

## The Paper Chase

# "Wait Until I Get My Hands On You"

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Go ahead and eat your death  
Lick your lips and see what fruit bears  
It's your mouth, it's your throat, it's your belly  
What's it to me, you seem happy  
To blindly toss those apple seeds  
Of vile discourse and the flit and the spit and the bile,  
all the while  
It serves you right, it serves you right  
To take your clothes off by the hearthside, then join me  
bedside  
Where the houses are eating their owners  
Yeah, it serves you right, it serves you right  
'Cause god forbid you ever let me inside, or there  
within  
Heaven forbid you'd show your underbelly  
So go ahead, hold your breath  
Be my guest, and see if I care  
'Cause it's your life, it's your body in the morning  
What's it to you, my sweet bijou  
'Cause if you knew what was good for you,  
You'd stand there lowborn to drop every rampart and  
drawbridge  
So save your breath for cooling your tea and your  
porridge  
So help yourself, it's okay  
'Cause if this gets you through the night  
Well then hey, hey it's your night, and it's your right, it  
ain't my business  
Red vein your nose with cheap cologne  
And let's slither out of these filthy clothes  
And dust you off, send you off, get you breathing  
And I don't wear my safety belt  
And I don't watch my ass when I'm by myself  
And I sleep like a baby with candles burning  
And I skip down dark alley lots  
And I don't look both ways before I cross the street  
Or my heart or my fingers and my fingers say  
It serves you right, it serves you right  
'Cause if it makes you feel a tiny bit warmer reside by  
the torch light  
With the outright crass indistinction  
And it serves you right, it serves you right

'Cause god forbid you ever let me inside or there within  
Heaven forbid you give a good god good evening  
So go ahead, hold your breath  
Be my guest, see if I care  
'Cause it's your life, it's your face in the place of the  
mirror  
And here's to you, merci beaucoup  
But wait till I get my hands on you  
That's all what you will get - a bear hug from your  
armless brother  
So save your teeth for the toothy grins to your mother  
Yeah, go ahead, please yourself  
Wring your hands, throttle best-laid plans  
They're alive, they're a bishop, a loose leaf, a bottle  
I come to hear my neighbors' thoughts  
So I will saunter down this hallway dark  
I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive, god willing, I'm alive

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