

**The Haircut Song**

**Ray Stevens**

Refrão -----

C F C  
When you get a haircut, you better go back home  
C G  
When you get a haircut, get a barber you have known  
F C Am  
Since you were a little bitty boy sittin in that booster chair  
C F C  
Or you might look like Larry Moe or Curly if a stranger cuts your hair, Oh Lord  
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C F  
Well Butte Montana just a passin through, one thing I just had to do  
C G F  
Had to get a haircut, and I was worried for my hair  
C F  
Well I had a feeling of impending doom, the minute I stepped into that room  
C G F C F  
And laid my eyes upon that barber chair

(spoken)

Am  
It was a macho barbershop, hair dryers mounted on a rifle rack, wasn t no mirrors  
Barberchair was a Peterbuilt, barber walked in he was huge  
7 feet tall 300 pounds of spring steel and rawhide  
Wearin a hardhat, chewing a cigar, had a t-shirt on that said I hate musicians  
Threw me in the chair, sneered, and said what ll it be pal  
Now a lot of people would be intimidated in a situation like this, I was not  
I am what I am, play my piano, sing my little songs  
I looked him right in the eye and said, I m a logger, just up from Coon s Bay Oregon  
Been toppin trees, quite possibly the toughest man in the entire world  
He said alright, gave me a haircut, I walked out of there and my hair was gone  
Make Kojak look like Bill Golden Yeah, had a tremendous craving to operate heavy equipment  
Now you may think that that Butte Montana haircut was the worst any man could ever get  
Wrong

Well a few months later I was in LA, truckin along on a smoggy day  
Needed a haircut so bad I looked like Bozo the clown  
I was lookin shaggy and not too good, I d put it off as long as I could  
Lord, I hate to get a haircut out of town

(spoken)

Well I walked in realized immediately this guy was into punk rock

The walls were done in black leather, had chains and whips and handcuffs hangin on it

Barber walked in he had orange hair, black mascara, stainless steel teeth

Black leather jacket with zinc studs

He threw me in the chair hit me a couple times whap-whap, chained me down

Threw a Nazi flag over me, said

I m gonna tell you something might make you a little nervous, I laughed, ha ha ha

I said what could possibly make me nervous

He said, I m gay

No problem, I m not threatened in any way, I mean, I m secure in my manhood

Everything s cool, I am what I am play my piano sing my little songs

I looked him right in the eye and said

I m a logger, played football in highschool, I was in the Marine Corps

He said alright and he gave me a haircut

I walked out of their friends my hair was purple

Well, at least that mohawk section down the middle was purple

Had a white streak down one side, other side looked like Mr. T

Had a couple saftey pins in my cheeks, felt a teeny bit conspicuous

Luckily my next job was in San Fransisco

Shoot I got up there I didn t even stand out at, wasn t even close

Those people thought I was an insurance salesman

Well a few months later I was way down South, grits and gravy and a hush your mouth

My hair so long I was startin to look like a man in drag

It was then that the Sheriff came up and said, boy you got too much hair on your head

You better get yourself a haircut, or a dog tag

(spoken)

Well when I stepped into the shop I realized immediately

That I was dealing with a born-again barber

Don t see too many barbershops with a steeple, had an organ in the corner, choir

An usher led me to the barber chair

Barber walked in started saying grace

Oh Lord for these haircuts we are about to recieve may we be truly blessed

Dominus, possum, pox probiscus, post mortem, et tu brute, puella, carberundem

He was sorta half Baptist half Catholic, sort of a Captist

He started cuttin my hair, preachin at the same time

I mean he s a wild man scissors and razors a flyin around my head

He s talkin bout liquor and wild women and music and sex and the evils of dancing

And the music business in general

Then he looked down at me and said, What do you do for a living?

Now I m not ashamed of what I do for a livin

Workin bars and casinos, around liquor and wild women

I just play my piano, sing my little songs

I looked him right in the eye and said, I run this church for loggers

CHORUS

On the spoken verses, feel free to add some hammer-on s or pull-off s for fill effect.