

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