

Keep Your Hands to Yourself

Georgia Satellites

I got a little change in my pocket going jing-a-lang-a-ling

Want to call you on the telephone, baby - I give you a ring

But, each time we talk I get the same old thing:

Always, "No huggy, no kissy, until I get a Wedding Ring" My honey, my baby, don't put my love upon no shelf

She said, "Don't hand me no lines, and keep your hands to yourself" Cruel baby, baby, baby, why you want to
treat me this way?

You know, I'm still your lover boy - I still feel the same way

That's when she told me a story 'bout free milk and a cow

And said, "No huggy, no kissy, until I get a Wedding Vow" My honey, my baby, don't put my love upon no shelf

She said, "Don't hand me no lines, and keep your hands to yourself" See, I wanted her real bad, and I was about
to give in

And that's when she started talkin' about true love, started talkin' about Sin

I said, "Honey, I live with you for the rest of my life"

She said, "No huggy, no kissy, until you make me your wife"

My honey, my baby, don't put my love upon no shelf

She said, "Don't hand me no lines, and keep your hands to yourself"

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

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