

# 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