

HIPPIES IN CALGARY

words and music by Chris LeDoux

verse



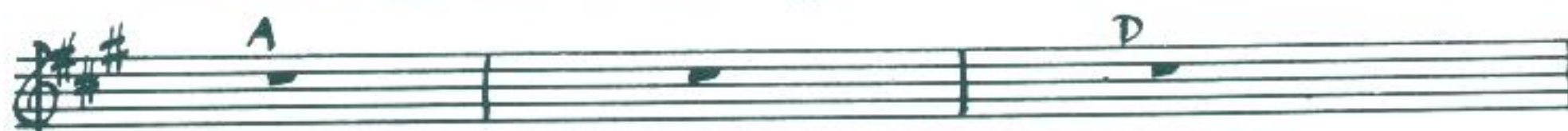
(narration): A few years back when me and old John worked the



Calgary rodeo We were hangin' 'round town with



nothin' to do and nowhere else to go. The cowboys are known for their



fun-lovin' ways - pranks and practical jokes, and I'll



never forget the night we impressed a bunch of them Calgary



folks.

2nd verse:

Now, just down the hall in the old hotel where me and old John stayed

Were some school marm's - they'd come up from Dallas

To party for a couple of days

Now, these old gals was fancy dressers - they had wigs and beads and all

So we put on the hair and took off our boots and boogied down the hall.

3rd verse:

Well, you could never tell we were cowboys - We were real lookin' hippies by heck

With long hair, bare feet and old T-shirts and beads around our neck

Well, shoot, we just had to show someone

So we boogied on down to the lounge

There was cowboys and gents in nice old suits

And ladies in long evenin' gowns.

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4th verse:

Well, we found us a table and pulled up a chair
And lit up them Bull Durham smokes
Smoke filled the air - everyone there thought these hippies was smokin' dope
Now, Leonard McCarty and old Ronnie Rosin was sittin' two tables away
So we did what we thought that hippies would do
When we noticed 'em lookin' our way.

5th verse:

We'd wave our long hair and roll back our eyes
And suck on them homemade smokes
Say stuff like 'cool' and 'ya, man, wow' - we put one heck of a show
Now Ronnie and Leonard - they'd been there awhile
So they weren't feelin' much pain
And I reckon they figured they'd have 'em some fun
With these two hippie freaks that walked in.

6th verse:

Well, the bar got deathly quiet and these cowboys come strollin' our way
Those city folks knew it wouldn't be long 'til the battle got underway
Now Ronnie, he came right over to me
And he looked me right square in the eye
Said, "Hey there, boy, what's that stuff you're smokin'?"
I said, "Here, man, give it a try."

7th verse:

Well, that didn't make him too happy
And then when I told him to bug out
He blinked and snorted like a mad Brahma bull
And frothed and foamed at the mouth
Just about then I looked at old John
And his face had turned to beet red
'Cause Leonard had grabbed him right by the throat
With plans to tear off his head.

8th verse:

Well, Ronnie reached out with a huge left hand
And grabbed a hold of my hair
With his right fist cocked, he said,
"Now, boy, you'd better start sayin' your prayers."
He gave a yank and my wig come off and lay limp there across his hand
A more stupified look I've never seen on the face of any man.

9th verse:

Well, he dropped the thing like a poisonous snake
And stared at it there on the floor
And then he looked up at me and saw who I was
And laughed and gave out a roar
Well, this story doesn't have any moral
It was just one mighty good guy
But I sigh with relief Ronnie didn't swing first
Before he pulled off my wig.