

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

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...