

Blues Traveler, Hippie

Sweet talking hippie
Cross your killing floor, baby
Gonna come a little closer
Cause you know I want more, baby

Don't run off
Don't you be afraid of me
You know you are what you made you baby
I am what I try to be

You know I need your love
And I could use your money
And if you ain't got a dime
We'll sell tickets, honey

You know we need each other, baby
Like a diamond and a ring
Now settle back now, woman
And watch me do my thing

Just a little bit closer, it's all right
Just a little bit closer, it's all right
Just a little bit closer, just a little bit
Just a little bit, little bit, little bit, little bit,
Little bit, little bit, little bit, little bit,
Little bit, little bit, just the littlest bit,
The littlest bit, littlest bit

Sweet talking hippie
Cross your killing floor, baby
Gonna come a little closer
Cause you know I want more, baby

That's all I am, I said that's all I am
I said that's all I am, that's all I am

Thank you.