

Jim White, Combing My Hair In A Brand New Style

I found a blue hair comb with a busted tooth gonna comb out my hair in this telephone booth gonna comb out hate gonna get me a new look and I can't wait. I took a lethal dosage of dope in my youth - Oh! The terrible truth. I swallowed it hard for a damn good while, but now I'm combing my hair in a brand new style. Combing my hair yeah. Combing my hair yeah. Combing my hair in a brand new style. I take a midnight stroll in a Love's supermarket. I like passing for sale. See the pale pretty girls in the magazines? Smiling at me like they know what I mean. You your cheap girls - ruthless! Soul suckers all gonna end up toothless! Gumming the truth of life's discombing my hair in a brand new style.

[CHORUS]

He used a blue hair comb with a busted tooth to comb out the tangles of his messed up youth. Returning in glory to the scene of his trial, he was combing his hair in a brand new sorry story of his assorted crimes - his tribulations, his suffering mind all wiped clean and left miles prowling the street? He got the mojo smile. He's combing his hair in a brand new style.

[CHORUS]

I don't want no hoodoos, no voodoo gurus, no spooked out priestly-beasty, no strippers with pasties, self-professed saviors of m top-secret CIA moles, no crackpot psychopathic behavior specialists, no shriners, no shiners, no de existentialists, that's right, no vegetable, no mineral, no institution gonna disrupt the constitution of hairdo solution - see I got my sly pomade, my jelly in a jar! Now don't you mistake me for no movie a humble jumble of God's crooked smile. Did you check out my hair in the brand new style?

[CHORUS]