

# Dead Milkmen, The Thing That Only Eats Hippies

Wendel brought it to life in his guest room bath tub  
It was a special project for his 4-H club  
But it broke loose out in the middle of the night  
And now it's eatin' flower children left and right

All the punks are gonna scream yippee  
'Cause it's the thing that only eats hippies

First it cruised on out to Malibu  
And ate a couple a' surfers  
Who where too tough to chew  
So it slithered it's way  
Out to old Irvine  
And ate a couple a' hippies  
And they tasted just fine

Now its got a sweet tooth for long hair  
So Bob and Greg and Grant you should beware

Followin' the Dead is how it gets it's kicks  
Shame it wasn't born in 1966  
Listens to the music and begins to sway  
Dreamin' acid dreams of a hippie souffle  
Hey hey hey

What do they taste like -  
Some kind a' treat?  
How many hippies can this monster eat?  
It ate Stills and Nash before they could shout  
And then it chewed on David Crosby  
But it spit him out

All the punks are gonna scream yippee  
'Cause it's the thing that only eats hippies

There it goes  
Gonna send 'em all to that big Folk Festival in the sky  
So long suckers!