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Black Mountain "The Hair Song"

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Young pretty hair, oh how'd you grow there What it is, what it is? Ain't no wonder at all

You clung to your cloud and devoured your wealth Like it is, like it is Let whole world turn you on

Oh villains turned lovers, alive on your bosom Born wounded and in it Yeah, God made you strong

There will be none left to drag away under your rule Bang, bang the drum Children having fun with the blues

Let your laws come undone Don't suffer your crimes Let the love in your heart take control

Big city lights have wound us so tight Statesmen and clergy Banished kids open your eyes

Alien fascist, alien with the devil No provocation Let the whole world turn us on

There will be none left to drag away under your rule Bang, bang the drum Children having fun with the blues

Let your laws come undone Don't suffer your crimes Let the love in your heart take control

Let your laws come undone Don't suffer your crimes Let the love in your heart take control

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