

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
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 Yeah, straight from the hip kid, ya
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
One, two, three
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

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