

## **The Mothers Of Invention "Who Needs The Peace Corps?"**

Visit "[Who Needs The Peace Corps?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What's there to live for?  
Who needs the peace corps?  
Think I'll just DROP OUT  
I'll go to Frisco  
Buy a wig & sleep  
On Owsley's floor

Walked past the wig store  
Danced at the Fillmore  
I'm completely stoned  
I'm hippy & I'm trippy  
I'm a gypsy on my own  
I'll stay a week & get the crabs &  
Take a bus back home  
I'm really just a phony  
But forgive me  
'Cause I'm stoned

Every town must have a place  
Where phony hippies meet  
Psychedelic dungeons  
Popping up on every street  
GO TO SAN FRANCISCO . . .

How I love ya, How I love ya  
How I love ya, How I love ya Frisco!  
How I love ya, How I love ya  
How I love ya, How I love ya  
Oh, my hair is getting good in the back!

Every town must have a place  
Where phony hippies meet  
Psychedelic dungeons  
Popping up on every street  
GO TO SAN FRANCISCO . . .  
Hotcha!

First I'll buy some beads  
And then perhaps a leather band  
To go around my head  
Some feathers and bells  
And a book of Indian lore

I will ask the Chamber Of Commerce  
How to get to Haight Street  
And smoke an awful lot of dope  
I will wander around barefoot  
I will have a psychedelic gleam in my eye at all times  
I will love everyone  
I will love the police as they kick the shit out of me on  
the street  
I will sleep . . .  
I will, I will go to a house  
That's, that's what I will do  
I will go to a house  
Where there's a rock & roll band  
'Cause the groups all live together  
And I will join a rock & roll band  
I will be their road manager  
And I will stay there with them  
And I will get the crabs  
But I won't care  
Because . . .

Visit [The Mothers Of Invention](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.