

The Front Bottoms

"Hooped Earrings"

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Come on, give me a break,
What is the point if I stay?
There's not that much I can say,
I never really even knew your mom anyway

And now she's crying in the bathroom,
I'm standing on the back porch for support,
And she is begging you not to cut your hair,
'Cause curly hair don't look good cut short

And you have gotta do this now,
Or you can never come home again,
Yeah, you have gotta do this now,
Or you can never come home again, again

You got a rash on your neck,
Just below the line,
Where your shirt stops covering and leaves your skin
bare,
It's such an unimportant detail,
That has nothing to do with anything,
But it's the only thing I remember,
From when I cut your hair

And you have gotta do this now,
Or you can never come home again,
Yeah, you have gotta do this now,
Or you can never come home again,
And there are not so many options
There's not so many ways,
That this could possibly end,
So you have gotta do this now,
Or you can never come home again, again

So you have gotta do this now,
Or you can never come home again
Yeah, you have gotta do this now,
Or you can never come home again,
And there are not so many options
There's not so many ways,
That this could possibly end,

So you have gotta do this now,
Or you can never come home again, again

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