

Hanging With The Wrong Crowd

Ed Harcourt

Doowop yeah
Doowop yeah

Hey, Baby Jane, you have been climbing down the drain
And you run in the rain to the playground climbing frame
And the air seems so good and moist and cool
When you meet him by the swimming pool

What's a girl to do?
When you're locked up in Mother Goose's shoe

And you're hanging, and you're hanging
And you're hanging with the wrong crowd
You're hanging, and you're hanging
And you're hanging with the wrong crowd

Dad owns a bank and is known by the name of Hank
And your Mum hates your pranks and she gives the Almighty thanks
For your food, which is rank and puts him in a dangerous mood
And it's true they hate your friends, like you

What's a girl to do
When you're yearning for something else new

And you're hanging, and you're hanging
And you're hanging with the wrong crowd
You're hanging, and you're hanging
And you're hanging with the wrong crowd

You're hanging, and you're hanging
And you're hanging with the wrong crowd
Ooh, the wrong crowd, wrong crowd
Yeah, the wrong crowd, wrong crowd...