

Phish "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
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 'em
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
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

But we have the same old row again and again

Why do I have to move with the crowd?
Of kids that hardly notice I'm around
I worked 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 and inside I'm just the same
My fried egg makes me sick
First thing in the morning

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