

Putty In Your Hands

The Shirelles

You say hop and I'll hop
You say stop and I'll stop
You say come and I come
Oh, anything you say I'm like a hunk of clay

I'm just like putty, putty in your hands
Ah ah, well, ah ah

With one wave of your hand
I'm your slave to command
But I'm glad it's okay
Oh, anything you say I'm like a hunk of clay

I'm just like putty, putty in your hands
Ah ah, well, ah ah

You can stretch me until I'm ten feet tall
Or cut me down to the size of a rubber ball
You can use me, abuse me but never remove me
Without your love I ain't nothing at all, oh well ah

They say I'm a fool
'Cause you treat me so cruel
But I'll go on this way
Oh, anything you say I'm like a hunk of clay

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