## Hawksley Workman, Sister Scissors - Version Or

Scissors... Sister scissors Oh, you built them And I shouldn't be afraid I trust you with my hair My hair, oh my hair

And I'm trusting you
As each lock hits the floor
I'm trusting your technologies
Even more, even more
And more each day

Delilah, oh Delilah Oh, I'm sitting On Delilah's kitchen chair And she's cutting off my hair, My hair, oh my hair

And I'm loving her As each lock hits the floor And I'm trusting her technologies Even more, even more And more each day

(musical interlude)

Scissors, sister scissors Oh I take back All those nasty things I said And I found out what was true That my lack of faith in you

Was really just a lack of faith in me And I'm loving you And the way you look In your technologies Technologies

Delilah, oh my sweet Delilah Oh I see you winking At me in the mirror And I trust you not to nick my ear My ear, oh my ear

'Cause I'm stronger now Than I have ever been And I'll close my eyes When I reach into your technologies And I'll let you fly the plane As I just fall asleep