

# Bobs, (First I Was A Hippie, Then I Was A Stockbroker) N

Bobs  
Songs For Tomorrow Morning  
(First I Was A Hippie, Then I Was A Stockbroker) N  
Hippie Again

First I was a hippie  
Then I was a stockbroker  
Now I am a hippie again

In the Summer of Love I was mellow and high  
I had my bus and my dog  
and everything I needed to get by  
But the years rolled on and I settled down  
I parked my bus and took a car pool into town

A stockbroker in a three piece suit  
I gave up sellin' hash and started doin' toot  
I had more money than I'd ever dreamed of  
I forgot all about the Summer of Love

First I was a hippie  
Then I was a stockbroker  
Now I am a hippie again

The years went by faster and faster  
Down on Wall Street they called me the master  
I soon had more money than Lady Astor  
I couldn't see an impending disaster

But I wasn't happy  
I broke out in a rash  
I just couldn't handle the stress...  
And then came the crash

First I was a hippie  
Then I was a stockbroker  
Now I am a hippie again

I'm free -- I lost all I had and that's ok with me  
I'm free -- I think I'll check the oil in my van  
I'm free -- I've got tickets for all five nights  
of the Grateful Dead  
I'm free -- hey, see my new macrame briefcase  
I'm free -- etc...