Who "Cut My Hair"

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Why should I care
If I have to cut my hair?
I've got to move with the fashions
Or be outcast

I know I should fight
But my old man, he's really alright
And I'm still living at home
Even though it won't last

Zoot suit, white jacket with side vents It's five inches long I'm out on the street again And I'm leaping along

I'm dressed right for a beach fight But I just can't explain Why that uncertain feeling is still Here in my brain

The kids at school Have parents that seem so cool And though I don't want to hurt them Mine want me their way

I clean my room and my shoes But my mother found a box of blues And there doesn't seem much hope They'll let me stay

Zoot suit, white jacket with side vents It's five inches long I'm out on the street again And I'm leaping along

I'm dressed right for a beach fight But I just can't explain Why that uncertain feeling is still Here in my brain

Why do I have to be different to them? Just to earn the respect of a dance hall friend We have the same old row, again and again Why do I have to move with a crowd Of kids that hardly notice I'm around? I have to work myself to death just to fit in

I'm coming down
Got home on the very first train from town
My dad just left for work
He wasn't talking
It's all a game
'Cause inside I'm just the same
My fried egg makes me sick
First thing in the morning

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