

# Hair, Frank Mills

I met a boy called Frank Mills  
On September twelfth right here  
In front of the Waverly  
But unfortunately  
I lost his address

He was last seen with his friend, A drummer, he resembles George Harrison of the Beatles  
But he wears his hair  
Tied in a small bow at the back

I love him but it embarrasses me  
To walk down the street with him  
He lives in Brooklyn somewhere  
And wears this white crash helmet

He has gold chains on his leather jacket  
And on the back is written the names  
Mary  
And Mom  
And Hell's Angels

I would gratefully appreciate it if you see him tell him  
I'm in the park with my girlfriend  
And please

Tell him Angela and I  
Don't want the two dollars back  
Just him!