

Dickies, The

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She asks me why I'm just a hairy guy

I'm hairy, noon and night, hair, that's a fright

I'm hairy, high and low, don't ask me why, don't know

It's not for lack of bread like the Grateful Dead, darlin'

Give me head with hair, long beautiful hair

Shining, gleaming, streaming, flaxen, waxen

Give me down to there hair, shoulder length or longer

Here, baby, there, momma, everywhere, daddy, daddy

Hair

Flow it, show it

Long as God can grow it, my hair

Let it fly in the breeze and get caught in the trees

Give a home to the fleas in my hair

A home for fleas, a hive for bees

A nest for birds, there ain't no words

For the beauty, the splendor, the wonder of my

Hair

Flow it, show it

Long as God can grow it, my hair

I want it long, straight, curly, fuzzy

Snaggy, shaggy, ratty, matty

Oily, greasy, fleecy, shining

Gleaming, streaming, flaxen, waxen

Knotted, polka dotted, twisted, beaded, braided

Powdered, flowered and confettied

Bangled, tangled, spangled and sphagettied

Oh say, can you see my eyes if you can

Then my hair's too short

Down to here, down to there

Down to where, down to where

It stops by itself

They'll be ga ga at the go go when they see me in my toga

My toga made of blond, brilliantined, biblical hair

My hair like Jesus wore it, Hallelujah, I adore it

Hallelujah, Mary loved her son, why don't my mother love me?

Hair

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Long as God can grow it

My hair

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My hair

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