

Chad Mitchell Trio, The Hip Song

Oh yeah
Well, for a long time now
I've been aware
That I'm so hip
The rest of the world is square
Now I'll tell all you people
And just take my tip
It doesn't pay to be too hip

Now yesterday I found myself
Sort of in the red
With no immediate way
To meet my overhead
Well I went up to my buddy
And I asked him for some bread
Here's what he said
He said, sure, you want white bread, rye bread, pumpernickle,
whole [?], cracked [?], bagles, [?]
Well, I said later
He said 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30?
I said, no, like later baby
Oh, you mean next week?
Well, I said, let's forget it

Well I went on uptown to see a man
Heard he had a little stuff on hand
I said tell me baby, can you spare some pot?
He said, you're welcome man to anything that I've got
I've got steel pots, aluminum pots, cast [?], brass, [?]
I said no, no, cool it
You mean put it in the refrigerator?
No, no, I mean like, you know, cool it
You mean turn on the air conditioning?
Well, that wasn't exactly what I had in mind either

Well I was getting real uptight
And sort of brought down
There was nobody hip in your whole damn town
Then I met this chick
And she was long and tall
And I ask her, you know, if she'd care to have a ball
She says [?] ball, or baseball, or volleyball, or handball,
or pinball, or soccer?
I said, you putting me on?
She says train the bus, the plane, the subway?
No, I just wanna make it
Make what?
Well, a scene, I wanna make a scene
Shakespeare, Clifford Odets, Arthur Miller, Pirandello?
Well, what you do but, I said, forget it

And then she said
Well you know what I'd like to do?
No, what?
Well, I'd like to make love to you
Well, go baby, go
And I leaned back and I closed my eyes
And she left