

Hawksley Workman, Sister Scissors - Version Two

Scissors... Sister scissors
Oh, you built them
And I shouldn't be afraid
I trust you with my hair
My hair, oh my hair

And I'm trusting you
As each lock hits the floor
I'm trusting your technologies
Even more, even more
And more each day

Delilah, oh Delilah
Oh, I'm sitting
On Delilah's kitchen chair
And she's cutting off my hair,
My hair, oh my hair

And I'm loving her
As each lock hits the floor
And I'm trusting her technologies
Even more, even more
And more each day

Scissors, sister scissors
Oh I take back
All those nasty things I said
I found out what was true
That my lack of faith in you

Was really just a lack of faith in me
And I'm trusting you
And your technologies
Technologies... more each day

And Delilah, oh my sweet Delilah
Oh I see you winking
At me in the mirror
And I trust you not to nick my ear
My ear, oh my ear

And I'm trusting you
As each lock hits the floor
And I'm trusting you
And your technologies even more, even more
And I'll fall asleep,
Fall asleep on the floor
Of your... hair salon
Delilah