

Hairdresser

ZZ Top

Blues-based tune a la John Lee Hooker What a shame, what a shame, what a shame
The shape my hair is in
It's way too humid, today, my head, it ain't no friend
If I was seen out, I'd have me arrested
Gimme, gimme, gimme my sweet hairdresser Hairdresser, hairdresser She's hip to the fastest bob,
She give a good lather-job
She don't stand no messin' around
Gimme, gimme, gimme my hairdresser this town Hairdresser, hairdresser
Conk it up, conk me baby I likes a wax, I likes a straight
I don't like the kind of hair you love to hate
I can dig it dread, I can dig it buzzed
I can dig a 'do' that does the fuzz
God, my hair it looks molested
Gimme, gimme, gimme my sweet hairdresser Hairdresser, hairdresser
Hairdresser, hairdresser
Yo, yo, Milano

Songwriters

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