

## Oh Mom

Arlo Guthrie

Mom's just a throw-back  
To the sixties generation  
All that junk like peace and love  
Is just an aggravation  
Ain't got no use for transcendental meditation  
Mom, you're universal love is such a drag

Well Mom said Dad  
He might've been a Virgo  
Or a head shop owner  
Or two freaks from San Francisco  
A washed out surfer with his body golden tanned  
Or some lead singer in a psychedelic band

Feeding me granola  
And other flakey stuff  
You told me meat was hostile  
But I just can't get enough  
Being vegetarian just ain't quite my scene  
There's only so much you can do with soy beans  
Mom, your universal love is such a drag

Mom keeps telling me  
About her days at Woodstock  
Half a million space-balls  
And all of them with their feet stuck  
Freaking out on acid and what Bob Dylan says  
I think she's tryin' to turn me into Joan Baez

Oh Mom can't you tell me where your head's at  
I'm sick to death of hearing about  
Where you saw the Grateful Deads at  
Oh Mom, don't you know this is the eighties?  
Oh Mom, can't you relate to what the date is?

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