

In Search Of The Perfect Shampoo

Michael Franks

I've squandered love as I've wandered
Lover to lover untrue
Cut flowers pink tile showers
Women I've counted like coups
Been in search of the perfect shampoo

You thrilled me
Walked right up to me
My follicles prayed it was true
Don't panic, we're pure organic.
No more medicated goo,
Now I've found me the perfect shampoo

And it's you...

So rub-a-dub, dub dub
Just you me in the tub
Gonna suds away all our troubles
In a million low pH bubbles
(2x)

Hey, Daddy, how come you had me?
Where Mamas pajamas see-through?
You look great, Dad, in your P-38, Dad!
Were you in love or just blue,
Or in search of the perfect shampoo?