

The Georgia Satellites, Keep Your Hands To Yourself

I got a little change in my pocket going 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";
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";

Ooh, baby, baby, baby, why you gonna treat me this way?
You know I'm still your loverboy, I still feel the same way
That's when she told me a story 'bout free milk and a cow
And said, "No huggee, no kissee 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";

You see, I wanted her real bad and I was about to give in
That's 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";
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";