

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Happy Hippy

I'm hanging up my hang-ups  
Ere I turn into a blank automoton  
You won't find me on the treadmill  
You can tell 'em Willy boy has been and gone  
Yes mogadon time's over  
There'll be an empty bed in babylon  
Cos i'm a happy hippy  
It's beads and roman sandles from now on

Yes I'm a happy hippy, they call me mr whippy  
When everything is crappy, being hippy makes you happy  
Wes i'm a happy hippy, and you can bet your bippy  
That everybody's happy 'cos everything is trippy

I've found a new position  
I don't use chairs and tables anymore  
I focus my attention from a lovely purple cushion on the floor  
When I look back at the rat-race  
I don't regret a thing I've disavowed  
With the freedom of an eagle  
I can awlays keep my head above the clouds

'Cos i'm a happy hippy they call me mr. whippy  
When everything is crappy being hippy makes you happy  
Yes i'm a happy hippy and you can bet your bippy  
That everybody's happy cos everything is trippy

Good day everyone

Now I 'm a jolly beatnik  
I haven't got a worry in the way  
My hair grows long and shaggy  
As I savour every minute of the day  
Immune from all achievement  
Since I threw away my telly and my phone  
In my pastroal pajamas  
Spending every waking moment getting stoned

Yes i'm a happy hippy they call me mr. whippy  
When everything is crappy being hippy makes you happy  
Yes i'm a happy hippy and you can bet your bippy  
That everybody's happy cos everything is trippy

i'm a happy hippy and everything is trippy  
i'm a happy hippy and everything is trippy  
i'm a happy hippy and everything is trippy  
i'm a happy hippy and everything is trippy, yipee