Touching the Untouchables

Men At Work

Hello to you, my sweet young friends
Have you got money perhaps you could lend?
I wash my leather face in the afternoon sun
My shirt's turn my time's near doneTouching the untouchables but they don't know
Respect the disrespectables, but in the end you know
You turn away, what can I say?Spend my nights in the telephone booth
I make sure I leave the phone off the hook
There are no Jones' and I pay no rent
I have to stand straight because my back's so bent
Tell my secretary I ain't takin' any calls,
And if you want to find me, just ask the boys...
Down at the wall... That's where I'll be...

Oh...

Oh ohPark bench and cigarettes

Can you help me get off this fence?

Can't you see, I'm just an old man

Tryin' hard, do what I can

Touching the untouchables but they don't know

Repect the disrespectables, but in the end you know

You turn away, what can I say?

You'll never, never know

You'll never know

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/