

T Bone Burnett

"Hula Hoop"

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Way up in the hierarchies
Mr. Big picks up his horn
Floats a note down through the lowlands
And another star is born

Then he turns a deep vermilion
And he deals a little scorn

We're all gonna be geniuses
We're all gonna be famous
We'll all get in the TV business
And move up to New York who can blame us

They tell me way up there they got a man pulls
Fifteen feet of chain out of his brain

Hula hoop
Hula hoop
Hula hoop

So if you're bound to hit the big time
Then you better do it right
Go and get yourself some buttons and a healthy
appetite
For some overpaid attention and a lot of neon light

Hula hoop
Hula hoop
Hula hoop

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