

He'll be 73 this summer, his hair is mostly grey  
He still can't change his life style, he liked it better the old way  
So he grows a little garden, in the backyard by the fence  
Consumin what he's growin, now days in self defense  
He gets out there in the twilight zone sometimes,  
When it just don't make no sense

He still likes his rockin country, this new stuff just don't go  
Didn't think there was a chance in hell, he'd ever be this frickin old  
He dreams sometimes of the music, and the day John Lennon died  
How the music made him happy, and the silence made him cry  
He thinks of John sometimes, and he has to wonder, Why?

He's an old hippy, and he don't know what to do  
Should he hang on to the old, should he grab onto the new  
He's an old hippy, life may have been a bust  
He ain't tryin to change nobody, he's still just tryin to adjust

He was sure back in the 60's, everyone was hip  
Then they sent him off to Vietnam, for his senior trip  
The Government and media, then began the lie  
just drug crazed baby killers, who happened to survive  
Yeah, he made it through their little war  
Came back, then he had to hide

He still can't stay away now, from the parties and the bars  
Still likes his beer and whiskey, pretty women and fast cars  
Damn glad he quite the hard stuff, before he ran outa rope  
Took a while to figure out, that's why they call it dope  
A lot of his buddies didn't, just ran out of hope  
Made it back to the real world, never could quite cope

Chorus,