

# The Smiths, Handsome Devil

All the streets are crammed with things  
Eager to be held  
I know what hands are for  
And I'd like to help myself  
You ask me the time  
But I sense something more  
And I would like to give you  
What I think you're asking for  
You, handsome devil  
Oh you, handsome devil

Let me get my hands  
On your mammary glands  
And let me get your head  
On the conjugal bed  
I say, I say, I say  
I crack the whip  
And you skip  
But you deserve it  
You deserve it

A boy in the bush is worth two in the hand  
I think I can help you get through your exams

Oh you, handsome devil  
Oh let me get my hands  
On your mammary glands  
And let me get your head  
On the conjugal bed  
I say, I say, I say  
I crack the whip  
And you skip  
But you deserve it  
You deserve it

And when you're in your scholarly room  
Who will swallow whom

You, handsome devil  
Let me get my hands  
On your mammary glands  
And let me get your head  
On the conjugal bed  
I say, I say, I say

There's more to life than books, you know  
But not much more  
There's more to life than books, you know  
But not much more  
Not much more

Oh you, handsome devil