

Van Morrison, Take Your Hands Out Of My Pocket

(Sonny Boy Williamson)

Take your hands outta my pocket, baby
I ain't got nothin' left to loan to you
Take your hands outta my pocket
I ain't got nothin' left to loan to you
If you don't take your hand out
I'm gonna call the police on you

I got hip to your record
The first thirty-five seconds I got in town
I got hip, hip to your record
The first thirty-five seconds that I got in town
If you don't take your fingers off my wallet
I believe the Man is gonna take you down
Whoa, yeah
Play the blues, n' blow

[Instrumental & sax solo]

(Jack Schroer on the saxophone)

I don't mean anybody no harm
I just want what belong to me
I don't mean no one no harm, no-no
I just want, just want what belong to me

So, ya take your hand outta my pocket, hu!
I'll ask the judge to set you free.
Oh yeah