

1969

Daan

I ain't got no money, but my love is real  
I'm gonna drop some acid, I wanna smoke some weed  
I wanna fuck you like it's 1969.

She's got them go-go boots, she's a flower child  
We could go all the way, but first you wait a while  
I wanna party like it's 1969.

'69 Summer of Love, 1980 summer of drugs  
Man, I shoulda been a hippie, dropped the acid with Janice and Jimmy  
Do me while I hit the doobie  
Flower in her ear, natural boobies  
Coochie bushy as fuck, free love and the V Dub Bus  
Woodstock here I come, with a bag of 'shrooms  
And my loaded love gun, so huh, just relax, kick back and hit t  
his hash  
Thumbs up on the shoulder pads, you know the rules: ass, grass  
or cash. Stay high, stay lude, say goodbye to my bottle of Quel  
ude.

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Everybody's poppin bottles and dreamin about goin out with mode  
ls  
I spend a lot on a round of shots, I get drunk and I clown a lo  
t  
But I wish I could go back in time, back to 1969  
Maybe hit a few orgies, y'all, and have unsafe sex with gorgeou  
s broads  
Yea, that's what's up, I could use my dick to express my love  
Because I love you baby, that was 40 years ago I must be crazy  
You wanna get your hype with me, then go far away from society  
I just know want to fuck you now, let's drop out and make a lov  
e child.

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