

Hippy Dude

Pansy Division

He walks through the Lower Haight
With a pouch on one arm
He's tall and slim
And he moves with an animal charm
He's a foxy dude

I'd love to lure him to my room
We'll lay back Relax and do some shrooms
My hippy dude, my hippy dude
Get you in the nude
And do things rude and lewd my hippy dude

The pants he wears Are made in EI Salvador
If I could get inside them
I'd be a happy man for sure
I realize many guys like this aren't gay
But there's so much ambiguity
I wouldn't try to say

Chorus

I can't wait to get my hands
On your hippy dick
Your love pump is what I'll lick
Your hippy dick, your hippy dick
Your hip hip hip hip hip hip hippy dick

I think I could learn
To stand the Grateful Dead
It sure beats listening
To some dance remix instead
I'd love to run my hand
Through his long and wavy locks
And be stretched out on his bed
Holding one another's cocks

Chorus

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On your hippy dick
Your love pump is what I'll lick
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