Hanging With The Wrong Crowd

Ed Harcourt

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 poolWhat's a girl to do?
When you're locked up in Mother Goose's shoeAnd 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 crowdDad owns a bank and is known by the name of Hank
And your Mom 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 youWhat's a girl to do?
When you're yearning for something else newAnd 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, you're hanging
You're hanging with the wrong crowdOoh wrong crown, yeah the wrong crowd, ooh

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/