

The Haircut Song

Ray Stevens

When you get a haircut, be sure to go back home
When you get a haircut, get a barber you have known
Since you were a little bitty boy sittin' in a booster
chair
Or you might look like Larry, Moe or Curly if a
stranger cuts your hair

Well, Butte, Montana just a'passin' through, one thing
I just had to do
Had to get a haircut and I was worried for my hair
I had a feeling of impending doom the minute I stepped
into that room
And laid my eyes upon that barber chair

It was a macho barber shop. Hair dryers were mounted on
a rifle rack.
Wasn't no mirrors. The barber chair was a Peterbilt...
Barber walked in;
he was huge, seven feet tall, three hundred pounds of
spring steel and
rawhide. Wearin' a hard hat, chewin' a cigar, had a t-
shirt on -- said,
I hate musicians. Threw me in the chair, sneered and
said, What'll it
be pal? Now a lot of people would be intimidated in a
situation like
this...I was not. I am what I am, play my piano, and
sing my little
songs. I looked him right in the eye and I said, I'm a
logger - just up
from Coos Bay, Oregon. Been toppin' trees - quite
possibly the toughest
man in the entire world. He said, All right! he gave me
a haircut and
I walked out of there friends, my hair was gone! Made
Kojak look like
Bill Golden. Yeah, had a tremendous craving to operate
heavy equipment.
Now, you may think that Butte, Montana haircut's the
worst any man could
ever get...Wrong!

Well, a few months later I was in LA, truckin along on
a smoggy day
I needed a haircut so bad I looked like Bozo the Clown
I was looking shaggy, not too good, I'd put it off as
long as I could
And Lord, I hate to get a haircut out of town

Well, I walked in immediately and realized immediately
that this guy was
into punk rock. The walls were done in black leather.
Had chains and
whips and handcuffs hanging on me. Barber walked in, he
had orange hair.
Black mascara. Stainless steel teeth. Black leather
jacket with zinc

studs. He threw me in the chair, hit me a couple times
- whap, whap -
chained me down, threw a Nazi flag over me. Said, I'm
going to tell you
something that might make you a little nervous. I
laughed. Ha ha
ha... I said, What could possibly make me nervous? He
said, I'm
gay. Nooo problem. I'm not threatened in any way. I
mean, I'm secure in
my manhood, everything is cool I am what I am, play my
little piano,
sing my little songs. I looked him right in the eye. I
said, I'm a
logger. Played football in high school. I was in the
Marine Corps. He
said All right and he gave me a haircut. I walked out
of there,
friends, my hair was purple. Well, at least that Mohawk
section down the
middle was purple. Had a white streak down one side...
other side looked
like Mr. T. Had a couple safety pins in my cheeks. Felt
a teeeeny bit
conspicuous. Luckily, my next job was in San Fransisco.
Shoot, I got
there and I didn't even stand out at all. Wasn't even
close! Those
people thought I was an insurance salesman!

Well, a few months later, I was way down south, grits
and gravy and hush
your mouth
Hair so long I'm startin' to look like a man in drag
It was then that the sheriff walked up and said, Boy,
you got too much
hair on your head...
You better get yourself a haircut or a dog tag!
Well, when I stepped into the shop, I realized
immediately that I was
dealing with a born-again barber. Don't see too many
barber shops with a
steeple, had an organ in the corner, a choir. An usher
led me to the
barber chair. Barber walked in, started saying grace,
Oh Lord, for
these haircuts we are about to receive, may we be truly
thankful.
Dominus possum pax probiscus, post mortem, et tu brute,
puella
carborundum. He was sorta half-Baptist, half-
Catholic... kind of a
Cathtist. He started cuttin' my hair and preachin' at
the same time. I
mean he's a wild man, scissors and razors a'flyin'
around my head, he's
talkin' about the liquor and wild women and music and
sex and the evils
of dancing and the music business in general. Then he
looked down at me
and he said, What do you do for a living? Now, I'm not
ashamed of what
I do for a livin'. Workin' bars and casinos, around

liquor and wild
women, I just play my piano, sing my little songs. I
looked him right in
the eye and I said, I run this church for loggers...

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