

Combing My Hair in a Brand New Style

Jim White

I found a blue hair comb with a busted tooth gonna comb out my hair in this telephone booth gonna comb out love, gonna comb out hate gonna get me a new look and I can't wait. I took a lethal dosage of dope in my youth, bit the hook of Jesus - Oh! The terrible truth. I swallowed it hard for a damn good while,

but now I'm combing my hair in a brand new style. Combing my hair yeah. Combing my hair yeah. Combing my hair yeah.

Combing my hair in a brand new style. I take a midnight stroll in a Love's supermarket. I like passing the rows of candy for sale. See the pale pretty girls in the magazines? Smiling at me like they know what I mean. You take your candy dandy, your cheap girls - ruthless! Soul suckers all gonna end up toothless! Gumming the truth of life's discount aisle. Me I'm combing my hair in a brand new style.

[CHORUS]

He used a blue hair comb with a busted tooth to comb out the tangles of his

messed up youth. Returning in glory to the scene of his trial, he was combing his hair in a brand new style. Yeah the sorry story of his assorted crimes - his tribulations, his suffering mind all wiped clean and left miles behind. See him prowling the street? He got the mojo smile. He's combing his hair in a brand new style.

[CHORUS]

I don't want no hoodoos, no voodoo gurus, no spooked out priestly-beasty, no strippers with pasties, self-professed saviors of my soul, no low-down top-secret CIA moles, no crackpot psychopathic behavior specialists, no shriners, no shiners, no decisive moment existentialists, that's right, no vegetable, no mineral, no institution gonna disrupt the constitution of my ingenious hairdo solution - see I got my sly pomade, my jelly in a jar! Now don't you mistake me for no movie star, 'cause I'm just a humble jumble of God's crooked smile. Did you check out my hair in the brand new style?

[CHORUS]