

# Pansy Division, Hockey Hair

It's such a problem  
It's got me in despair  
He's such a sweetheart  
But he's got hockey hair

Cut shorts on top  
Long in back, he lets it fall  
A neck-warmer haircut  
You can get at any mall

People giggle and stop and stare  
And it's not like he's unaware  
But he plays hockey so he don't care  
Now I'm stuck with a boy with hockey hair

He's a wicked lover  
He fills me with delight  
He'll turn a bedroom hat trick  
Three times in one night

But he won't change his hairstyle  
No matter how I try  
Though I know he loves me  
His first love is the ice

I'd love to sit him in a barber chair  
But I know I don't have a prayer  
'cause he plays hockey so he don't care  
Now I'm stuck with a boy with hockey hair

I don't tell him what clothes to wear  
I'd simply rather see him bare  
But he plays hockey so he don't care  
Now I'm stuck with a boy with hockey hair