Shampoo

Elvis Perkins in Dearland

Sweep up, little sweeper boy
It's you who's got the wig on here
Sweep up, little sweeper boy, sweep upYellow is the color of my true love's crossbow
Yellow is the color of the sun
And black is the color of
A strangled rainbow
That's the color of my lung
Black is the color of my true love's arrow
That's the color of human bloodYou got a shot of shampoo
Though it was made thirty years ago
You got a shot of shampoo
Though you were made twenty years agoSpeak up, little sweeper boy
They are hard of hearing
Anything that anyone has to sayO they say
Yellow is the color of my true love's crossbow
Yellow is the color of the sun
Black is the color of
A strangled rainbow
The color of my loss
And black is the color of my true love's arrow
That's the color of my bloodBut I don't want to die
I'll never die, tomorrow maybe
Book me a perfect square of sky
You are worth your weight in gold
You are worth your weight in sorrow baby
Though you will never know why

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