

'75 My Mama Ain't

The Magnetic Fields

My mama ain't no madam
Massage is all they do
Law troubles, sure, she's had 'em
Been stopped for speeding too

She says she ain't no hippy
I guess Beatnik's the word
She says the world is trippy
Enough, drugs are absurd

She was an English teacher
Her Master's was in Ed
But she taught Harriet Beecher
Stowe and got fir-ed

My mama ain't no loony
But she likes joining cults
She could've been a Moonie
With similar results

She gave away her monies
And all our furnishings
To benefit the bunnies
And all sentient beings

She flirted once with yoga
We stayed on an ashram
The guru wore a toga
In Saratoga
We chanted [?]

My mama ain't no nudist
Except around the pool
She's a Tibetan Buddhist
Like Catholic only cool

Now Mama's going Vedanta
A similar belief
Her friends look more like Santa
And much less like Gurdjieff

My Mom's a little flaky
Believes in everything
From auras to zen reiki
Except crystal healing

She draws the line at crystal healing