

Flying Burrito Brothers

"Do Right Woman"

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I was walking down the street the other day
And a sight came before my eyes
It was a little hippie boy
I must have been twice his size

His appearance typified his strange breed
Gaudy clothes, long stringy hair hanging down
I'd seen perhaps
A thousand in my early trips to town

As he walked beside me on down the block
I noticed no unpleasing smell
He might have been on the weed or even LSD
But if he was I couldn't tell

So we walked together
That way through this neighborhood
Finally he turned around to me and he said friend
You know we're a million miles apart

But you know something
We can enjoy the sunshine and the weather
So why don't we put our differences aside
And just talk to each other

You see this box beneath my arm
To you it's plain, it has no charm
But to someone dearest to my heart
This box has played a tragic part

This little one can't tell you himself about his life
And how he died
But if anyone else could speak for him
I guess I'm qualified

This boy was in Chicago
He didn't know why he was there
He was with his family and friends
And he didn't really care

You might have been one of those
Who saw the struggle there on your television screen

The tragic thing is so much else happened
That no one else could have seen

A stranger handed this boy a dollar
To do a simple chore
To carry a package to a nearby hotel
And when he returned he'd get two more

But when he came back
He sort of lost his way walking thru the crowd
One of them things you ask yourself
How the Lord allowed

But when he was found he was like
He is now dreaming sweet and still
And in his little hand
Was a crumpled dollar bill

Now you can take that dollar
Get four cents on it compound it quarterly
At any downtown bank
So they can back some hot new tank or atom bomb

Well, what I'm going to tell you now
You can stay or you can leave
You kind of listened to my story so far
But just one more thing

It's the same for any hippie
Bum or hillbilly out on the street
Just remember this little boy
And never carry more than you can eat

Now could you help us sing this song
Please there will be peace in the valley
For him now we pray
I will think of the little hippie boy that way

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