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 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 lure I will ask the Chamber Of Commerce How to get to Height 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