

My Hair

Skankin' Pickle

Set my alarm, to wake me at eleven,
the sun was shining in my face when I awoken.
My mom yelled at me that my friend was here at seven,
I just rolled over, prayed that I was dreaming.
I knew I wasn't when my dog bit me on my nose.
Crawled out of bed, slipped a felt hat on my head.
I ran downstairs, saw my friend was standing there,
looked in the mirror, saw my hair was everywhere.

You talk talk, you talk about the future.
How you think that it's funny if they've got no brain.
Doesn't matter if they've got no hair.
Doesn't matter if they look like yarn Look like yarn look like
yarn

Oh, Lynette! I thought we had a deal:
You cut your hair and I go out with you.
You didn't cut your hair! I'm gonna go out with my grandmother.
She's dead, Lynette, I'm gonna dig her up and go out with her.
Go! I'm outta here!

Went back upstairs, and looked into my mirror.
In my reflection, I saw it so much clearer.
I didn't know, that I was so ugly,
if it was dark in Central Park no one would even mug me.