

## Cut It Off

Mal Blum

If I had my way  
Every day would be my day  
I would ask you out  
And you would say "okay!"  
And I'd come get you at 8  
8 'o clock right on the dot  
'Cause sometimes when I am late  
Then I can't get you to talk  
And it ruins our whole date

And if I had my way we'd go out every night  
It'd be perfect every time and we'd never ever fight  
You know, you used to call me up when you were high  
And I never ever asked you  
So you never told me why  
No, you never told me, never told me why!

Your hair is green, your hair is pink  
My head is young  
My heart can't think  
I drive my car, and I ride the bus  
And I stay too long  
And I ask too much  
Your hair was black  
'Til it was blue  
I always had a crush on you  
You dye it back when you need to  
And I'm still deciding what to do

But if I had my way,  
I would ask you to the prom  
You would want to meet my mom  
And you wouldn't even tease me  
For rhyming words in my songs  
'Cause I wrote those songs about you  
But I hope you understand  
They were actually about me  
And I hope that you're not mad

'Cause if I had my way you'd kiss me on the lips  
And you'd wear that dress you like  
And I'd wear the suit that fits  
But when you lie to me you know it makes me sick  
'Cause your phone didn't die,  
But your soul did.

Your hair is green, your hair is pink  
My head is young  
My heart can't think  
I drive my car, and I ride the bus  
And I stay too long  
And I ask too much  
And your hair was black  
'Til it was blue  
And I always had a crush on you  
And you dye it back when you need to  
And I'm still deciding what to do

'Cause I wrote those songs about you  
But I hope you understand  
They were actually about me  
And I hope that you're not mad

'Cause I wrote those songs about you  
But you'd better understand  
That they were actually about me  
And I don't care if you're mad

That I wrote those songs about you  
That I wrote those songs about you  
That I wrote those songs about you  
And I play them at my shows  
That I write these songs about you  
That I write these songs about you  
That I write these songs about you  
And I make sure that you know  
That I write these songs about you  
That I play these songs about you  
That I sing these songs about you  
That I mean these songs about you  
That I write these songs about you  
That I write these songs about you  
That I write these songs-  
Goddamn, I'll write these songs

Your hair was black 'til it was blue  
Just cut it off if you want to  
Just cut it off if you want to  
I couldn't care less what you do