

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 a human's blood You got a shot o-o-o-of shampoo
Though it was made thirty years ago
Yeah, you still got a shot o-o-o-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 Well, I say
Yellow is the color of my true love's crossbow
Yellow like the color of the sun
And, black is the color of
A strangled rainbow
Just the color of my lung
Black is the color of my true love's arrow
Exactly the color of my blood But I don't want to die
I-I- I'll never die, tomorrow maybe (however dark tomorrow may be)
Above 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

Songwriters

ELVIS PERKINS Published by

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