

The Arrogant Worms, Losing Hair Under God

The Lord above,
Sent his only son
To spread the word of God
To everyone.

Jesus cured the lepers
And he healed the lame
But he left the bald men
With their pain...

Oh mighty Lord
I've lost what I had
I've suffered the fate
Of my old dad.

I've looked in the hills
The valleys everywhere
But I cannot see
Why you took my hair.

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)
I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)
What was on my head (above us all)
Is no longer there
When you see the light (Ooooh)
It's my forehead's glare
Oh don't you care (Hey you up there!)
That I'm losing my hair? (Yeah, yeah)

I try to pray
And I try to grieve
I've tried the wig
And I've tried the weave.

I've tried the transplant
And I've tried the graft
But my hair
Is thinning fast.

Oh mighty Lord
Why'd you take my hair?
Are you making a carpet
For heaven's stairs?

To warm the feet
Of the chosen souls?
But in the meantime
My head's getting cold.

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)
I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)
What was on my head (above us all)
Is no longer there
When you see the light (Ooooh)
It's my forehead's glare
Oh don't you care (Hey you up there!)
That I'm losing my hair? (Yeah, yeah)

We are your children
And we are blessed
But most of my hair
Is now on my chest.

In your own wisdom

You took it off my head
Why couldn't you just
Strike me blind instead?

Oh Lord above
On judgement day
Will you forgive me
For my toupee?

And when I march
Through the gates of pearl
Can I have hair
In your afterworld?

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)
I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)
What was on my head (above us all)
Is no longer there
When you see the light (Ooooh)
It's my forehead's glare
Oh don't you care (Hey you up there!)
That I'm losing my hair? (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah! I'm losing my hair, I'm losing my hair. But I know a lot of people out there losing their hair too
But, you know, maybe your call's just not getting through. God's a busy man, and, and a lot of people
Oh yeah! The phone is ringing! The phone is ringing! God's picking it up, I think we might have work

I need help for my scalp. (Help for my scalp!)
Oh give me help for my scalp! (Help for my scalp!)

Oh yeah! I feel the power, the power of the Lord! It's in me! It's all around me! This man - this man!

(Follicle. Miracle.
Follicle. Miracle.)

Oh mighty Lord
Up on your throne
I gotta know
Do you use a comb?

Is your hair wavy?
Is your hair blond?
Is it curly?
Or is it gone?

Is to be bald
To be the man?
?Cause all the monks
Have heads that shine.

If that's your way
Then I don't care.
I'd sell my soul
To get more hair!

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)
I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)
What was on my head (above us all)
Is no longer there
When you see the light (Ooooh)
It's my forehead's glare
Oh don't you care (Hey you up there!)
That I'm losing my hair? (Yeah, yeah)

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)

I'm losing my hair (losing my hair)
What was on my head (above us all)
Is no longer there
When you see the light (Ooooh)
It's my forehead's glare
Oh don't you care (Hey you up there!)
That I'm losing my hair? (Yeah, yeah)

Oh don't you care?
Oh don't you care
That I'm losing my hair?

Transcribed by Ellen and Andrew Kaye-Cheveldayoff