

I'm Hip

Bette Midler

Oh man, do you believe that chick?
She has got no idea what's happening, no idea
I am the one who's plugged in around here
That's why they call me the high priestess of cool
See, I'm hip I'm no square
I'm alert, I'm awake, I'm aware
I am always on the scene
Makin' the rounds, diggin' the sounds
I read People Magazine, 'cause I'm hip
Like dig, I'm in step
When it was hip to be hep, I was hep
I don't blow but I'm a fan
Look at me swing ring a ding ding
I even call my girlfriend "Man," 'cause I'm hip
Every Saturday night
With my suit buttoned tight and my suedes on
I'm gettin' my kicks
Diggin' arty French flicks with my shades on
I'm too much I'm a gas
I am anything but middle class
When I hang around the band
Poppin' my thumbs, diggin' the drums

Sqaures don't seem to understand
Why I flip they're not hip like I'm hip
I'm hip
I'm on top of every trend
Look at me go vo dee o do
Sammy Davis knew my friend
I'm hip, but not weird
Like you notice, I don't wear a beard
Beards were in but now they're out
They had their day now they're passe
Just ask me if you're in doubt, 'cause I'm hip
Now I'm deep into Zen
Meditation and macrobiotics
And as soon as I can
I intend to get into narcotics
'Cause I'm cool as a cuke

I'm a cat, I'm a card, I'm a kook, kook, kook
I get so much outta life
Really, I do skoo ba dee boo
One more time play "Mack the knife"
Let 'er rip, I may flip, but I'm hip

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