

## **Chris Ledoux**

# **"Hippies in Calgary"**

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Well a few years back  
Me and ol' John worked the Calgary rodeo  
We were hangin' around town with nothing to do  
And nowhere else to go

And cowboys are known for their fun loving ways  
Pranks and practical jokes  
And I'll never forget the night we impressed  
A bunch of them Calgary folks

Well just down the hall in the ole hotel  
Where me and old John stayed  
Were some school marms  
They'd come up from Dallas  
To party for a couple of days

Now these old gals was fancy dressers  
They had wigs and beads and all  
So we put on my hair and took off our boots  
And boogied on down the hall

Well you could never tell we were cowboys  
We were real lookin' hippies by heck  
With long hair, bare feet and old t-shirts  
And beads around our necks

And sure we just had to show someone  
So we boogied on down to the lounge  
There was cowboys and gents in nice old suits  
And ladies in long evening gowns

Well we found us a table and pulled out a chair  
And lit up some Bull Durham smokes  
The smoke filled the air, everyone there  
Thought these hippies were smokin' dope

Now Leonard and Cravy and old Ronnie Roseland  
Were sitting two tables away  
So we did what we thought that hippies would do  
When we noticed them lookin' our way

Well we waved our long hair and rolled back our eyes

And sucked in them home made smokes  
Sayin' stuff like cool and ya, man wow  
We put on one heck of a show

Now Ronnie and Lenard, they'd been there a while  
And they wasn't feelin' much pain  
Now reckon they figured they'd have some fun  
With these two hippie freaks that walked in

Well the bar got deathly quiet  
As those cowboys come our way  
And those city folks knew it wouldn't be long  
Till the battle got under way

Now Ronnie he came right over to me  
And he looked me right square in the eye  
He said, "Hey there boy, whats that stuff you're  
smokin'"  
I said, "Here man give it a try"

Well that didn't make him too happy  
And then when I told him to bug out  
He blinked and snorted like a mad brahamer bull  
And frolicked and foamed at the mouth

Well just about then, I looked at old John  
And his face had turned a beat red  
'Cause Leonard had grabbed him right by the throat  
With plans to tear off his head

Now Ronnie reached out with a huge left hand  
And grabbed a hold of my hair  
With his right fist cocked, he said now boy  
You better start sayin' your prayers

Well he gave the yank and my wig come off  
And lay limp there across his hand  
The most stupefied look I've never seen  
On the face of any man

Well he dropped the thing like a poisonous snake  
And stared at it there on the floor  
Then he looked up at me and saw who I was  
And he laughed, he gave out a roar

Well this story doesn't have any moral  
It was just one mighty good gag  
But I sighed with relief Ronnie didn't swing first  
Before he pulled off my wig

