

# Hands To Myself

Olivia Holt

Can't keep my hands to myself  
No matter how hard I'm trying to  
I want you all to myself  
You're metaphorical gin and juice

So come on give me a taste  
Of what it's like to be next to you  
Won't let one drop go to waste  
You're metaphorical gin and juice

Cause all of the downs and the uppers  
Keep making love to each other  
And I'm trying, trying, I'm trying, trying  
All of the downs and the uppers  
Keep making love to each other  
And I'm trying, trying, I'm trying, trying

Can't keep my hands to myself  
My hands to myself  
Can't keep my hands to myself  
My hands to myself

The doctors say you're no good  
But people say what they wanna say  
And you should know if I could  
I'd breathe you in every single day

Cause all of the downs and the uppers  
Keep making love to each other  
And I'm trying, trying, I'm trying, trying  
All of the downs and the uppers  
Keep making love to each other  
And I'm trying, trying, I'm trying, trying

Can't keep my hands to myself  
My hands to myself  
Can't keep my hands to myself  
My hands to myself

Can't keep my hands to myself  
I want it all, no, nothing else  
Can't keep my hands to myself  
Give me your all and nothing else  
Oh, I want it all  
I want it all, I want it all  
Can't keep my hands to myself  
I mean I could, but why would I want to?

My hands to myself  
Can't keep my hands to myself  
My hands to myself, oh  
Can't keep my hands to myself