

All alone in your pajamas  
Writing letters to your Grandma  
She doesn't understand what's wrong with kids today  
Things were better back in 1938

You go to school, do the homework  
Extra credit, but you still feel like a jerk  
Second captain of the debating club  
You've got the GPA but where is the dirty love

Its, not right your by yourself on a Friday night  
Lost and alone you've got to bark if you want the bone  
Put your hands on my cashmere sweater  
My cashmere sweater

Put your hands on my cashmere sweater  
Don't it make you feel better?  
You drive your friend to the rock show  
You've got suspicions that she's kind of a hoe,

She disappears with the drummer  
Your sitting on the curb,  
What a bummer! it's not fair,  
You're dying and no one seems to care,

Take, take a stand,  
Put down the pencil case and take my hand  
Put your hands on my cashmere sweater  
My cashmere sweater

Put your hands on my cashmeere sweather  
Don't it make you feel better?  
Come to me, I'm warm and fuzzy