

Take Your Hand Out of My Pocket

Van Morrison

Take your hand outta my pocket, baby
I ain't got nothin' left to loan to you
Take your hand outta my pocket
I ain't got nothin' left to loan to you
If you don't take your hand out
I'm gonna call the police on you

I got hip to your record
The first thirty-five seconds I got in town, now
I got hip, hip to your record
The first thirty-five seconds that I got in town
If you don't take your fingers off my wallet
I believe the man, is gonna take you down, now

Whoa, yeah

Play the blues, n' blow

Jack Schroer on the saxophone

I don't mean anybody no harm
I just want what belong to me
I don't mean no one, no harm, no-no
I just want, just want what belong to me

So, if ya take your hand outta my pocket, hu!
I'll ask the judge to set you free.

Oh yeah

Yeah, thank you very much