

A Hold Of You

Lambchop

This pencil's got a nice feel to it,
It never runs out of lead,
And it looks like others in our hands,
It writes crazy things instead.
Can make a list, or describe a thought,
Can draw a line, a note.
But it can't make you respond to this
Testimony that I wrote.

Cause it cannot get a hold of you,
It cannot get a hold of you,
It cannot get a hold of you,
It cannot get a hold of you.

The bedroom was a telephone,
It was screwed on to the wall.
There were other phones in other rooms,
But on this you would call.
The receiver had a curly call
That would stretch on out the door.
Now I keep one in my pants pocket,
Who could ask for anything more?

Cause it cannot get a hold of you,
It cannot get a hold of you,
It cannot get a hold of you,
It cannot get a hold of you.

And the great communicator,
Can park across the yard.
I'm such a bad enunciator
Understanding is hard.

Cause it cannot get a hold of you,
It cannot get a hold of you.

Now the pencil's dull and the keyboards broke,
And the batteries are dead,
But somehow you still figure out
What's exactly in my head.

But something's got a hold of you
Something's got a hold of you
Like something's got a hold of you
Like something's got a hold of you
Like something's got a hold of you
Like something's got a hold of you
Like something's got a hold of you
Like something's