

John's Children, HIPPY GUMBO

Met a man he was nice
Said his name was paradise
Didn't realise at the time
That his face and mind were mine

Hippy Gumbo he no good
Chop him up for firewood

It seemed good and it seemed right
That I should dig him all the night
But in the morning with the sun
He pulled an automatic gun
He blew my soul he blew my brain
He said I could not do the same

Hippy Gumbo he no good
Chop him up for firewood
Hippy Gumbo he no good
Chop him up and burn the wood