

From the Hip

Lloyd Cole & The Comotions

This one's from the hip
Oh mother you have sorely misjudged me
It should have been whipped
Out of me
Without a father I figured I
Yes, 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 I figured I
Yes 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?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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