

# Travis, Combing My Hair

Now people always come around  
But they don't always stick around  
I run a comb across my head  
I wish my hair would settle down  
The clock I see is running slow  
The batteries are running low  
I run a comb across my head  
And it feels the same like it did before  
You're just another first footer across my door  
And little less care (hair?) than I had last year  
But it doesn't worry me because I  
I have no fear  
Here

The car I see is painted black  
I'm steering (staring) at the driver's back  
He runs a comb across his head  
And it feels the same like it did before  
You're just another fresh fare across his door  
And little less care than he had last year  
But it doesn't worry him because he  
He has no fear  
Here, here

Now people always come around  
But they don't always stick around  
They run a comb across your head  
I wish my hair would settle down  
The clock I see is running slow  
We've only got three years to go  
We run our combs across our heads  
And it feels the same like it did before  
You're just another first footer across the door  
And little less care than we took last year  
But it doesn't worry us because we  
We have no fear  
Here  
Have we  
We have no fear  
Have we  
We have no fear