

From The Hip

Lloyd Cole

This one's from the hip
Oh mother you have sorely misjudged me
It should have been whipped
Out of me
Without a father figured I
Yeah I concluded then that I'm
Not for spitting on
This one's from the hip
My love I should have warned you about me
It never got whipped
Out of me
Me and my modesty and
Mother your wretched son won't
Take his medicine
Not I
I don't care anymore
I'm sick and I'm tired
And I don't care anymore
This one's from the hip
Why should I know why?
It's a wicked world
I've had it up to here
Sweet Jesus I should have warned you about me
It's sure to end in tears
And misery
Without a father figured I
Yeh I concluded then that I'm
Not for spitting on
Not I...
Why should I know why should I care?
Who's telling me what I should wear?
Mother your wretched son is hooked on his medicine
I don't care anymore
I'm sick and I'm tired
And I don't care anymore
This one's from the hip
Why should I know why
It's a wicked world