

Harry Hippie

Bobby Womack

Everybody claims that they want the best things outta life
Ha, but not everyone, not everyone wanna got through the toils and strifes

Like this particular fellah, walks around all day long singin' this song
Sha na lah dah dah lah dah dah dah dah

Harry Hippie, lies asleep in the shade
Life don't bug him cause he thinks he's got it made
He never worry about nothin' 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 sleepin' on the ground

He's like a bottle in water
Harry just floats through life
Walks around all day long singin' 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 wanna 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 wanna sleep on the ground
Sorry Harry, you're too much weight to carry around

But he still walks around all day singin' this song
Sha dah dah dah sha nah nah nah nah nah
Nah sha lah lah lah lah dah dah dah

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
Sha dah dah dah sha dah dah dah dah
Sha lah lah lah lah dah dah dah
Everybody help me sing this song, oh yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>