

# Hair

## Hair [Original Broadway Cast]

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  
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  
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  
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

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