

M.o.d

"Hippypotomus"

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Chubby chick you look hip
When you dress up in tie die
So now what will you do that Jerry's dead
Will you finally wash your hair
And join the real world
Or wait for Bob Wier to tour instead

Everybody peace out
And look at the cool clouds

Granola parades, make up your weekend
Taking acid, eating your tofu

Wearing sandals, keeps you down to earth
When in reality, it's gravity versus girth

Miss Hippypottomus it's 1996
You gotta work to live
You just can't enjoy the trip...
Miss Hippypottomus

I really think that Jerry was ultra cool
But unlike you he's dead now who's the fucking fool

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