

Darren Hanlon

"She Cuts Hair"

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She works 'cross the river from my house
I work at getting to know her
Over the bridge to the lonely town, to walk it's not that
far

Some days I make it my mission
To drive right passed her salon
I prefer to worship her from a car

I am going to the Jeans West acid-wash sale
'Cause I know that she'll be there
She cuts hair
She cuts hair
And acid-wash is what she likes to wear
When she cuts hair

Dreaming 'bout the places we would go
It'd be like I won the lotto
I would have tickets on myself

If I offered my love and kisses
Would she come at me with her scissors?
Love's declaration could be bad for my health

A mutual friend tells me, "Aww, she won't go for you
Daz!"
But I say I couldn't care
'Cause she cuts hair
She cuts hair
You could almost taste the peroxide in the air
When she cut hair

And all I've got to show
Is a five dollar photo from the night club window

The sun is shining as I open my door
The neighbours wave as they water their lawns
I had to tell her
I knew it was time

I'd go to the salon

And there I would wait for her lunch hour
She wouldn't be late
My mouth went dry as I practiced my lines

As the town-hall clock struck three
I delivered my soliloquy
She wouldn't give the time of day to me
But she gave my pride
A short back and sides
Short back and sides
She gave my pride
A short back and sides
Short back and sides
Short back and sides
Short back and sides
Now when I pass her way
I'll always try and hide

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