## Michael Franks "In Search Of The Perfect Shampoo"

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I've squandered love as I've wandered Lover to lover untrue Cut flowers pink tile showers Women I've counted like coups (?) Been in search of the perfect shampoo

You thrilled me
Walked right up to me
My follicles prayed it was true
Don't panic, we're pure organic.
No more medicated goo,
Now I've found me the perfect shampoo

And it's you...

So rub-a-dub, dub dub Just you me in the tub Gonna suds away all our troubles In a million low pH bubbles [REPEAT]

Hey, Daddy, how come you had me? Were Mamas pajamas see-through? You look great, Dad, you're P-38, Dad! Were you in love or just blue, Or in search of the perfect shampoo?

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