

The Calling, Keep Your Hands To Yourself

I got a little change in my pocket
Goin ching-a-ling-a-ling
Wanna call you on the telephone, baby
Give you a ring
But each time we talk
I get the same old thing
Always, "No huggee, no kissee
Until I get a wedding ring."
Oh, 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."

B-b-baby, baby, baby
Why you you gonna treat me this way?
You know I'm still your loverboy
I still feel the same way
Thats when she told me a story
About free milk and a cow
She said, "No huggee, no kissee
Until I get a wedding vow."
Oh, 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
Thats when she started talking about true love
Started talking about sin
I said, "Honey, I'll live with you for the rest of my life."
She said, "No huggee, no kissee
Until you make me a wife."
Oh, 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."