

Black Moon

"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
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