

## **Mothers Of Invention**

### **"Who Needs The Peace Corps?"**

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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 . . .

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