

## A Hold Of You

Lambchop

This pencil's got a nice feel to it,  
It never runs out of lead,  
And it looks like others in our hands,  
It writes crazy things instead.  
Can make a list, or describe a thought,  
Can draw a line, a note.  
But it can't make you respond to this  
Testimony that I wrote.

Cause it cannot get a hold of you,  
It cannot get a hold of you,  
It cannot get a hold of you,  
It cannot get a hold of you.

The bedroom was a telephone,  
It was screwed on to the wall.  
There were other phones in other rooms,  
But on this you would call.  
The receiver had a curly call  
That would stretch on out the door.  
Now I keep one in my pants pocket,  
Who could ask for anything more?

Cause it cannot get a hold of you,  
It cannot get a hold of you,  
It cannot get a hold of you,  
It cannot get a hold of you.

And the great communicator,  
Can park across the yard.  
I'm such a bad enunciator  
Understanding is hard.

Cause it cannot get a hold of you,  
It cannot get a hold of you.

Now the pencil's dull and the keyboards broke,  
And the batteries are dead,  
But somehow you still figure out  
What's exactly in my head.

But something's got a hold of you  
Something's got a hold of you  
Like something's got a hold of you  
Like something's got a hold of you  
Like something's got a hold of you  
Like something's got a hold of you  
Like something's got a hold of you  
Like something's