

The Beach Boys, Fall Breaks And Back To Winte

Silken hair, more silken hair
Fell on her face and no wind was blowin'
(She's goin' bald)
Silken hair, more silken hair
Lay near her pillbox down at her feet
(She'd been on a trip)
I peeked in and when I saw she'd
Lost her hair I thought I would keel
(she's goin' bald)
When she saw her shining forehead
Didn't stop she swooned to the ground
(Really flipped her wig)
Laughed so hard I
Blew my mind
I blew my cool
I blew myself over
Oh oh oh oh oh oh
Sha na na, sha na na na na na na na na
What a blow
Sha na na, sha na na na na na na na na
What a blow
Sha na na, sha na na na na na na na na
What a blow
Sha na na, sha na na na na na na na na
What a blow
Sha na na, sha na na
She drew her comb acrost her scalp
And brushed what she had left
I tried to salvage what I could
And threw it in a sack
She made a b-line to her room
And grabbed all kind o' juice
She started pourin' it on her head
And thought it'd grow it back
Ah ha haaaaaa
You're too late mama
Ain't nothin' upside your head
No more no more no more no more
Upside your head
Too late mama
Ain't nothin' upside your head
No more no more no more no more
Upside
Upside your head
You're too late mama
Ain't nothin' upside your head
No more no more no more no more
(What about it, dude?)