

James Banks, Wig Song

I'm bald
Life is hard for me without a hairpiece
I spy
I need a good disguise, cover up above my eyes
Every morning I wake up, I choose another color head
For each identity. If I wear it wrong, I'm dead.

I fight
Doing roundhouse kicks and knocking the bad guys' heads together
My wig
Must withstand the exercise and top of skyscraper weather
Every morning I wake up, I choose another color head
For each identity. If I wear it wrong, I'm dead. Oh no!

Every morning I wake up, I choose another color head
For each identity. If I wear it wrong, I'm dead.
I'm dead
I'm dead
I'm dead
I'm dead