

The Hormonauts

"Hitched"

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Since you walked out on me I get calls from pretty
women every day,
Since you walked out on me I get calls from pretty
women every day,
But this ring on my fingers, hell, I guess it means that I
can't play.

This chick's been calling me,
Says she'd be happy as can be,
If I just would,
Seems you're a thousand miles away,
And I don't see why I can't say,
That I could,
If I refuse her gracefully,
She's still gonna think of me,
I'm awful rude...

[chorus]

You got me...
Hitched!
Hitched!
And you're prematurely seven-year-itched,
Hitched!
Hitched!
Wammy'd, voodoo'd, mojo'd and bewitched!

When I was young and single them pretty ladies never
looked at me,
No, when I was young and single them ladies never
took a chance with me,
And now they're all around me, when I'm married
getting' fat and thirty-three!

You walked out of our house,
You said you don't know,
If you're ever comin' back,
Said I should get on with my life,
Get my head down,
And stick to my tracks,
But these chicks are all around me,
And it's lookin' like,

My will is gonna crack!

[chorus]

It's getting' hard to take,
'Cause she's standin' close,
And breathin' in my ear,
I pretend I haven't noticed,
Light a cigarette,
And sip here on my beer,
It's just the fact that I don't smoke,
Makes her point out,
That I'm actin' kinda queer!

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