

Guttermouth, 7 T's

dancing round in circle staring at the sky
spending hours on a corner trying to hitch a ride
your girlfriend is filthy and stoned out of her mind
she hasn't had a shower since 1969
you can't even read you can't even spell
begging and loafing is all that you do well
your heads full of lice your navels full of lint
don't you fucking breath on me go get yourself a mint
frisbee playing hitchikers are lame...
god dawn hippies always smell like shit, piss, hemp and eggs

stringing lots of beads really ain't that neat
dirty, drowsy hippie you need to wash your feet
daisy pickin fruit cake always low on cash
take yours magic beans and shove them up your ass!!!

nothing i hate more dirty hairy chics
the only things that like them are gnats, fleas and ticks
always out to lunch always so confused
i wonder if they'va ever own a fucking pair of shoes
frisbee playing hitchikers are lame...
god dawn hippies... smell!!!

stupid lazy can't hold a job

i'd love to disinfect you, shower you with bleach
rock collecting moron, nothing but a leach
make you clip you toenails, make you cut your hair
rid the world of hippies, purifies our air