

# Take Your Hands Off It

Ry Cooder

Get your dirty hands off my Constitution now  
It was written down you can't tear it down  
Hear me talking to you buddy I swear it's true  
Take your hands off it you know it don't belong to you

Get your greasy hands off my Bill of Rights  
It was written right you can't make it wrong  
You can't stop me singing this true lonesome song  
Take your hands off it you know it don't belong to you

Get your greasy stinking hands off my voting rights  
I'll vote how I please I'll vote how I choose  
You can spend your money but in the end you're bound to lose  
Can't Jim Crow down my vote 'cause you know it don't belong to you

Get your greedy hands off the unions now  
With your sweatshop kids in foreign distant lands  
They might be locked down but the world is watching too  
That's our sisters and brothers you know they don't belong to you

What's your sanctimonious hands doin' in my reproductive rights  
Get them out of there that's none of your affair  
You don't speak for God you know he don't belong to you  
You ain't talking to him you know he don't belong to you

Get your bloody hands off the peoples of the world  
And your war machine and your corporation thieves  
That lets you keep your job and pays your dirty salary  
Take your hands off us you know we don't belong to you