

# 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

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