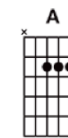
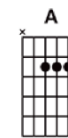
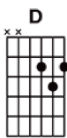


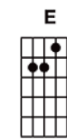
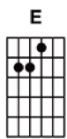
Keep Your Hands to Yourself (Georgia Satellites) --> Get more Bartt's Charts at Bartt.net



I got a little change in my pocket going jinga-linga-ling, wanna call you on the telephone, baby, give you a ring.
Cruel baby, baby, baby, why you want to treat me this way? You know I'm still your lover boy. I still feel the same way.
Y'see, I wanted her real bad, and I was about to give in. That's when she started talkin' true love, started talkin' 'bout sin.



But each time we talk, I get the same old thing. Always "No huggy, no kissy, until I get a wedding ring."
That's when she told me a story 'bout free milk and a cow, and she said "No huggy, no kissy, until I get a wedding vow."
I said, "Honey, I'll live with you for the rest of my life. She said "No huggy, no kissy, until you make me your 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!
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!
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!

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