

Shake My Hand

Coyne, Kevin

I've seen you, baby, with another boy
Yes another, only nine years old
Don't you think the difference shows?

I'm only twenty-eight, baby
And I have a little style, alright
I've experienced just a few little things
I could make it in a while

If you let me hold your hand
Shake your hand, hold your hand

Alright, I'm a loser, baby
I don't wear short pants and socks
Don't have a lot of curly hair
Tumbling down in golden locks

Maybe you'll have a way with him
How should I really know?
But if you have a way with me
Then baby, please let it show

Come on
Shake my hand, shake my hand
Shake my hand, hold my hand

I've seen your blood boiling, baby
When I accused you of stealing children
But you're, you're, you don't like the lies
You don't like it, baby, and I put you in the wilderness

Thrown you among the thistles, baby
Down among the brown weeds
To see you running with those youngsters
Makes a smart man bleed

Oh, let me hold your hand
Hold your hand, hold your hand
Hold your hand

Just one little note to you, baby
Written on an exercise book before I go
Little blue one, you never seen before
Lines from the top and lines to the bottom

Written in bright red ink
It says, 'The teacher stinks'
Forty-five and with a boy of nine
She wants to get with somebody who can really do time

And shake her hand
Shake her hand, shake her hand
Shake her hand, hold her hand

Shake her hand, baby, and I'll shake yours
Shake her hand, baby, and I'll shake yours
Shake her hand, baby, and I'll shake yours

Shake her hand