

# Chad Mitchell Trio, The Hip Song

Oh yeah  
Well, for a long time now  
I've been aware  
That I'm so hip  
The rest of the world is square  
Now I'll tell all you people  
And just take my tip  
It doesn't pay to be too hip

Now yesterday I found myself  
Sort of in the red  
With no immediate way  
To meet my overhead  
Well I went up to my buddy  
And I asked him for some bread  
Here's what he said  
He said, sure, you want white bread, rye bread, pumpernickle,  
whole [?], cracked [?], bagles, [?]  
Well, I said later  
He said 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30?  
I said, no, like later baby  
Oh, you mean next week?  
Well, I said, let's forget it

Well I went on uptown to see a man  
Heard he had a little stuff on hand  
I said tell me baby, can you spare some pot?  
He said, you're welcome man to anything that I've got  
I've got steel pots, aluminum pots, cast [?], brass, [?]  
I said no, no, cool it  
You mean put it in the refrigerator?  
No, no, I mean like, you know, cool it  
You mean turn on the air conditioning?  
Well, that wasn't exactly what I had in mind either

Well I was getting real uptight  
And sort of brought down  
There was nobody hip in your whole damn town  
Then I met this chick  
And she was long and tall  
And I ask her, you know, if she'd care to have a ball  
She says [?] ball, or baseball, or volleyball, or handball,  
or pinball, or soccer?  
I said, you putting me on?  
She says train the bus, the plane, the subway?  
No, I just wanna make it  
Make what?  
Well, a scene, I wanna make a scene  
Shakespeare, Clifford Odets, Arthur Miller, Pirandello?  
Well, what you do but, I said, forget it

And then she said  
Well you know what I'd like to do?  
No, what?  
Well, I'd like to make love to you  
Well, go baby, go  
And I leaned back and I closed my eyes  
And she left