

Sammy Hagar, Straight From The Hip Kid

Straight from the hip kid, ya
You've taken up in luck with
Love starved imitations
Hangin' out with crazies!
Feedin' you a sweet talk
Sweet talk for a soft touch
You poor little rich kid

Yeah, straight from the hip kid
Ya can't afford to lip it
Broken out of pocket, ya
Got to get the deuce up, and
Sure it's home with mama
Ya know her love's a turn, yeah
Ain't life a bitch, kid?

So high a T society
So high brow, but so low down
So low down, so
Straight from the hip kid
Straight from the hip kid

Yeah, straight from the hip, kid
You're lyin' around in gutters
Hangin in the riff-raff
They'll suck you six feet under
Bitin' at your death-wish
You're makin' with the devil
Oh triple-six, kid

So high a T society
So high brow, so low down
So low down, so
Straight from the hip kid
They get ya straight from the hip kid, huh

Straight from the hip kid
Split before you're busted
Watch it, don't get flustered
Goin' through the trouble
You're shootin' on a life raft
Right between some white trash
You poor little rich kid

So high a T society
So high brow, but so low down
So low down, so
Straight from the hip kid
Take it from the hip kid
Better not slip kid
Oh, ain't life a bitch, kid

1-2-3
So high a T, so high a T
So high brow, but so low down
So low down, so high brow
So high brow, but so low down

Poor little rich kid
Oh, just a rich kid