

Gunhill Road

"Back When My Hair Was Short"

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Back when my hair was short
I was a white socked sport
Wore pointed shoes and pegged pants
Drank till my eyes were red
Hid Playboy neath my bed
Slicked my d.a. for the dance

Back when my hair was short
I met some friends in court
For stealing hubcaps from cars
Chain smoking under the stars
Played all night pinball in bars
And dreamed about love

We were experts on love
We talked our way all around it
And even if we had found it
We couldnt respond

Slowly I changed my ways
College and long-haired days
Seeing three concerts a week
An honest to God hippy freak
Too busy eating to speak
Except about love

We held rallies for love
But no one knew what they stood for
How many months were they good for
The meaning is gone

Soon when my hair is short
I'll make a full report
Of how I came back alive
And what it takes to survive
Wringing the truth out of jive

I'll tell you of love
More than ever it's love
No lack of faith undermines it
Cause it's the hope that well find it
That makes us go on

Back when my hair was short
I was a white socked sport
Holding beer parties till three
College appealed to me
Eastern Philosophy...

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