

Bette Midler, I'm Hip

"Oh man, do you believe that chick?
She has got no idea what's happening, no idea.
I am the one who's plugged in around here.
That's why they call me The High Priestess of Cool! Ha ha!

See, I'm hip. I'm no square.
I'm alert, I'm awake, I'm aware.
I am always on the scene.
Makin' the rounds, diggin' the sounds.
I read People Magazine.
'Cuz I'm hip.

Like, dig! I'm in step.
When it was hip to be hep, I was hep.
I don't blow but I'm a fan.
Look at me swing. Ring a ding ding.
I even call my girlfriend "man,"
'cuz I'm hip.

Every Saturday night
with my suit buttoned tight and my suedes on
I'm gettin' my kicks
diggin' arty French flicks with my shades on.

I'm too much. I'm a gas.
I am anything but middle class.
When I hang around the band,
poppin' my thumbs, diggin' the drums,
squares don't seem to understand
why I flip. They're not hip like I'm hip.

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I'm hip!
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I'm on top of every trend.
Look at me go. Vo-dee-o-do.
Sammy Davis knew my friend.

I'm hip, but not weird.
Like, you notice, I don't wear a beard.
Beards were in but now they're out.
They had they're day. Now they're passe.
Just ask me if you're in doubt,
'cuz I'm hip.

Now I'm deep into Zen
meditation and macrobiotics,
and as soon as I can
I intend to get into narcotics.

'Cuz I'm cool as a cuke.
I'm a cat, I'm a card, I'm a kook, kook, kook.
I get so much out of life.
Really, I do. Skoo ba dee boo.
One more time play "Mack the Knife."
Let 'er rip. I may flip, but I'm hip.
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