

Take Your Hands Out Of My Pocket

[Van Morrison](#)

Take your hand outta my pocket, baby
I ain't got nothin' that belong to you
Take your hand outta my pocket
I ain't got nothin' that belong to you
Don't take your hand out
I'm gonna call the police on you
I got hip to your record
The first thirty five seconds I got in town
I got hip, hip to your record
First thirty five seconds that I got in town
If you don't take your fingers off my wallet
I believe the man, gonna take you down, whoa, yeah
I don't mean anybody no harm
I just want what belong to me
I don't mean no one, no harm, no, no
I just want, just want what belong to me
So, if ya take your hand outta my pocket, oh
I'll ask the judge to set you free
Oh, yeah

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