

## Haircut

Kevin Devine

I saw your haircut in a storefront  
The choppy sides and perfect bangs  
I loved the way it framed the model's cheekbones  
The blank expression on her face

So I went inside and tried to buy it  
But I got told it's not for sale  
I got embarrassed and I decked the sale's clerk  
Stole the wig and ran like hell

And I figured I would come and show you  
So I kept runnin' towards your house  
Then I remembered I don't have your address  
Least not the one you live at now

So I headed home to get collected  
To let the red flush from my face  
I took out my notebook and I sketched you smilin'  
I like to think of you that way

And I put your haircut in my closet  
Next to your t-shirts and your cards  
I turned the light out and I sunk in slowly  
Countin' sheep and breathing hard

But when it comes it's way too quickly  
And it busts apart the faith I've grown  
See I can't stop myself from hurtin' you  
So I guess I won't