

Hippie Boy

The Flying Burrito Brothers

I was walking down the street the other day
A sight came before my eyes
It was a little hippie boy
I must have been twice his size

His appearance typed his strange breed
Gaudy clothes, long stringy hair hanging down
I'd seen perhaps a thousand
In my early trips to town

As he walked on beside me on down the block
I noticed no unpleasing smell.
He might have been on the weed or even LSD
But if he was I couldn't tell...

So we walked together that way through this neighborhood.
Finally he turned around to me
And he said "friend we're a million miles apart
But you know something?

We can enjoy the sunshine and the weather.
So why don't we put our differences aside
And just talk to each other?
You see this box beneath my arm?

To you it's plain, it has no charm
But to someone dearest to my heart
This box has played a tragic part
This little one can't tell you himself

About his life and how he died.
But if anyone else could speak for him,
I guess I'm qualified.
This boy was in Chicago he didn't know why he was there.

He was with his family and friends and he didn't really care.
You might have been one of those who saw
The struggle there on your television screen
The tragic thing is so much else happened

That no one else could have seen.
A stranger handed this boy a dollar
To do a simple chore
To carry a package to a nearby hotel.

And when he returned he'd get two more
But when he came back he sort of lost his way walking through the crowd.
One of them things you ask yourself,
How the Lord allowed

But when he was found he was like he is now, dreaming sweet and still.
And in his little hand was a crumpled dollar bill.
Now you can take that dollar
Get four cents on it, compound it quarterly at any downtown bank.

So they can back some hot new tank or atom bomb.
Well, what I'm going to tell you now, you can stay or you can leave.

You kind of listened to my story so far but just one more thing...
It's the same for any hippie, bum or hillbilly out on the street.

Just remember this little boy and never carry more than you can eat."
Now could you help us sing this song, please
There will be peace in the valley for him now we pray.
I will think of the little hippie boy that way.