

Harry Hippie

Bobby Womack

Everybody claims that they want the best things
Outta life, (ha) but not everyone, not everyone
Want to got through the toils and strifes.

Like this particular fella, walks around
All day long singing this song

Harry Hippie, lies asleep in the shade,
Life don't bug him cause he
Thinks he's got it made.
He never worry about nothing in particular
Oh he might even sell free press on Sunset.

I'd like to help a man when he's down
But I can't help him much
When he's sleeping on the ground.

He's like a bottle in water
Harry just floats through life
Walks around all day long singing this song
Whoa, whoa, whoa, oh yeah

Mary Hippie, she's Harry's lady
Panhandles money just to feed Harry's baby.
She can lie down a story so incredible
Man, you want to help her take the food
Home and put it on the table.

I'd like to help a man when he's down,
But I can't help ya Harry
If you want to sleep on the ground.
Sorry Harry, you're too much weight
To carry around.

But he still walks around all day singin' this song

Street child, street child, tell me where
Will you be goin'
When old man winter gets his horn
And starts blowin'
Will you hang around LA
Or hitch a ride on a freeway
Meet an old familiar face in a new place.

I'd like to help a man when he's down
But how can I help him
If he's somewhere outta town
Sorry Harry, think I'm gonna put you down.

Everybody help me sing this song, oh yeah,