

## Butt Trumpet

# "I Left My Gun In San Francisco"

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They all got fucking Birkenstocks  
It's fifty fucking degrees out  
Some of them don't wear shoes at all  
At Haight and Ash you'll find them all  
Fucking hippies make me real sick  
Ask for change to buy their fix  
Some wear shorts and freeze a lot  
Think they're cool? They're fucking not

CHORUS

Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill  
I'm killing all the fucking hippies  
I'm killing all the fucking hippies  
I'm killing all the fucking hippies  
I'm killing all those fucking hippies  
Die, die, die, die  
Wash your hair and cut your dreads  
Or else you're gonna end up dead  
Get that lice off of your head  
Or I will fill you full of lead  
They're all rejects from the sixties  
Get some jobs you fucking hippies  
I'm an easy going guy  
But I'm even more mellow when hippies die

CHORUS

Die!

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