

## In Nineteen-Sixtynine

*to the tune of Johnny Horton's  
Battle of New Orleans*

In nineteen-sixtyfive we started on a trip  
Smoked a little gold and got a little ripped  
Ate a little acid and a lot of PCP  
Finally got the lead out smokin' DMT

Chorus One:

*Well we hit the road and we was drivin'  
They stopped us here and there but the they had to let us go  
Shot up north like we was flyin'  
Never slowed down till we run into the snow*

The Syrian philosopher was ridin' by my side  
Told me 'bout his first time the last that he died  
He was sittin' in a chair and that brought about a doo  
And when he went to stand up said he wasn't there no more

Chorus Two

*Well we dropped on the beach and we dropped in the redwoods  
And we dropped in the mountains and in the cities too  
Dropped until our minds was blown out  
On up the Frazer River into the Cariboo*

We was watchin' TV in a pub up in Wels  
With Flit 'n' Spud 'n' Sluicebox and a bunch of their pals  
When Apollo sat down on the face of the moon  
It was so much like Disney that we sang this Looney tune

Chorus One

Well Fred grew quiet and Bill lost his sight  
Judy found her mother one psychedelic night  
Jeff 'n' Dee took the kids and bid us fond farewell  
Bad mushrooms put yours truly in a sickbed in Quesnel

It was at that very spot I made up my mind  
To do a lot of lookin' and see what I could find  
Found a lot of time peekin' through a screen  
Never saw a thing that someone hadn't seen

Chorus One  
Chorus Two