

Human Touch

Bass

Matt Wallis

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Blue skies all day, The si-lence un-bro-ken. Here in my bub-ble,

8 I'm fee-ling e-ver so sheltered. Long walks from home, each breath so much swee-ter.

14 No sign of contrails; I'm fee-ling e-ver so grounded. Come to me, still clo-ser, I've

21 missed the human touch. Wrap your arms around me, ne-ver let me go. No no no.

27 Just before dawn, I stroll down the gar-den. Bird song cre-scendoes; Our Earth is

34 catching her breath now. Come to me, still closer, I've missed the human touch. Wrap your

40 arms around me, ne-ver let me go. No no no. Come to me, still clo-ser, I've

47 missed the human touch. Wrap your arms around me, ne-ver let me go. No no no.