

Cursive

"From the Hips"

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I'm at my best when I'm at my worst
I'm at my worst when it's not rehearsed
I don't want to know the goddamn words
I don't want to have to spell it out
Don't want to mumble what I'm trying to say
I want to scream it from my foaming mouth
Shoot out the lights and ride away

I'm in my worst when I'm at my best
I'm at my best when I'm trying to look
and think and talk and sing and read and write
Like all the rest
We're all just trying to play our roles
In a play that runs ad nauseum
I hate this damn enlightenment
We were better off as animals
Right!

We're at our best when it's from our hips
From our hips we don't give a sh!t
It just feels good, and that's no sin
It's the only way to feel alive
The closest thing to being born again
And when baby comes, it's job well done
Roll in the hay
Or roll around the sun

We're at our worst when it's from our lips
From our lips we caused a rift
And this world is falling in
From Babel to barroom brawls
Our words have formed a death sentence
And I wish that we had never talked
Our hips said it all

And I wish that we had never talked
Our hips said it all

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