

They Might Be Giants, Bread Hair

I'm a wigged-out daddy with bread on top
I dig an easy-bake granny with a whiskey mop
If you love me, you needn't the whole wheat crop
'Cause they had a useless battle and'll never stop

Bread hair, oh boy, oh boy
Bread hair, oh boy, oh boy
Bread hair, oh boy, oh boy
You're drivin' all my hope away

I'm a pumpernickel-do for you, dough you do
Use a yarmulka of hallah bread if you're a Jew
I belong to cayope, I be the wheat for you
Yeast and flour, bake an hour, it's annoying shampoo

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That's a gone rug, buddy