

My Baby's Touch

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

I slave away 9 to 5
But I can stand what I do
'Cause I'm so full of you

I get home half alive
Need that transfusion of
Your essential love

Bosses and bills fade away
No drink or drug could ever do it this way

Gimme the thrill...of my baby's touch
Gimme the chill...of my baby's touch
Oooh the skill...in my baby's touch

Girl, it's all in your hands
In the taste of your lips
To the curve of your hips

Give me all that you can
Love me all the way
Get me through another day

Bosses and bills, make them fade away
No drink or drug could ever feel like the

Thrill...in my baby's touch
Like the chill...in my baby's touch
Ooooooh the skill...in my baby's touch

She was designed to be
With no one else, else but me
The outside world ceases to exist
From midnight to her morning kiss