

## **Bobs**

# **"First I Was A Hippie Then I Was A Stockbroker N"**

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Hippie Again

First I was a hippie

Then I was a stockbroker

Now I am a hippie again

In the Summer of Love I was mellow and high

I had my bus and my dog

and everything I needed to get by

But the years rolled on and I settled down

I parked my bus and took a car pool into town

A stockbroker in a three piece suit

I gave up sellin' hash and started doin' toot

I had more money than I'd ever dreamed of

I forgot all about the Summer of Love

First I was a hippie

Then I was a stockbroker

Now I am a hippie again

The years went by faster and faster

Down on Wall Street they called me the master

I soon had more money than Lady Astor

I couldn't see an impending disaster

But I wasn't happy

I broke out in a rash

I just couldn't handle the stress...

And then came the crash

First I was a hippie

Then I was a stockbroker

Now I am a hippie again

I'm free -- I lost all I had and that's ok with me

I'm free -- I think I'll check the oil in my van

I'm free -- I've got tickets for all five nights

of the Grateful Dead

I'm free -- hey, see my new macrame briefcase

I'm free -- etc

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