

Vaya Con Dios, Lay Your Hands (Off My Man)

Lay your hands
Off my man
You don't even want him
You just want
What I have

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A pretty girl floating in a room
Wrapped in her innocence and her cheap perfume
Fluttering around men like a moth around the light
Think she won't burn herself, well I just think she might
A little girl not a woman yet
Spiteful little eyes that say watch out I'm a threat

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Lay your hands
Off my man
Don't you, don't you
Don't you girl, don't you dare

You call me sweetie and other charming names
Yet you give him the eye while I'm standing next to him
Don't like you ways besides I got my pride
Would you mind girl stepping aside
Oh! no you don't understand, you're acting amazed
Don't take me for a fool girl, fade away