Hair

Paul Nicholas, Oliver Tobias, Tribe A

I'm in disarray, I'm unkempt
And I love this sugar, yeah, this is what you do
When you run your fingers through my hair
In the morning, I'm feeling like a sexy superstar
Whoa, whoa, you rock my party, wanna make me say whoo hoo
You're the only one that keeps me singing la, la, la
I love to smell your T-shirt, I like the way you are
But most of all, I like it, like it
I like what you do to my hair
Who knew that looking a mess could feel so good
I like what you do to my hair
Tousle it, tease it, run your fingers through it
Oh, how you do, now go and mess it up, mess it up
Baby, mess it up, mess it up, mess it up
Do it till I can't get enough, oh
I like what you do to my hair
Who knew that looking a mess could feel so good
I'm unperfect, so un-me
But I love it, sugar, see this is what you do
You get my ponytail to sag, my bangs are laughable
But I don't mind 'cause I think it's kinda super cool
Whoa, whoa, you rock my party, wanna make me say whoo hoo
You're the only one that keeps me singing la, la, la
I love to smell your T-shirt, I like the way you are
But most of all, I like it, like it

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I like what you do to my hair
Who knew that looking a mess could feel so good
Tonight, I'm gonna fix it up real nice
My Shirley Temple curls, I want you to mess it up
I'll put on a bow 'cause I want you to know
That you've got your name on my heart, you're wicked bad

And I like the way that you do it, baby
I like what you do to my hair
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Oh, how you do, now go and mess it up, mess it up
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