

## Hair...

The Cowsills

She asks me why, I'm just a hairy guy  
I'm hairy noon and night, hair that's a fright  
I'm hairy high and low, don't ask me why, Don't know  
It's not for lack of bread, like the Grateful Dead

Darlin', give me a head with hair, long beautiful hair  
Shining, gleaming, steaming, flaxen, waxen  
Give me down to there hair, shoulder length or longer  
Here, baby, there, momma, everywhere, daddy, daddy  
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair  
Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my hair

Let it fly in the breeze and get caught in the trees  
Give a home to the fleas in my hair  
A home for fleas, (yeah) a hive to bees, (yeah) a nest for birds  
There ain't no words for the beauty, the splendor, the wonder of my  
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair  
Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my hair

I want it long, straight, curly, fuzzy, snaggy, shaggy  
Ratty, matty, oily, greasy, fleecy, shining, gleaming  
Streaming, flaxen, waxen, knotted, polka dotted  
Twisted, beaded, braided, powdered, flowered and confettied  
Bangled, tangled, spangled and spaghettied  
They'll be ga ga at the go go when they see me in my toga  
My toga made of blond, brilliantined, biblical hair  
My hair like Jesus wore it, Hallelujah, I adore it  
Hallelujah; Mary loved her son, why don't my mother love me?  
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair  
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