

All alone in your pajamas
Writing letters to your Grandma
She doesn't understand what's wrong with kids today
Things were better back in 1938

You go to school, do the homework
Extra credit, but you still feel like a jerk
Second captain of the debating club
You've got the GPA but where is the dirty love

Its, not right your by yourself on a Friday night
Lost and alone you've got to bark if you want the bone
Put your hands on my cashmere sweater
My cashmere sweater

Put your hands on my cashmere sweater
Don't it make you feel better?
You drive your friend to the rock show
You've got suspicions that she's kind of a hoe,

She disappears with the drummer
Your sitting on the curb,
What a bummer! it's not fair,
You're dying and no one seems to care,

Take, take a stand,
Put down the pencil case and take my hand
Put your hands on my cashmere sweater
My cashmere sweater

Put your hands on my cashmeere sweather
Don't it make you feel better?
Come to me, I'm warm and fuzzy