

# The Haircut Song

Ray Stevens

When you get a haircut, be sure to go back home  
When you get a haircut, get a barber you have known  
Since you were a little bitty boy sittin' in a booster  
chair  
Or you might look like Larry, Moe or Curly if a  
stranger cuts your hair

Well, Butte, Montana just a'passin' through, one thing  
I just had to do  
Had to get a haircut and I was worried for my hair  
I had a feeling of impending doom the minute I stepped  
into that room  
And laid my eyes upon that barber chair

It was a macho barber shop. Hair dryers were mounted on  
a rifle rack.  
Wasn't no mirrors. The barber chair was a Peterbilt...  
Barber walked in;  
he was huge, seven feet tall, three hundred pounds of  
spring steel and  
rawhide. Wearin' a hard hat, chewin' a cigar, had a t-  
shirt on -- said,  
I hate musicians. Threw me in the chair, sneered and  
said, What'll it  
be pal? Now a lot of people would be intimidated in a  
situation like  
this...I was not. I am what I am, play my piano, and  
sing my little  
songs. I looked him right in the eye and I said, I'm a  
logger - just up  
from Coos Bay, Oregon. Been toppin' trees - quite  
possibly the toughest  
man in the entire world. He said, All right! he gave me  
a haircut and  
I walked out of there friends, my hair was gone! Made  
Kojak look like  
Bill Golden. Yeah, had a tremendous craving to operate  
heavy equipment.  
Now, you may think that Butte, Montana haircut's the  
worst any man could  
ever get...Wrong!

Well, a few months later I was in LA, truckin along on  
a smoggy day  
I needed a haircut so bad I looked like Bozo the Clown  
I was looking shaggy, not too good, I'd put it off as  
long as I could  
And Lord, I hate to get a haircut out of town

Well, I walked in immediately and realized immediately  
that this guy was  
into punk rock. The walls were done in black leather.  
Had chains and  
whips and handcuffs hanging on me. Barber walked in, he  
had orange hair.  
Black mascara. Stainless steel teeth. Black leather  
jacket with zinc

studs. He threw me in the chair, hit me a couple times  
- whap, whap -  
chained me down, threw a Nazi flag over me. Said, I'm  
going to tell you  
something that might make you a little nervous. I  
laughed. Ha ha  
ha... I said, What could possibly make me nervous? He  
said, I'm  
gay. Nooo problem. I'm not threatened in any way. I  
mean, I'm secure in  
my manhood, everything is cool I am what I am, play my  
little piano,  
sing my little songs. I looked him right in the eye. I  
said, I'm a  
logger. Played football in high school. I was in the  
Marine Corps. He  
said All right and he gave me a haircut. I walked out  
of there,  
friends, my hair was purple. Well, at least that Mohawk  
section down the  
middle was purple. Had a white streak down one side...  
other side looked  
like Mr. T. Had a couple safety pins in my cheeks. Felt  
a teeeeny bit  
conspicuous. Luckily, my next job was in San Fransisco.  
Shoot, I got  
there and I didn't even stand out at all. Wasn't even  
close! Those  
people thought I was an insurance salesman!

Well, a few months later, I was way down south, grits  
and gravy and hush  
your mouth  
Hair so long I'm startin' to look like a man in drag  
It was then that the sheriff walked up and said, Boy,  
you got too much  
hair on your head...  
You better get yourself a haircut or a dog tag!  
Well, when I stepped into the shop, I realized  
immediately that I was  
dealing with a born-again barber. Don't see too many  
barber shops with a  
steeple, had an organ in the corner, a choir. An usher  
led me to the  
barber chair. Barber walked in, started saying grace,  
Oh Lord, for  
these haircuts we are about to receive, may we be truly  
thankful.  
Dominus possum pax probiscus, post mortem, et tu brute,  
puella  
carborundum. He was sorta half-Baptist, half-  
Catholic... kind of a  
Cathtist. He started cuttin' my hair and preachin' at  
the same time. I  
mean he's a wild man, scissors and razors a'flyin'  
around my head, he's  
talkin' about the liquor and wild women and music and  
sex and the evils  
of dancing and the music business in general. Then he  
looked down at me  
and he said, What do you do for a living? Now, I'm not  
ashamed of what  
I do for a livin'. Workin' bars and casinos, around

liquor and wild  
women, I just play my piano, sing my little songs. I  
looked him right in  
the eye and I said, I run this church for loggers...

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