

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

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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