

# Hula Hoop

**T-Bone Burnett**

Way up in the hierarchies  
Mr. Big picks up his horn  
Floats a note down through the lowlands  
And another star is born

Then he turns a deep vermilion  
And he deals a little scorn

We're all gonna be geniuses  
We're all gonna be famous  
We'll all get in the TV business  
And move up to New York who can blame us

They tell me way up there they got a man pulls  
Fifteen feet of chain out of his brain

Hula hoop  
Hula hoop  
Hula hoop

So if you're bound to hit the big time  
Then you better do it right  
Go and get yourself some buttons and a healthy appetite  
For some overpaid attention and a lot of neon light

Hula hoop  
Hula hoop  
Hula hoop