

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