

Bill Morrissey**"You Rubbed It In All Wrong"**

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Honey, I think you lied to me underneath those summer skies.

Rubbing it in with a slight touch of sin to reason my wildest desires.

Now, you can do anything that we did last summer with a different beat and a brand new drummer.

I must have been asleep at the wheel while you were changing your song.

You rubbed it in all wrong.

You rubbed it in all wrong.

Honey I ain't your man you got sand in your hand.

Time for me to move along.

You rubbed it in all wrong.

I don't know who you think you are.

But, I sure know who you ain't.

I've got a notion you've been using bad lotion.

That's starting to peel of my paint.

You've been a making you rounds all over this town.

I hear your getting ready for a new look back.

Time for me to say good-bye.

I hung around too long.

You rubbed it in all wrong

You rubbed it in all wrong.

Honey I ain't your man you got sand in your hand.

Time for me to move along.

You rubbed it in all wrong.

(TALK)

Put a little right there.

ahh Honey you got sand in your hand.

Swich hands for me.

That's much better.

You got it baby keep on rubin'

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