

Patrick Wolf

"The Hairy Song"

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There's this one hair on my head
And I'm not sure with it.. what to do
It has avoided the stylish hairdresser
And not succumb to cheap shampoo

And no matter how I crimp, bleach and dye
It cannot change... It will not compromise
It's as stubborn as a concrete block
And far too clean to fully let me rock!

And it's getting so damn long it's almost down to my
knees
And it pushes off good lovers when it blows in the
breeze
And it's getting so damn long it's slipping out of my
hold
That no golden boy or girl can really take .. take control

I tried to cut it off for you, you found it ugly
And good lord! How it clashed with your shoes!
And the day we found it was made of wire
You took my bike and set my house on fire.

Now it's getting so damn so long it's almost down to
my feet
And I bet before too long I'll be tripping down the
street
And it's getting so damn long it's slipping out of my
hold
And no bloody minded girl can really take.. take control

Since the day that I was born
It's been growing like some wild safari horn
And they say I'll lose it when I'm old and grey
But my old grandfather took a full head of hair to the
grave

And it's getting so damn long It's trailing down the
street
And the common kids make jokes and the art kids call
the fashion police

And its getting so damn long it's slipping out of my
hold
That no stu-stu-studio line can ever take control

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