Jesus was a Hippie (Trace Adkins)

He was sittin' at the bar down at Sloppy Joe's In a dead head shirt, a little dust from the road While the day came undone (and) that key West sun Just disappeared

Had that what's up man, 4:20 kinda charm
Little gray in his long hair, old ink on his arm
He looks strapped for cash and he didn't ask
But I bought him a beer³

We talked about fishin', we talked about girls
I sat there and listened while he went around the world
With his thumb in the air and it stuck in my head
When he took a long sip, looked at me and said
"I don't need a big house, I don't need a fast car"

Just a few good friends, cold beer in a bar"

He closed his eyes and smiled kinda trippy said

"Hey man, even Jesus was a hippie"

We kept poppin' them tops, stackin' them cans

He says some people make fun of what they don't understand

And I felt born-again with my soul washed clean

While the neon buzzed down on Duvall Street

And we talked about fishin', we talked about girls
I sat there and listened while he went around the world
With his thumb in the air and it stuck in my head
When he took a long sip, looked at me and said
"I don't need a big house, I don't need a fast car"
Just a few good friends, cold beer in a bar"
He closed his eyes and smiled kinda trippy
Said, "Hey man, even Jesus was a hippie"

(Guess he kinda was)

Yeah, we were livin' in the moment, every worry was small we lost track of that High Life clock on the wall

Jesus was a Hippie (CHORAS) AL DP Fmin 1 (4) 2 3 93 4 Blomin Ab/C Db 0 2 3040 **P**3 4 G (=Ab) Q(= Nb) Emin (= Fmin) D (= Eb) 3 10 2 2. 3 4 3 3 Amin (= Bhuin) ASK (-G/B) C (= AL) 2 0 3 2 92 3