

# Hang With The Girls

Hoodoo Gurus

Jimmy's mother is worried  
About her precious boy  
The other lads in the playground  
He chooses to avoid  
They're always fighting  
It ain't exciting  
Or so inviting to him  
They're rough and dirty  
And girls are purty  
He much prefers to be prim

He's always been a bit different  
From the day he was born  
He wasn't built like his brothers  
It made his parents forlorn  
Jim didn't fit in  
He started knitting  
And quietly sitting around  
Some girls were friendly  
Approached him gently  
And accidentally he found

He wants to hang with the girls  
He wants to hang with the girls  
He doesn't care what they say  
He's doing things his own way

Jennie's father is worried  
She don't like playing with dolls  
She'd rather ride on his tractor  
And help him dig a few holes  
She don't like gingham  
Or fancy linen  
She goes for denim instead  
She won't wear ruffles  
She gets in scuffles  
And rips those ruffles to shreds

'Cause she hangs with the boys  
She longs to hang with the boys  
She's out there making some noise  
One of the gang with the boys

Forget the gender  
Just love me tender  
This ain't no lavender love  
They got together  
Birds of a feather  
And thank the heavens above  
They're in love  
They're in love, they're in love  
They're in love, they're in love

He wants to hang with this girl  
She wants to hang with this boy  
It all went bang with this girl  
She'll form a gang with this boy

She wants to hang with him  
He wants to hang with her  
Now Jennie's hanging with Jim  
He wants to hang with the girls, girls, girls  
She wants to hang with boys, boys, boys  
So let him hang with the girls  
She's doing fine with the boys