

# Who Needs the Peace Corps?

## The Mothers of Invention

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

What's there to live for?  
Who needs the peace corps?  
Think I'll just DROP OUT  
I'll go to Frisco  
Buy a wig & sleep  
On Owsley's floor Walked past the wig store  
Danced at the Fillmore  
I'm completely stoned  
I'm hippy & I'm trippy  
I'm a gypsy on my own  
I'll stay a week & get the crabs &  
Take a bus back home  
I'm really just a phony  
But forgive me  
'Cause I'm stoned Every town must have a place  
Where phony hippies meet  
Psychedelic dungeons  
Popping up on every street  
GO TO SAN FRANCISCO . . . How I love ya, How I love ya  
How I love ya, How I love ya Frisco!  
How I love ya, How I love ya  
How I love ya, How I love ya  
Oh, my hair is getting good in the back! Every town must have a place  
Where phony hippies meet  
Psychedelic dungeons  
Popping up on every street  
GO TO SAN FRANCISCO . . . Hotcha! First I'll buy some beads  
And then perhaps a leather band  
To go around my head  
Some feathers and bells  
And a book of Indian lore  
I will ask the Chamber Of Commerce

How to get to Haight Street  
And smoke an awful lot of dope  
I will wander around barefoot  
I will have a psychedelic gleam in my eye at all times  
I will love everyone  
I will love the police as they kick the shit out of me on the street  
I will sleep . . .  
I will, I will go to a house  
That's, that's what I will do  
I will go to a house  
Where there's a rock & roll band  
'Cause the groups all live together  
And I will join a rock & roll band  
I will be their road manager  
And I will stay there with them  
And I will get the crabs  
But I won't care  
Because . . .

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