

# Bobby Womack, Harry Hippie

Everybody claims that they want the best things  
outta life, (ha) but not everyone, not everyone  
wanna got through the toils and strifes.

Like this particular fella, walks around  
all day long singin' this song  
sha na lah dah dah lah dah dah dah dah

Harry Hippie, lies asleep in the shade,  
life don't bug him cause he  
thinks he's got it made.  
He never worry about nothin' in particular  
Oooh he might even sell free press on Sunset.

I'd like to help a man when he's down  
but I can't help him much  
when he's sleepin' on the ground.

He's like a bottle in water  
Harry just floats through life  
Walks around all day long singin' this song  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, ohhh yeah

Mary Hippie, she's Harry's lady  
Panhandles money just to feed Harry's baby.  
She can lie down a story so incredible  
Man, you wanna help her take the food  
home and put it on the table.

I'd like to help a man when he's down,  
but I can't help ya Harry  
if you wanna sleep on the ground.  
Sorry Harry, you're too much weight  
to carry around.

But he still walks around all day singin' this song  
Sha dah dah dah sha nah nah nah nah nah  
nah sha lah lah lah lah dah dah dah

Street child, street child, tell me where  
will you be goin'  
when old man winter gets his horn  
and starts blowin'  
Will you hang around LA  
or hitch a ride on a freeway  
Meet an old familiar face in a new place.

I'd like to help a man when he's down  
But how can I help him  
if he's somewhere outta town  
Sorry Harry, think I'm gonna put you down.  
Sha dah dah dah sha dah dah dah dah  
sha lah lah lah lah dah dah dah  
Everybody help me sing this song, oh yeah,  
FADE