

# Tragically Unhip

Poison

I'm uneducated  
My clothes outdated  
I'm not politically correct

I still hate small talk  
And fast cars and hard rock  
Still adds up about 16, 18

I should be expressing  
All my inner repression  
I guess depression's now a cultural thing

My record company says  
Blow my brains out my head  
I make the cover of every magazine

Step inside my nightmare baby  
Welcome to my trip  
I cannot pretend and I will not defend  
Why this good old boy's so tragically unhip

I still like bad girls  
Who rock me hard in my world  
Its monkey see and monkey do  
When I'm around you

I got an old waterbed  
I like trippin' to the dead  
I've keep a poster of Kiss on my wall

I still curse, smoke, drink and toke  
and making love in the back of my car

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I like that home grown  
Mind blowing  
You bringing  
R rolling

They see strange talking  
Mind stopping  
Ass swinging  
Street walking  
Floozies

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