The Hair Song

Black Mountain

Young pretty hair, oh how'd you grow there
What it is, what it is?
Ain't no wonder at allYou clung to your cloud and devoured your wealth
Like it is, like it is
Let whole world turn you onOh villains turned lovers, alive on your bosom
Born wounded and in it
Yeah, God made you strongThere will be none left to drag away under your rule
Bang, bang the drum
Children having fun with the bluesLet your laws come undone
Don't suffer your crimes
Let the love in your heart take controlBig city lights have wound us so tight
Statesmen and clergy
Banished kids open your eyesAlien fascist, alien with the devil
No provocation
Let the whole world turn us onThere will be none left to drag away under your rule
Bang, bang the drum
Children having fun with the bluesLet your laws come undone
Don't suffer your crimes
Let the love in your heart take controlLet your laws come undone
Don't suffer your crimes
Let the love in your heart take control

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/