

Soho, Hippychick

It's hard to tell you how I feel without hurting you
So try to think about yourself the way that I see you
Your life revolves around a force of oppression
And I won't deal with true blue devils of correction

Got no flowers for your gun, no hippychick
Won't make love to change your mind, no hippychick
No hippychick, no hip hip hip hip hip

Today we'll sit here drinking coffee in your incident room
Tonight you'll close the door
And lock me in that bare bulb gloom
Love it ain't something riding on a motorbike
And love, I stopped loving you since the miners' strike

Got no flowers for your gun, no hippychick
Won't make love to change your mind, no hippychick
No hippychick, no hip hip hip hip hip

It's hard, it's hard
It's hard, it's hard
No hippychick, no hip hip hip hip hip
No hippychick, no hip hip hip hip hip
No hippychick, no hip hip hip hip hip
No hippychick