

# Hey, All You Hippies!

## The Low Anthem

Hey, All You Hippies!  
And I ain't yet fit to come down  
A rose is a rose, a balloon a balloon  
You got to go right now

Go get a job and don't work for your father  
For he ain't no salt of the earth  
Your soft little palms beneath the Hollywood palms  
Might just do well by some work

Hey all you hippies, you got a bad name  
Ever since you let your guard down  
Here comes Ronald Reagan o'er the Hollywood Hills  
It don't look like he's fooling around

You know how they feel, you're hip to the steel  
Strutting so bold and aloof  
You pray to God for luck while the reconnasissance truck  
Is watching your every move

You wanted to fish and to live off the grid  
You said, "Life should be easy and free"  
But just one bad actor and his benefactor  
Can bring the old girl to her knees

Hey all you hippies, you got a bad name  
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Do these fireworks arrays and low flying planes  
Stir your patriot voice to sing  
To each flickering flag on the Arlington lawn  
For each pawn who has fell for his king