

Van Morrison

"Take Your Hands Out Of My Pocket"

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(Sonny Boy Williamson)

Take your hands outta my pocket, baby

I ain't got nothin' let to loan to you

Take your hands outta my pocket

I ain't got nothin' left to loan to you

If you don't take your hand out

I'm gonna call the police on you

I got hip to your record

The first thirty-five seconds I got in town

I got hip, hip to your record

The first thirty-five seconds that I got in town

If you don't take your fingers off my wallet

I believe the Man is gonna take you down

Whoa, yeah

Play the blues, n' blow

(Instrumental & sax solo)

'Jack Schroer on the saxaphone'

(applause)

I don't mean anybody no harm

I just want what belong to me

I don't mean no one no harm, no-no

I just want, just want what belong to me

So, ya take your hand outta my pocket, hu!

I'll ask the judge to set you free.

Oh yeah

Thank you very much

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