

## The Arrogant Worms

### "Losing Hair Under God"

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The Lord above,  
Sent his only son  
To spread the word of God  
To everyone.

Jesus cured the lepers  
And he healed the lame  
But he left the bald men  
With their pain...

Oh mighty Lord  
I've lost what I had  
I've suffered the fate  
Of my old dad.

I've looked in the hills  
The valleys everywhere  
But I cannot see  
Why you took my hair.

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)  
I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)  
What was on my head (above us all)  
Is no longer there  
When you see the light (Ooooh)  
It's my forehead's glare  
Oh don't you care (Hey you up there!)  
That I'm losing my hair? (Yeah, yeah)

I try to pray  
And I try to grieve  
I've tried the wig  
And I've tried the weave.

I've tried the transplant  
And I've tried the graft  
But my hair  
Is thinning fast.

Oh mighty Lord  
Why'd you take my hair?

Are you making a carpet  
For heaven's stairs?

To warm the feet  
Of the chosen souls?  
But in the meantime  
My head's getting cold.

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)  
I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)  
What was on my head (above us all)  
Is no longer there  
When you see the light (Ooooh)  
It's my forehead's glare  
Oh don't you care (Hey you up there!)  
That I'm losing my hair? (Yeah, yeah)

We are your children  
And we are blessed  
But most of my hair  
Is now on my chest.

In your own wisdom  
You took it off my head  
Why couldn't you just  
Strike me blind instead?

Oh Lord above  
On judgement day  
Will you forgive me  
For my toupee?

And when I march  
Through the gates of pearl  
Can I have hair  
In your afterworld?

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)  
I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)  
What was on my head (above us all)  
Is no longer there  
When you see the light (Ooooh)  
It's my forehead's glare  
Oh don't you care (Hey you up there!)  
That I'm losing my hair? (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah! I'm losing my hair, I'm losing my hair. But I know  
a lot of people out there losing their hair too. And I  
know, every night you pray to God, don'tcha? (Yeah.)  
Yeah you do, don'tcha? You pray to God to give you  
more hair. You wake up the next morning, you go in

that shower, you look in that drain! And there's your hair. It ain't on your head no more.

But, you know, maybe your call's just not getting through. God's a busy man, and, and a lot of people try to get him on the intergalactic telephone. But, but maybe, maybe if we all pray together, we'll get God's phone to ring (ring)! Thank ya, so give me an Amen! (Amen.) Amen! (Amen.) Come on, Amen! (Amen.) Amen!

Oh yeah! The phone is ringing! The phone is ringing! God's picking it up, I think we might have woken him up, he might be a little bit grumpy. But it doesn't matter 'cause we're going to tell him what we want, aren't we? (Yeah.) Aren't we? (Yeah.)

I need help for my scalp. (Help for my scalp!)

Oh give me help for my scalp! (Help for my scalp!)

Oh yeah! I feel the power, the power of the Lord! It's in me! It's all around me! This man - this man has split ends on the end of his head! Let those split ends be healed!

(Follicle. Miracle.  
Follicle. Miracle.)

Oh mighty Lord  
Up on your throne  
I gotta know  
Do you use a comb?

Is your hair wavy?  
Is your hair blond?  
Is it curly?  
Or is it gone?

Is to be bald  
To be the man?  
'Cause all the monks  
Have heads that shine.

If that's your way  
Then I don't care.  
I'd sell my soul  
To get more hair!

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)  
I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)  
What was on my head (above us all)  
Is no longer there  
When you see the light (Ooooh)

It's my forehead's glare  
Oh don't you care (Hey you up there!)  
That I'm losing my hair? (Yeah, yeah)

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)  
I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)  
What was on my head (above us all)  
Is no longer there  
When you see the light (Ooooh)  
It's my forehead's glare  
Oh don't you care (Hey you up there!)  
That I'm losing my hair? (Yeah, yeah)

Oh don't you care?  
Oh don't you care  
That I'm losing my hair?

Transcribed by Ellen and Andrew Kaye-Cheveldayoff

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