

# Hippy Dude

## Pansy Division

He walks through the lower haight  
With a pouch on one arm  
He's tall and slim and he moves with an animal charm  
He's a foxy dude  
I'd love to lure him to my room  
We'll lay back relax and do some shrooms  
My hippy dude, my hippy dude  
Get you in the nude 'n do things rude and lewd my hippy dude  
The pants he wears are made in ei salvador  
If I could get inside them  
I'd be a happy man for sure  
I realize many guys like this aren't gay  
But there's so much ambiguity  
I wouldn't try to say  
Chorus  
I can't wait to get my hands  
On your hippy dick  
Your love pump is what i'll lick  
Your hippy dick, your hippy dick  
Your hip hip hip hip hip hippy dick  
I think I could learn  
To stand the grateful dead  
It sure beats listening  
To some dance remix instead  
I'd love to run my hand  
Through his long and wavy locks  
And be stretched out on his bed  
Holding one another's cocks  
Chorus

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