God knows I'm hip But I ain't yours or his Everybody's arse is up for kicks Every critic thinks he's cool Man and word a criss-cross jewel But me I got my own little rules One for you, one for me I know it don't come easily All I know is that we'll agree Take your partners, what for? Ain't you just kicked in the door How come I don't believe you any more Here boy, have a snake That's where you're sleeping and I'll wake But don't strut me and my way God knows I'm hip But I ain't yours or his Everybody's arse is up for kicks