

The Hair Song

Black Mountain

Young pretty hair, oh how'd you grow there
What it is, what it is?
Ain't no wonder at all

You clung to your cloud and devoured your wealth
Like it is, like it is
Let whole world turn you on

Oh villains turned lovers, alive on your bosom
Born wounded and in it
Yeah, God made you strong

There will be none left to drag away under your rule
Bang, bang the drum
Children having fun with the blues

Let your laws come undone
Don't suffer your crimes
Let the love in your heart take control

Big city lights have wound us so tight

Statesmen and clergy
Banished kids open your eyes

Alien fascist, alien with the devil
No provocation
Let the whole world turn us on

There will be none left to drag away under your rule
Bang, bang the drum
Children having fun with the blues

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