

Vi3**"Hippie Boy"**Visit "[Hippie Boy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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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