Hair

Gavin Creel, Will Swenson & Tribe

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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