

Sammy Hagar "Straight From The Hip Kid"

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Straight from the hip, kid, ya
You've taken up in luck with
Love starved imitations
Hangin' out with crazies!
Feedin' you a sweet talk
Sweet talk for a soft touch
You poor little rich kid.
Yea, straight from the hip, kid
Ya can't afford to lip it.
Broken out of pocket, ya
Got to get the deuce up, and
Sure it's home with mama
Ya know her love's a turn, yeah!
Ain't life a bitch, kid?
So high a T society
So high brow, but so low down.
So low down, so
Straight from the hip, kid.
Straight from the hip, kid.
Yeah, straight from the hip, kid, you're
Lyn around in gutters
Hangin in the riff-raff
They'll suck you six feet under.
Bitin' at your death-wish you're
Makin with the devil!
Oh triple-six, kid!
So high a T society
So high brow, so low down.
So low down, so
Straight from the hip, kid.
They get ya...
Straight from the hip, kid.
Huh!
-solo-
Straight from the hip, kid
Split before you're busted
Watch it, don't get flustered
Goin' through the trouble
You're shootin' on a life raft
Right between some white trash.
You poor little rich kid.
So high a T society

So high brow, but so low down.
So low down, so
Straight from the hip, kid.
Take it from the hip, kid.
Better not slip kid!
Oh, ain't life a bitch, kid.
1-2-3
So high a T, so high a T
So high brow, but so low down.
So low down, so high brow.
So high brow, but so low down.
Poor little rich kid.
Oh, just a rich kid.

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