

Eating Out of Your Hand

Written by Bill Harrell & Hope Harlow

chorus: **Eating out of your hand you think you've got me on a string,
You've fooled me more than once but let me tell you just one thing,
Someday I'll leave you woman, then you'll understand,
A man can only take so much of eating out of your hand.**

- 1. I'm tired of eating out of your hand, I'm tired of getting told,
These blues are leaving me as of now, I'll be the one so bold,
You better walk the chalk line, let this poor man be,
Or else you'll find yourself alone footloose and fancy free.**

chorus:

- 2. When I come home you're waiting to question what I've done,
You have my free time planned for me I work from sun to sun,
If only you would realize that old stuff gets old,
A man likes just a little time that he can call his own.**

chorus:

- 3. You're oh so domineering, your wish is my command,
Your jealous heart won't let me be you boss me and demand,
New clothes, a diamond ring so fine, a Cadillac is grand,
On payday I'm your victim and I'm eating out of your hand.**

chorus: