## Pretenders "Don't Cut Your Hair"

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Don't cut your hair
Don't cut your hair
Don't cut your hair, don't cut your hair
Don't cut your hair, whatever you do!

From Impanema to the Copacabana Woh, the monkey (?) their asses for a piece of bananna Pornstar (?) 'cause they're all after the money But ya never got a taste of baby (?) love ya honey

Oh don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't, yeah!

Whatever you do!

Beefsteak, clothes in a box of erasers

Oooh, they love the dirty paper with elderly faces

If I could see you in your glory baby, even for a minute

I'll give up my shelter and everything that's in it

Oh don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't, yeah!

Don't cut it, don't chop it It's like the bomb if you got it don't drop it

If you got a man then go ahead and flaunt it Any guy is lying if he says he doesn't want it Any guy is lying if he says he doesn't want it

Eeee-yeee!

From Miami to the Sunset Strip
All the guys...
Though you look like a girl (?,?) from afar,
Close that curtain mama doesn't know what you are

Oh don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't Don't cut your hair Don't cut your hair

## Don't cut your hair Whatever you do!

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