

The Beatles, Lend Me Your Comb

Lend me your comb,
it's time to go home.
I got to go past,
my hair is a mess
Your mammie will scold,
your pappie will shout.
Unless we come in
the way we went out.
Kissing you was fun honey
but thanks for the date.
But I must come to run honey,
but you know baby it's getting late.
Just wait till I
say: my darling,
lend me your comb.
We got to go home.
Kissing you was fun honey
but thanks for the date.
But I must come to run, honey.
but sugar, it's getting late.
Just wait till I
say: my darling,
lend me your comb.
We got to go home.