

Right Said Fred, Hands Up

Get your hands up hands up
Get your hands up hands up
If you say a word enough
It starts to sound ridiculous
Sex sex sex sex sex sex sex sex
What is all the fuss about
There should be more in your heads by now
Than what goes on at night in peoples beds

Hands up for lovers
Feeling good beneath the covers
Mum and Dad sister brothers
Free the word
Hands up for lovers
Feeling good beneath the covers
From the tip of your tongue
You free the word

Underwear is overkill
The naked truth surely will
Remain the only natural state of dress
You're raised on money and you Mother's milk
Walk on velvet sleep on silk
Still in hope one day a prince will press
His lips on you

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Hands up get your hands up
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Get your hands up
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Guns and knives and lethal blows
It all goes on TV shows
Watched by all the family and their dog
Take one kiss or a fond embrace
They're up in arms and all red-faced
Disgusted and demanding it must stop
Stop for what?

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