

# From the Hip

Lloyd Cole

This one's from the hip  
Oh mother you have sorely misjudged me  
It should have been whipped  
Out of me  
Without a father figured i  
Yeh I concluded then that i'm  
Not for spitting on  
This one's from the hip  
My love I should have warned you about me  
It never got whipped  
Out of me  
Me and my modesty and  
Mother your wretched son won't  
Take his medicine  
Not i  
I don't care anymore  
I'm sick and I'm tired  
And I don't care anymore  
This one's from the hip  
Why should I know why?  
It's a wicked world  
I've had it up to here  
Sweet Jesus I should have warned you about me  
It's sure to end in tears  
And misery  
Without a father figured i  
Yeh I concluded then that i'm  
Not for spitting on  
Not i...  
Why should I know why should I care?  
Who's telling me what I should wear?  
Mother your wretched son is hooked on his medicine  
I don't care anymore  
I'm sick and I'm tired  
And I don't care anymore  
This one's from the hip  
Why should I know why  
It's a wicked world

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