

Hands Off

Junkyard

Threw my clothes in the yard
Ran over my foot with your car
Don't try to say it was just an accident
Then you stole all my shoes
Now what the hell am I gonna do
When I don't even know what I did

It ain't yours, it ain't mine
It won't matter in time
'Cause we both know just where this things goin'
'Cause we'd dance around 'til we'd verbally pound
But ya scratched out my love with those fingers

Baby, get your hands off my throat
'Cause I can't breathe, I can't
Get your hands off my throat
Now I'll get my coat and leave
I'll leave, baby

We've had some fun
But we were ever one
'Til we found out we were no one at all

And now that we're through
For another day or two
Tell me, baby, why don't you call
Just call me

Get your hands off my throat
'Cause, baby, I can't, I can't breathe, baby
Get your hands off my throat
I get my coat and leave

(Solo)

Ooh
Well, I remember the time
Well, let me freshen your mind
You told me
David, I, I need, I think it's time I have a little

Space

So then I try to be the understanding man
You just call a Woody Allen character about the whole
Thing

I said that's cool, I understand, I pack my bags
And get outta your face

Then for three days on end
She was in bed with my best friend
Discussing every problem
She cried, she begged, David, we didn't really do
Anything
He's a really understanding guy, and he really just
Listens
And I said
Baby, you gave him head
God damn

Get your hands off my throat
'Cause baby, I can't breathe, I can't
Get your hands off my throat
And I get my coat and leave

Pack my bags and walk out the door
Lord, I can't take no more, yeah
Get your hands off my throat
Well, I get my coat and leave

Lyrics submitted by carlton white.

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