

Hawksley Workman, Sister Scissors - Version One

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