me
please don't break me
please don't let the rat man take me

'cause he thinks I'm weird,
well what's a girl to do

Please don't...touch,
Please don't stop and stare.
Yes I Thank you for your kindness
but there's sadness in the air.
Please don't touch.
'Cause it makes me jitter
And although I lost my mind sir,
I think you lost yours quicker.
Please don't touch.