

# Touch

Troye Sivan

Glow is low and it's dimming  
And the silence is ringing  
And I can almost feel your breath  
I can almost feel the rest

Night is young and we're living  
Hands move, moving steady  
And the time is moving slower  
I can feel we're getting closer, closer

Standing in the eye of the storm  
My eyes start to roll  
To the curl of your lips  
In the center of eclipse  
In total darkness I, I reach out and touch

My mind's gonna racing  
On a horse that's escaping  
And I'm ready to jump,  
Yeah, I'm ready to swim

Life is chances that are taken  
But nothing's ever broken  
They're just pieces on the ground  
New hands need to build them

My mind's gonna running  
My hands cut loose  
Yeah, but there's no need for answers  
Just the things you gotta do

And I need you to trust  
That I'm lost and we must  
Get past all these rules  
We must choose  
To reach out and touch

Standing in the eye of the storm  
My eyes start to roll  
To the curl of your lips  
In the center of eclipse  
In total darkness I reach out and...

Standing in the eye of the storm  
My eyes start to roll  
To the curl of your lips  
In the center of eclipse  
In total darkness I reach, I reach out and touch