

Tragically Unhip

Poison

I'm uneducated
My clothes outdated
I'm not politically correct

I still hate small talk
And fast cars and hard rock
Still adds up about 16, 18

I should be expressing
All my inner repression
I guess depression's now a cultural thing

My record company says
Blow my brains out my head
I make the cover of every magazine

Step inside my nightmare baby
Welcome to my trip
I cannot pretend and I will not defend
Why this good old boy's so tragically unhip

I still like bad girls
Who rock me hard in my world
Its monkey see and monkey do
When I'm around you

I got an old waterbed
I like trippin' to the dead
I've keep a poster of Kiss on my wall

I still curse, smoke, drink and toke
and making love in the back of my car

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I like that home grown
Mind blowing
You bringing
R rolling

They see strange talking
Mind stopping
Ass swinging
Street walking
Floozies

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