

Patrick Wolf, The Hairy Song (Demo Version)

Theres this one hair on my head
And Im not sure with it.. what to do
It has avoided the stylish hairdresser
And not succumb to cheap shampoo

And no matter how I crimp, bleach and dye
It cannot change It will not compromise
Its as stubborn as a concrete block
And far too clean to fully let me rock!

And Its getting so damn long its almost down to my knees
And it pushes off good lovers when it blows in the breeze
And its getting so damn long its slipping out of my hold
That no golden boy or girl can really take .. take control

I tried to cut it off for you, you found it ugly
And good lord! How it clashed with your shoes!
And the day we found it was made of wire
You took my bike and set my house on fire.

Now its getting so damn so long its almost down to my feet
And I bet before too long Ill be tripping down the street
And its getting so damn long its slipping out of my hold
And no bloody minded girl can really take.. take control

Since the day that I was born
Its been growing like some wild safari horn
And they say Ill lose it when Im old and grey
But my old grandfather took a full head of hair to the grave

And its getting so damn long Its trailing down the street
And the common kids make jokes and the art kids call the fashion police
And its getting so damn long its slipping out of my hold
That no stu-stu-studio line can ever take control