

Blues Traveler

"Sweet Talking Hippy"

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Sweet talkin' hippie
Cross your killin' floor, baby
Gonna come a little closer
'Cause you know I want more, baby

Don't run off
Don't you be afraid of me
You know, you are what you made you, baby
I am what I try to be

You know I need your love
I could use your money
And if you ain't got a dime, baby
We'll sell tickets, honey

You know we need each other, baby
Like a diamond and a ring
Now settle back woman
And watch me do my thing

Just a little bit closer, it's all right
A little bit closer, closer now, closer now
Closer now, closer now, closer now
It's all right, it's all right

"Come into my apartment"
Said the spider to the fly
Why would you wanna stick that thing in my heart?
Huh, oh well, good bye

Sweet talkin' hippie
Cross your killin' floor, baby
Gonna come a little closer now
'Cause you know I want more, baby

That's all I am
That's all I am
You know that's all I am
That's all I am

I'm alone, I'm alone
Thank you

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