

Bob Seger, Jumpin' Humpin' Hip Hypocrite

Hey, got my hands in my back pocket
I'm a jumpin'
Unscrewing the light from the socket
And I'd rather stand than sit
Puttin' all the people in the dark
Tellin' everyone good night bye bye
I put the sound

Carryin' the truth in my back pocket
My hands are holdin' me down
I've been waiting for people to ask me
What have you found

I'm a jumpin' humpin' hip hypocrit
I was dead before a gypsy
She held my head and
Fought with my boots till my eyes turned red
I'm a jumpin' humpin' hip hypocrit
Oh I'd rather stand than sit
I've been down to the gutter
Hopin' I've lived on honey and butter
But with me a life's a game
I call insane
I'm not the one to blame
I'm called insane

I was hung when I was young
I was named insane
I'm a jumpin' humpin' hip hypocrit
I broke all the laws before my age
I'm a jumpin' humpin' hip hypocrit
Yeah I'd rather stand than sit
I'm a jumpin' humpin' hip hypocrit
I turn around to see the clown
But with me a life's a game
I call insane
I'm not the one to blame
I'm called insane

I'm a jumpin' humpin' hip hypocrit
I'd rather stand than sit
I'm a jumpin' humpin' hip hypocrit
I'd rather stand than sit
I put the sound