

Losing Hair Under God

Arrogant Worms

The Lord above
saved his only son
To spread the word of God
to everyone
Jesus cured the lepers, aw
And he healed the lame
But he left the bald men
with their pain
Oh my Lord
I lost what I had
I've suffered the fate
Of my old dad
I've looked in the hills
In the valleys everywhere
But I cannot see why
You took my hair
I'm losin' my hair (losin' my hair)
I'm losin' my hair (losin' my hair)
What was on my head (above I saw)
Is no longer there (losin' my hair)
When you see the light
It's my forehead's glare
Oh, don't you care (hey you up there)
I'm losin' my hair (yeah, yeah)
I've tried to pray
And I've tried to grieve
I've tried the wig
And I've tried the weave
I've tried the transplant
And I've tried the graft
But my hair
Is thin and fat
Oh my good Lord
Why'd you take my hair?
Are You making a carpet
For heaven's stairs
To warm the feet
Of the chosen souls?
But in the meantime,

My head's getting cold!
I'm losin' my hair (losin' my hair)
I'm losin' my hair (losin' my hair)
What was on my head (above I saw)
Is no longer there (losin' my hair)
When you see the light
It's my forehead's glare
Oh, don't you care (hey you up there)
That I'm losin' my hair (yeah, yeah)
We are your children
And we are blessed
But most of my hair
Is now on my chest
In Your old wisdom
You took it off my head
Why couldn't you
Just rob me blind instead?
Oh Lord above
On Judgement Day
Will you forgive me
For my toupee
And when I march
Through the gates a-pearl
Can I have hair in
Your afterworld?
I'm losin' my hair (losin' my hair)
I'm losin' my hair (losin' my hair)
What was on my head (above I saw)
Is no longer there (losin' my hair)
When you see the light
It's my forehead's glare
Oh, don't you care (hey you up there)
I'm losin' my hair (yeah, yeah)
Yeah, I'm losin' my hair, I'm losin' my hair
But I know a lot of other people out there are losin'
their hair too.
And I know every night, you pray to God, don't you?
Yeah, you do, don't you?
You pray to God to give you more hair!
You wake up the next morning, you go in that shower,
you look in that drain...
There's your hair. It ain't on your head no more.
But you know, maybe your call's just not getting through.
God's a busy man, and a lot of people try to get him on
the intergalactic telephone.

But maybe, maybe if we all pray together, we'll get God's
phone to ring! Thank you.
So gimme an amen (amen)
Amen (amen)
C'mon AMEN (amen)
AMEN (amen)

Oh yeah, the phone is ringin', the phone is ringin', God's
pickin' it up. I think we might have woken him up, he might
be a little bit grumpy, but it doesn't matter, 'cause we're
gonna tell him what we want, aren't we? (yeah) Aren't we?
(yeah)

I need help for my scalp (help for my scalp)
Oh give me help for my scalp (help for my scalp)
Oh yeah, I'm feeling the power, the power of the Lord.
It's in me! It's all around me! This man, this man
has split ends on the end of his head. Let those split
ends be healed!

(Miracle...follicle...miracle...follicle...)

Oh my Lord
Up on your throne
I gotta know
Do you use a comb?
Is your hair wavy?
Is your hair blonde?
Is it curly?
Or is it GONE?
Is to be bald
To be divine
'Cause all the monks
Have heads that shine
If that's your way
Then I don't care
I'd sell my soul to
Get more hair!

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Oh, don't you care
Oh, don't you care
I'm losin' my hair

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