

Don't Cut Your Hair

The Pretenders

Don't cut your hair
Don't cut your hair
Don't cut your hair, don't cut your hair
Don't cut your hair, whatever you do!

From Impanema to the Copacabana
Woh, the monkey (?) their asses for a piece of banana
Pornstar (?) 'cause they're all after the money
But ya never got a taste of baby (?) love ya honey

Oh don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't
Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't, yeah!

Whatever you do!

Beefsteak, clothes in a box of erasers
Oooh, they love the dirty paper with elderly faces
If I could see you in your glory baby, even for a minute
I'll give up my shelter and everything that's in it

Oh don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't
Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't
Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't, yeah!

Don't cut it, don't chop it
It's like the bomb if you got it don't drop it

If you got a man then go ahead and flaunt it
Any guy is lying if he says he doesn't want it
Any guy is lying if he says he doesn't want it

Eeee-yeee!

From Miami to the Sunset Strip
All the guys...
Though you look like a girl (?,?) from afar,
Close that curtain mama doesn't know what you are

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Whatever you do!