

# Shake My Hand

Coyne, Kevin

I've seen you, baby, with another boy  
Yes another, only nine years old  
Don't you think the difference shows?

I'm only twenty-eight, baby  
And I have a little style, alright  
I've experienced just a few little things  
I could make it in a while

If you let me hold your hand  
Shake your hand, hold your hand

Alright, I'm a loser, baby  
I don't wear short pants and socks  
Don't have a lot of curly hair  
Tumbling down in golden locks

Maybe you'll have a way with him  
How should I really know?  
But if you have a way with me  
Then baby, please let it show

Come on  
Shake my hand, shake my hand  
Shake my hand, hold my hand

I've seen your blood boiling, baby  
When I accused you of stealing children  
But you're, you're, you don't like the lies  
You don't like it, baby, and I put you in the wilderness

Thrown you among the thistles, baby  
Down among the brown weeds  
To see you running with those youngsters  
Makes a smart man bleed

Oh, let me hold your hand  
Hold your hand, hold your hand  
Hold your hand

Just one little note to you, baby  
Written on an exercise book before I go  
Little blue one, you never seen before  
Lines from the top and lines to the bottom

Written in bright red ink  
It says, 'The teacher stinks'  
Forty-five and with a boy of nine  
She wants to get with somebody who can really do time

And shake her hand  
Shake her hand, shake her hand  
Shake her hand, hold her hand

Shake her hand, baby, and I'll shake yours  
Shake her hand, baby, and I'll shake yours  
Shake her hand, baby, and I'll shake yours

Shake her hand