

## **Flying Burrito Brothers "Hippie Boy"**

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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, 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 through 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

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, that way

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