

James Banks, Wig Song

I'm bald

Life is hard for me without a hairpiece

I spy

I need a good disguise, cover up above my eyes

Every morning I wake up, I choose another color head

For each identity. If I wear it wrong, I'm dead.

I fight

Doing roundhouse kicks and knocking the bad guys' heads together

My wig

Must withstand the exercise and top of skyscraper weather

Every morning I wake up, I choose another color head

For each identity. If I wear it wrong, I'm dead. Oh no!

Every morning I wake up, I choose another color head

For each identity. If I wear it wrong, I'm dead.

I'm dead

I'm dead

I'm dead

I'm dead