Hippy Gumbo

Marsha Hunt

Met a man he was nice
said his name was paradise
Didn't realise at the time
that his face and mind were mine
Hippy Gumbo he's no good
Chop him up for firewood
It seemed good and it seemed right
that I should dig him on the night
but in the morning with the sun he pulled an automatic gun
He blew my soul, he blew my brain
he said I could not do the same
Hippy Gumbo he's no good
Chop him up for firewood
Hippy Gumbo he's no good
Chop him up and burn the wood.

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