

# Harry Hippie

**Bobby Womack**

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

Like this particular fella, walks around  
All day long singing this song

Harry Hippie, lies asleep in the shade,  
Life don't bug him cause he  
Thinks he's got it made.  
He never worry about nothing in particular  
Oh 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 sleeping on the ground.

He's like a bottle in water  
Harry just floats through life  
Walks around all day long singing this song  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, oh 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 want to 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 want to sleep on the ground.  
Sorry Harry, you're too much weight  
To carry around.

But he still walks around all day singin' this song

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.

Everybody help me sing this song, oh yeah,