

In Nineteen-Sixtynine (*lyrics*)

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

In nineteen-sixtynine 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 door
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