

## Langhorne Slim

### "Tipping Point"

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We are not what we own,  
And then that I will sink like stone,  
The flowers are tried for being grown,  
The end is near, so let's go home.

I found one red rose at a murder scene  
With a note that read 'You know what I mean.'  
I got so caught up I could hardly speak,  
I said 'Hi-de-oh.'

The tipping point.  
The tipping point.  
The tipping point.

Oh! The tipping point.  
The tipping point.  
The tipping point.

Trade your cloak in for a sword,  
Pick a side, cause this means war.  
The virgins are turning into whores,  
I heard a lion squeak and a kitten roar.

My best friend, he'll always kiss me.  
He lives in China Town in New York City.  
He likes his ladies, and he likes 'em pretty.  
I said "Hi-de-oh"

The tipping point.  
The tipping point.  
The tipping point.

Oh! The tipping point.  
The tipping point.  
The tipping point.

The tipping point, oh!  
The tipping point.  
The tipping point.

The tipping point.

The tipping point.  
The tipping point.

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