

# The Hair Song

Black Mountain

Young pretty hair, oh how'd you grow there  
What it is, what it is?  
Ain't no wonder at all

You clung to your cloud and devoured your wealth  
Like it is, like it is  
Let whole world turn you on

Oh villains turned lovers, alive on your bosom  
Born wounded and in it  
Yeah, God made you strong

There will be none left to drag away under your rule  
Bang, bang the drum  
Children having fun with the blues

Let your laws come undone  
Don't suffer your crimes  
Let the love in your heart take control

Big city lights have wound us so tight

Statesmen and clergy  
Banished kids open your eyes

Alien fascist, alien with the devil  
No provocation  
Let the whole world turn us on

There will be none left to drag away under your rule  
Bang, bang the drum  
Children having fun with the blues

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