

Hair...

The Cowsills

She asks me why, I'm just a hairy guy
I'm hairy noon and night, hair that's a fright
I'm hairy high and low, don't ask me why, Don't know
It's not for lack of bread, like the Grateful Dead

Darlin', give me a head with hair, long beautiful hair
Shining, gleaming, steaming, flaxen, waxen
Give me down to there hair, shoulder length or longer
Here, baby, there, momma, everywhere, daddy, daddy
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair
Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my hair

Let it fly in the breeze and get caught in the trees
Give a home to the fleas in my hair
A home for fleas, (yeah) a hive to bees, (yeah) a nest for birds
There ain't no words for the beauty, the splendor, the wonder of my
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair
Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my hair

I want it long, straight, curly, fuzzy, snaggy, shaggy
Ratty, matty, oily, greasy, fleecy, shining, gleaming
Streaming, flaxen, waxen, knotted, polka dotted
Twisted, beaded, braided, powdered, flowered and confettied
Bangled, tangled, spangled and spaghettied
They'll be ga ga at the go go when they see me in my toga
My toga made of blond, brilliantined, biblical hair
My hair like Jesus wore it, Hallelujah, I adore it
Hallelujah; Mary loved her son, why don't my mother love me?
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair
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