

Dean Friedman, You Can Let Down Your Hair

by Dean Friedman

Even our old friends who should've known better
They said, "She's heading for ruin. Turn away and forget her?"
But they don't know you like I do. They don't love you.

You can let down your hair.
You can let down your hair.
You can let down your hair.
The summer's over.

You ask why I need you. I have my reasons.
The stars have the sun, but they never have seasons.
Here, I brought some things to read. Here's my good deed.

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Helper of angels, wretched and vile.
His only defense a perpetual smile.
Something must have gone awry. Please don't ask why.

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