

# Bette Midler, Daytime Hustler

Daytime Husler, you're out of line.  
Don't ya try to change my mind!  
Don't you try.  
You see, I ain't no fool.  
No, I can tell,  
oh, baby, you ain't my kind!  
My ki-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-hi-hi-hind!

I'm in love with a down-home man.  
Simple lovin' I can understand.  
I've been hustled by the best of them,  
and you ain't nothing but a crazy man.  
Hustler.

Oh, daytime hustler, you better look away.  
Because I won't play your game no more.  
No, no more, no.  
You spend all of your money  
on those other women  
who are blind enough to buy your shame.  
All your sha-a-a-a-ame, oh, oh, oh.

Fancy money doesn't buy my love!  
Flashy Cadillacs won't make me f-ck!  
I been hustled by the best of them,  
and you ain't nothing but a crazy man.

Hustler, hustler,  
hustler, hustler,  
ooh, hustler,  
hustler, baby, oh!

Whoa! Daytime Hustler!  
Ooh, what did you say?  
I say you're a jive, jive dude.  
Yes, I do. Yes, I do.  
you just don't, you just don't,  
ya just don't know  
that you are really,  
you're really not too cool.  
And I believe your mind is slow.  
Oh, oh, oh.

I'm in love with a down-home man.  
Simple lovin' I can understand.  
I've been hustled by the best of them,  
and you ain't nothing but a crazy, crazy man.  
Hustler, hustler, hustler, hustler,  
hustler, hustler, hustler baby.  
Oh, hustler. Oh, hustler. Oh, hustler.  
Hustler baby . . .