

# 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