Hands Across the Table

Dean Martin

Hands across the table while the lights are low Though you hush your lips, your finger tips Tell me what I want to know Hands across the table meet so tenderly And they say in their little way That you belong to me Hands across the table while the lights are low Though you hush your lips, your finger tips Tell me all I want to know Hands across the table meet so tenderly And they say in their little way That you belong to me