

Ugly Americans "Hippietown"

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Hippietown got hippies runnin' around in it
Hold on, don't get me wrong, now wait just a minute
I'm not talkin' about the daisy chains and good pot
I'm talkin' about the Grateful Dead dreadlock

Lookin' mothafuckers sayin', ?Do you got a dime??
I need to buy some more beer, more wine
I need to put a little gas in my van
So I can follow the Phish across the land to Hippietown

Hippietown's got tie dyed freaks
Who don't wash their clothes for weeks and weeks
Wearin' the baggy pants and the summer dresses
They got the tattooed skin and the tangled tresses

Don't like to work or get too tied down
Like to keep their options open, like to move around
Don't know what the hell tomorrow's for
Don't, don't mind crashin' on your floor, down in
Hippietown

Hippietown's got hippies with the crystals round their
necks
They got the gris-gris fighting off the hex
In Hippietown, they don't wear no underwear
Pants get all stinky but they don't care

Stayin' up all night listen to the Grateful Dead
Mostly pops and buzzes cracklin' in their heads
Takin' a two liter bottle and turnin' it into a bong
Reading them tarot cards all day long, down in
Hippietown
Got to get back to Hippietown

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