

Simple Plan, Can't Keep My Hands Off You

Oh oh oh let's go
My Fender strat sits all alone
Collecting dust in the corner
I haven't called any of my friends
I've been MIA since last December
My blackberry's filled up with E-mail
My phone calls goes straight through to voicemail

Cuz on the street, or under the covers
We are stuck like two pieces of velcro
At the park, in the back of my car
It don't matter what I do,
No, I can't keep my hands off you
(can't keep my, can't keep my)
Can't keep my hands off you
(can't keep my, can't keep my)

There's fungus growing in the icebox
All I got left are Fruit Roll-Ups
My clothes are six months old
But I don't care, no no no I don't notice
My bills pile is so high, it is shocking
The repo man just keeps on knocking

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Can't keep my hands off you

Sorry to all my friends and to anyone to anyone I offend
But i can't help, no i can't help it
Can't keep my, can't keep my (can't hands my hands off you)
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