

Ugly Americans, Hippietown

hippietown got hippies runnin around in it.
hold on. don't get me wrong. now wait just a minute.
i'm not talkin about the daisy chains and good pot.
i'm talkin about the grateful dead dreadlock
lookin mothaf**kers sayin do you got a dime
i need to buy some more beer more wine.
i need to put a little gas in my van
so i can follow the phish across the land to hippietown.

hippietown's got tie-dyed freaks
who don't wash their clothes for weeks and weeks.
wearin the baggy pants and the summer dresses,
they got the tatoed skin and the tangled tresses.
don't like to work or get too tied down.
like to keep their options open. like to move around.
don't know what the hell tomorrow's for.
don't don't mind crashin on your floor down in hippietown.

hippietown's got hippies with the crystals round their necks.
they got the gris gris fighting off the hex.
in hippietown they don't wear no underwear.
pants get all stinky but they don't care.
stayin up all night listen to the grateful dead.
mostly pops and buzzes cracklin in their heads.
takin a two liter bottle and turnin it into a bong.
reading them tarot cards all day long down in hippietown.
got to get back to hippietown.