

## **Lloyd Cole & The Commotions**

### **"From The Hip"**

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This one's from the hip, oh mother you have sorely  
misjudged me  
It should have been whipped out of me  
Without a father figured I  
Yeh I concluded then that I'm not for spitting on

This one's from the hip, my love I should have warned  
you about me  
It never got whipped out of me  
Me and my modesty and  
Mother your wretched son won't take his medicine

Not I, I don't care anymore  
I'm sick and I'm tired and I don't care anymore

This one's from the hip, why should I know why?  
It's a wicked world, I've had it up to here  
Sweet Jesus I should have warned you about me, it's  
sure to end in tears  
And misery, without a father figured I  
Yeh I concluded then that I'm not for spitting on

Not I... Why should I know why should I care?  
Who's telling me what I should wear?  
Mother your wretched son is hooked on his medicine

I don't care anymore, I'm sick and I'm tired  
And I don't care anymore

This one's from the hip, why should I know why?  
It's a wicked world

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