

The Darkness, Bald

It would appear that male pattern
baldness has set in.
His hair at an alarming pace,
running away from his face.
He's losing his virility
and now his masculinity
has been compromised
and his libido down-sized.

Not for me, not for me, not for me, uh-uh.
Not for me, not for me.
Heaven forbid!
It's not for me, you understand.

Bald, slap-headed and hairless.
Bald, he is destined to be.
Bald, well tonight thank God,
Thank God it's them not me.

From what I have been reading
his scalp needs kneading
to stimulate each follicle
and reverse this diabolical
condition that's afflicted he
for years and has cruelly
repulsed each potential mate
and left him with a balding pate.

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Heaven forbid!
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Bald, well tonight thank God,
Thank God it's them not me.
Sock it to me baby yeah!

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Heaven forbid!
It's not for me, you understand.
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Oh!