

# The Who, Cut My Hair

Why should I care  
If I have to cut my hair?  
I've got to move with the fashions  
Or be outcast.  
I know I should fight  
But my old man he's really alright,  
And I'm still living at home  
Even though it won't last.

Zoot suit, white jacket with side vents  
Five inches long.  
I'm out on the street again  
And I'm leaping along.  
I'm dressed right for a beach fight,  
But I just can't explain  
Why that uncertain feeling is still  
Here in my brain.

The kids at school  
Have parents that seem so cool.  
And though I don't want to hurt them  
Mine want me their way.  
I clean my room and my shoes  
But my mother found a box of blues,  
And there doesn't seem much hope  
They'll let me stay.

Zoot suit, [etc.]

Why do I have to be different to them?  
Just to earn the respect of a dance hall friend,  
We have the same old row, again and again.  
Why do I have to move with a crowd  
Of kids that hardly notice I'm around,  
I have to work myself to death just to fit in.

I'm coming down  
Got home on the very first train from town.  
My dad just left for work  
He wasn't talking.  
It's all a game,  
'Cos inside I'm just the same,  
My fried egg makes me sick  
First thing in the morning.