

Beatles, The

"Lend Me Your Comb"

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Lend me your comb
It's time to go home
I got to go past
My hair is a mess

Your mammie will scold
Your pappie will shout
Unless we come in
The way we went out

Kissing you was fun honey
But thanks for the date
But I must come to run honey
But you know baby it's getting late

Just wait till I say
"My darling
Lend me your comb
We got to go home"

Whoa! Ow!

Kissing you was fun honey
But thanks for the date
But I must come to run, honey
But sugar, it's getting late

Just wait till I say
"My darling
Lend me your comb
We got to go home"

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