

Hairdresser on Fire

Morrissey

Here is London, giddy of London
Is it home of the free
Or what? Can you squeeze me
Into an empty page of your diary
And psychologically save me
I've got faith in you
I sense the power
Within the fingers
Within an hour the power
Could totally destroy me
(Or, it could save my life) Oh, here is London
"Home of the brash, outrageous and free"
You are repressed
But you're remarkably dressed
Is it real?
And you're always busy Really busy
Busy, busy
Oh, hairdresser on fire
All around Sloane Square
And you're just so busy
Busy, busy
Busy scissors
Oh, hairdresser on fire
(Only the other day) Was a client, over-cautious
He made you nervous
And when he said
"I'm gonna sue you"
Oh, I really felt for you So can you squeeze me
Into an empty page of your diary
And supernaturally change me?
Change me, change
Oh, here in London
"Home of the brash, outrageous and free"
You are repressed
But you're remarkably dressed
Is it real?
And you're always busy Really busy
Busy clippers
Oh, hairdresser on fire

All around Sloane Square And you're just too busy
To see me
Busy clippers
Oh, hairdresser on fire
(Only the other day)

Songwriters

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