

# 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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Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't  
Don't cut your hair  
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Don't cut your hair  
Whatever you do!