

# Don't Cut Your Hair

## Pretenders

Don't cut your hair

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Don't cut your hair, whatever you do! From Impanema to the Copacabana

Woh, the monkey (?) their asses for a piece of banana

Pornstar (?) 'cause they're all after the money

But ya never got a taste of baby (?) love ya honey Oh don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't  
Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't, yeah! Whatever you do! Beefsteak, clothes in a box of erasers

Oooh, they love the dirty paper with elderly faces

If I could see you in your glory baby, even for a minute

I'll give up my shelter and everything that's in it Oh don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't

Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't

Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't, yeah! Don't cut it, don't chop it

It's like the bomb if you got it don't drop it If you got a man then go ahead and flaunt it

Any guy is lying if he says he doesn't want it

Any guy is lying if he says he doesn't want it Eeee-yeee! From Miami to the Sunset Strip

All the guys...

Though you look like a girl (?,?) from afar,

Close that curtain mama doesn't know what you are Oh don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't

Don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't ya, don't-don't

Don't cut your hair

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Don't cut your hair

Whatever you do!

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