

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