## Bobby Womack, Harry Hippie

Everybody claims that they want the best things outta life, (ha) but not everyone, not everyone wanna got through the toils and strifes.

Like this particular fella, walks around all day long singin' this song sha na lah dah dah lah dah dah dah

Harry Hippie, lies asleep in the shade, life don't bug him cause he thinks he's got it made. He never worry about nothin' in particular Oooh he might even sell free press on Sunset.

I'd like to help a man when he's down but I can't help him much when he's sleepin' on the ground.

He's like a bottle in water Harry just floats through life Walks around all day long singin' this song Whoa, whoa, whoa, ohhh yeah

Mary Hippie, she's Harry's lady Panhandles money just to feed Harry's baby. She can lie down a story so incredible Man, you wanna help her take the food home and put it on the table.

I'd like to help a man when he's down, but I can't help ya Harry if you wanna sleep on the ground. Sorry Harry, you're too much weight to carry around.

But he still walks around all day singin' this song Sha dah dah dah sha nah nah nah nah nah sha lah lah lah lah dah dah

Street child, street child, tell me where will you be goin' when old man winter gets his horn and starts blowin' Will you hang around LA or hitch a ride on a freeway Meet an old familiar face in a new place.

I'd like to help a man when he's down But how can I help him if he's somewhere outta town Sorry Harry, think I'm gonna put you down. Sha dah dah dah dah dah dah sha lah lah lah dah dah dah Everybody help me sing this song, oh yeah, FADE