

Who, The "Cut My Hair"

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Why should I care, if I have to cut my hair?
I got to move with the fashion, or be outcast,
I know I should fight,
but my old man is really alright,
And I'm still living at home, even though it won't last.

Zoot suit, white jacket with side vents five inches long,
I'm out on the street again, and I'm leaping along.
Dressed right
For a street fight,
But I just can't explain,
Why that uncertain feeling, is still here in my brain.

The kids at school have parents that seem so cool,
And though I don't want to hurt em', mine want me their
way.

I clean my room and my shoes,
But my Momma found a box of blues,
And there doesn't seem much hope they'll let me stay

Zoot suit, white jacket with side vents five inches long,
I'm out on the street again, and I'm leaping along.
Dressed right
For a beach fight,
But I just can't explain,
Why that uncertain feeling is still here in my brain.

Why do I have to be different to them,
Just earn the respect of a dancehall friend?
We have the same old row again and again.

Why do I have to move with a crowd, of kids that hardly
notice I'm around?
I work myself to death, just to fit in!

I'm comin' down,
Got home on the very first train from town.
My dad just left for work, and he wasn't talking.
It's all a game,
And inside I'm just the same.

My fried egg makes me sick first thing in the morning.

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