

When You Wash Your Hair

Matt Maltese

The red light of the evening
The cotton that you wear
They cover up your neck this way

Your calm and naked crying
Washing off Chanel
From the edges of your neck this way

You did some things that you forgot
Drinking wine and smoking pot
You tried to be someone you are not

Now the morning sweeps you up
You take your evening outfit off
You run your shower and lean back your head
I love when you wash your hair

I hear you tell me lightly
You were quite a mess
But I worship you no less this way

You're quite the angel, Mary
As you cut up last night's dress
It lingers piece by piece this way

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Drinking wine and smoking pot
You tried to be someone you are not

Now the morning sweeps you up
You take your evening outfit off
You run your bath and lean back your head
I love when you wash your hair
I love when you wash your hair