

The Haircut Song

Ray Stevens

(Chorus)

Well, when you get a haircut, you'd better go back home
When you get a haircut, get a barber you have known
Since you were a little bitty boy sittin' in a booster chair
'Cause you might look like Larry, Moe or Curly if a stranger cuts your hair
Well, Butte, Montana just a-passin'
through, one thing I just had to do
Had to get a haircut and I was worried for my hair
I had a feeling of impending doom the minute I stepped into that room
And laid my eyes upon that barber chair... oh yeah
It was a macho barber shop. Hair dryers were mounted on a rifle rack.
Wasn't no mirrors. The barber chair was a Peterbilt. Barber walked in;
he was huge, seven feet tall, three hundred pounds of spring steel and
rawhide. Wearin' a hard hat, chewin' a cigar, had a t-shirt on -- said,
"I hate musicians." Threw me in the chair, sneered and said, "What'll it
be pal?" Now a lot of people would be intimidated in a situation like
this... I was not. I am what I am, play my piano, sing my little
songs. I looked him right in the eye and I said, "I'm a logger... just up in Coos Bay, Oregon. Been toppin'
trees -- quite possibly the toughest
man in the entire world. He said, "All right!" He gave me a haircut and I walked out of there, my hair was gone!
Made Kojak look like Bill Golden. Yeah, had a tremendous craving to operate heavy equipment.
Now, you may think that Butte, Montana haircut's the worst any man could ever get... Wrong!
Well, a few
months later I was in L.A., truckin' along on a smoggy day
I needed a haircut so bad, I looked like Bozo the Clown
I was looking shaggy, not too good, I'd put it off as long as I could
And Lord, I hate to get a haircut out of town
Well, I walked in immediately and realized immediately that this
guy was into punk rock. The walls were done in black leather. Had chains and whips and handcuffs hangin' on
'em. Barber walked in, he had orange hair. Black mascara. Stainless steel teeth. Black leather jacket with zinc
studs. He threw me in the chair, hit me a couple times -- whap, whap --
chained me down, threw a Nazi flag over me. Said, I'm gonna tell you something might make you a little
nervous. I laughed, ha ha ha. I said, "What could possibly make me nervous?" He said, "I'm gay." Nooo
problem. I'm not threatened in any way. I mean, I'm secure in my manhood, everything is cool... I am what I
am, play my little piano, sing my little songs. I looked him right in the eye. I said, "I'm a logger. Played football
in high school. I was in the Marine Corps." He said, "All right," and he gave me a haircut. I walked out of there,
friends, my hair was purple. Well, at least that mohawk section down the middle was purple. Had a white streak
down one side... other side looked like Mr. T. Had a couple safety pins in my cheeks. Felt a teeny bit
conspicuous. Luckily, my next job was in San Fransisco. Shoot, I got up there and I didn't even stand out at all.
Wasn't even close! Those people thought I was an insurance salesman!
Well, a few months later, I was way down South, grits and gravy and a-hush your mouth
Hair so long I'm startin' to look like a man in drag

It was then that the sheriff came up and said, "Boy, you got too much hair on your head
You better get yourself a haircut or a dog tag!" Well, when I stepped into the shop, I realized immediately that I
was dealing with a born-again barber. Don't see too many barber shops with a steeple. Had an organ in the
corner, a choir... an usher led me to the barber chair. Barber walked in, started saying grace, "Oh Lord, for these
haircuts we are about to receive, may we be truly thankful. Dominus possum pax probiscus, post mortem, et tu
Brute, puella carborundum. He was sorta half-Baptist, half-Catholic... kind of a Cathtist. He started cuttin' my
hair and preachin' at the same time. I

mean he's a wild man, scissors and razors a-flyin' around my head, he's talkin' about the liquor and wild
women and music and sex and the evils of dancing and the music business in general. Then he looked down at
me and he said, "What do you do for a living?" Now, I'm not ashamed of what I do for a livin'. Workin' bars
and casinos, around liquor and wild women, I just play my piano, sing my little songs. I looked him right in the
eye and I said, "I run this church for loggers..."(Chorus)

When you get a haircut, be sure to go back home

When you get a haircut, get a barber you have known

Since you were a little bitty boy sittin' in a booster chair

Or you might look like Larry, Moe or Curly if a stranger cuts your hair

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>