

# 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 up  
Yellow 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 blood  
You got a shot of shampoo  
Though it was made thirty years ago  
You got a shot of shampoo  
Though you were made twenty years ago  
Speak up, little sweeper boy  
They are hard of hearing  
Anything that anyone has to say  
O 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 blood  
But 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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