

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!