

# John's Children, HIPPY GUMBO

Met a man he was nice  
Said his name was paradise  
Didn't realise at the time  
That his face and mind were mine

Hippy Gumbo he no good  
Chop him up for firewood

It seemed good and it seemed right  
That I should dig him all the night  
But in the morning with the sun  
He pulled an automatic gun  
He blew my soul he blew my brain  
He said I could not do the same

Hippy Gumbo he no good  
Chop him up for firewood  
Hippy Gumbo he no good  
Chop him up and burn the wood