

# Straight From The Hip Kid

Sammy Hagar

Straight from the hip kid, ya  
You've taken up in luck with  
Love starved imitations  
Hangin' out with crazies!  
Feedin' you a sweet talk  
Sweet talk for a soft touch  
You poor little rich kid

Yeah, straight from the hip kid  
Ya can't afford to lip it  
Broken out of pocket, ya  
Got to get the deuce up, and  
Sure it's home with mama  
Ya know her love's a turn, yeah  
Ain't life a bitch, kid?

So high a T society  
So high brow, but so low down  
So low down, so  
Straight from the hip kid  
Straight from the hip kid

Yeah, straight from the hip, kid  
You're lyin' around in gutters  
Hangin in the riff-raff  
They'll suck you six feet under  
Bitin' at your death-wish  
You're makin' with the devil  
Oh triple-six, kid

So high a T society  
So high brow, so low down  
So low down, so  
Straight from the hip kid  
They get ya straight from the hip kid, huh

Straight from the hip kid  
Split before you're busted  
Watch it, don't get flustered  
Goin' through the trouble  
You're shootin' on a life raft  
Right between some white trash  
You poor little rich kid

So high a T society  
So high brow, but so low down  
So low down, so  
Straight from the hip kid  
Take it from the hip kid  
Better not slip kid  
Oh, ain't life a bitch, kid

1-2-3  
So high a T, so high a T  
So high brow, but so low down  
So low down, so high brow  
So high brow, but so low down

Poor little rich kid  
Oh, just a rich kid