

# Old Hippie Class Reunion

## Ray Stevens

Well, they came from all over the USA  
From Haight-Ashbury to Bangor, Maine.  
They came on Harley's and in converted hearses,  
Wearin' peace signs and carryin' shoulder purses.  
Full of love, peace and harmony  
For the Silver Anniversary,  
The Twenty-Five Year, Old Hippie Class Reunion!

(Two old Hippies conversing)  
"Hey, wow, man! What a party, man!"  
"Oh, yeah!"  
"Boy, was that music loud, or what?"  
"What?"  
"Loud."  
"Huh?"  
"Loud!"  
"Yeah. Big crowd, big crowd."  
"Hey, who was that playin', man?"  
"Oh, I don't know, man."  
"Well, look at the program, dude."  
"Well, we ain't go no program."  
"What happened to it?"  
"Aww, you know what happened to it."  
"Naw, what?"  
"Heh. We smoked it!"  
"Oh, yeah!"  
"Yeah, wasn't too bad, neither, was it?"  
"Mel-low!"  
"Yeah."  
"Wow..."

They came in minivans painted fuchsia and yellow,  
Turned-on, dropped out, laid back and mellow.  
Speakers blaring acid rock;  
Dreamin' they were back at Woodstock.  
Yeah, flowers painted everywhere,  
Granny glasses and long stringy hair.  
Flags sewn on the seats of their britches  
Livin' in a world where rags are riches.

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(Two old Hippies conversing)

"Boy, do I got the munchies, man. Why don't you  
hop on the Harley, run on down there to the We-Sack-It  
and pick us up a big mess of them Twinkies, and Ho-Ho's  
and Little Debbie Fudge Creams, man?"

"You know I can't do that, man."

"Why not, man?"

"Well, can't ride the Harley no more."

"Why not?"

"No tires!"

"No tires? What happened to 'em?"

"Well, heh, you know what happened to them."

"No, what?"

"Aww, c'mon; you know!"

"What?"

"We smoked 'em!"

"Oh, yeah!"

"Yeah, and they's pretty good, too, wasn't they?"

"Out of sight!"

"Yeah..."

Wearin' love beads and mood rings,  
Tie-dyed shirts and bell-bottom jeans,  
And all that other Old Hippie paraphernalia.  
Easy Rider and Janis and Jimi were there,  
They all had flowers in their hair;  
It was the ultimate spectacle of psychedelic regalia.  
Full of love, peace and harmony  
For the Silver Anniversary,  
Yeah, the Twenty-Five Year, Old Hippie Class Reunion!

(Two old Hippies conversing)

"Hey, man, let's hitchhike on out there to that beautiful  
grassy lawn where we had that picnic yesterday, man. Like, maybe we'll find someone that will let us hold a  
little stash, man, you know?"

"Can't do that, man."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's just a big mudhole, now. Ain't nobody out there."

"A mudhole? What happened to that beautiful grassy meadow, man?"

"Heh-heh. You know."

"What?"

"Aww, c'mon. Don't you remember?"

"What? Oh, no!"

"Yeah!"

"No"

"Hee-hee. Yeah!"

(Together) "We smoked it!"

"Wow! How'd we do that, man?"

"Well, we just rolled it up real tight, fired up one end,  
and - heh, heh - sucked it on down!"

"Oh, yeah, man. What a party! Wow!"

"Heh, heh, heh. Yeah, it was the wildest."

"Yeah..."

"Heh, heh, heh!"

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"Yeah!"

"Hey, man, what we gonna smoke now?"

"I know; let's go to the pet store!"

"The pet store?"

"Yeah, you know what I've always wanted to smoke?"

"What's that, man?"

"A hamster!"

"A hamster? Hey, man, far out! Then we can smoke a parakeets, too!"

"Yeah! One for you and one for me!"

"Ah, hey, man; You smoke a hamster, I'll smoke the parakeet, and then we'll both smoke all the kitty litter!"

"Heh, heh. Yeah."

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Lyrics submitted by Matthew Conley.

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