

Soho**"Hippy Chick"**

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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

Chorus:

Got no flowers for your gun, no hippy chick

Won't make love to change your mind, no hippy chick

No hippy chick, 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 miner's strike

Chorus

It's hard

It's hard

It's hard

It's hard

No hippy chick

No hip hip hip hip hip

No hippy chick

No hip hip hip hip hip

No hippy chick

No hip hip hip hip hip

No hippy chick

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