

Arlo Guthrie, Oh Mom

words by Terry Hall music by Arlo Guthrie

Mom's just a throw-back
To the sixties generation
All that junk like peace and love
Is just an aggravation
Ain't got no use for transcendental meditation
Mom, you're universal love is such a drag

*Well Mom said Dad
He might've been a Virgo
Or a head shop owner
Or two freaks from San Francisco
A washed out surfer with his body golden tanned
Or some lead singer in a psychedelic band

Feeding me granola
And other flakey stuff
You told me meat was hostile
But I just can't get enough
Being vegetarian just ain't quite my scene
There's only so much you can do with soy beans
Mom, your universal love is such a drag

Mom keeps telling me
About her days at Woodstock
Half a million space-balls
And all of them with their feet stuck
Freaking out on acid and what Bob Dylan says
I think she's tryin' to turn me into Joan Baez

Oh Mom can't you tell me where your head's at
I'm sick to death of hearing about
Where you saw the Grateful Deads at
Oh Mom, don't you know this is the eighties?
Oh Mom, can't you relate to what the date is?

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