## Lloyd Cole, From The Hip

This one's from the hip oh mother you have sorely misjudged me it should have been whipped out of me without a father figured i yeh 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 figured i yeh 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