

# Magic Fingers

## Chico Hamilton

Mark volman (vocals)  
Howard kaylan (vocals)  
Ian underwood (keyboards, woodwinds)  
Aynsley dunbar (drums)  
George duke (keyboards, trombone)  
Martin lickert (bass)  
Ruth underwood (orchestra drum set)

Jim pons (vocals)  
Mark volman & howard kaylan:  
Ooh, the way you love me, lady,  
I get so hard now I could die.  
Ooh, the way you love me, sugar,  
I get so hard now I could die.  
Open up your pocketbook,  
Get another quarter out,  
Drop it in the meter, mama  
And try me on for size.  
Open up your pocketbook,  
Get another quarter out,  
Drop it in the meter, mama  
And try me on for size.  
Ooh, the way you squeeze me, baby,  
Red balloons just pop behind my eyes.  
Ooh, the way you squeeze me, girl,  
Red balloons just pop behind my eyes.  
Open up your pocketbook,  
Get another quarter out,  
Drop it in the meter, mama  
And try me on for size.  
Open up your pocketbook,  
Get another quarter out,  
Drop it in the meter, mama  
And try me on for size.

Mark volman:  
Do you really wanna please me?

Howard kaylan:  
Y'know I do ... baby.

Mark volman:

Well, tell me why you do it...

I really wanna know.

Howard kaylan:

Oh no no, I wouldn't be right

For me to tell ya tonight...

Mark volman:

You better tell me right away

Or I'll dress up and go.

Howard kaylan:

Don't get mad... it ain't no big thing.

Mark volman:

You better tell me right away,

Don't you treat me cold!

Howard kaylan:

Hold it, hold it, hold it, hold it!

Well, there are a lot of reasons why I'd drag a girl such as yourself back to this plastic hotel room ... and rip you off for spare change to run a ...to run a vibrating machine attached to this N-size, bulk-purchase, kapok-infested, do-not-remove-tag-under-penalty-of-law type bed and, and make you take off all your little clothes ... until you are nearly stark raving nude. ( save for y Hrome-with-heavy- duty-leather-thong peace medallion) and make you assume a series of marginally erotic poses involving a plastic chair and an old guitar strap while I did a wee-wee in your hair And beat you with a pair of tennis shoes I got from jeff beck...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>