

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