

Blues Traveler, Sweet Talking Hippy

Sweet talking hippie
Cross your killing floor
Gonna come a little closer
Cause you know I want more

Don't run off
Don't you be afraid of me
You know you are what you made you baby
I am what I try to be

You know I need your love
And I could use your money
And if you ain't got a dime, baby
We'll sell tickets, honey

You know we need each other, baby
Like a diamond and a ring
Now settle back, woman
And watch me do my thing

Just a little bit closer, it's all right
A little bit closer, closer now, closer now, closer now
Closer now, closer now, it's all right, it's all right
"Come into my parlor"
Said the spider to the fly
Why would you wanna stick that thing in my heart?
Huh, oh well, good-bye.

Sweet talking hippie
Cross your killing floor
Gonna come a little closer
Cause you know I want more

That's all I am, that's all I am
You know that's all I am, that's all I am

(I'm alone)
(I'm alone)

Thank you