

# Haircut

## Deep Sweden

I saw your haircut in a storefront:  
The choppy sides and perfect bangs.  
I loved the way it framed the model's cheekbones,  
The blank expression on her face. So I went inside and tried to buy it,  
But I got told it's not for sale.  
I got embarrassed and I decked the sales clerk.  
I stole the wig and ran like hell. And I figured I would come and show you,  
So I kept running towards your house;  
Then I remembered I don't have your address  
(At least not the one you live at now). So I hurried home to get collected,  
To let the red flush from my face.  
I took out my notebook and I sketched you smiling.  
I like to think of you that way. Then I put your haircut in my closet  
Next to your t-shirts and your cards.  
I turned the lights out and I sunk in, slowly,  
Counting sheep and breathing hard. But when it comes it's way too quickly,  
And it busts apart the faith I've grown:  
See, I can't stop myself from hurting you,  
So I guess I won't.

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