Berlin, Touch

You can buy me a daquiri You can take me home and tear my clothes off Here am I. Married? No, I'm celibate, ha ha

Want a 'lude, I don't care The feeling's numb but we cry, oh, aah Here am I making sure you get your share

Well, isn't this a night You have a wife, a little girl at home Never mind, nice to know you, wave goodbye

Touch, touch, touch me, can you stay tonight? I don't want you to leave my side Talk, talk, talk to me, I need to know Will you remember me tomorrow?

Well, if you say you love me I might believe that you see something special in me And then the days go by and you're not there If you want me, touch me, touch me now