

Barbershop by Steve Einhorn & Kate Power

Old barbershop, where I used to get my haircut
Old Frank is dead and gone, never more to clip and comb
Free bubble gum, Bazooka Joe is on the run
Tootsie roll pop, I don't care, crunchy green stuff in my hair
Pompadour is nice and curly,
Gotta find me a pretty little girl!

Then it's off to the bakery; day olds are fine and nearly free
Jelly donuts, crumb cake too; five in a bag, just a nickel!
I remember one sweet time in the bakery window, lord, it did shine
A lap steel guitar, you know the kind; three chrome legs and a case so fine,
Not to mention the matching amp!
Hank Williams was still the champ!

Heading home by the railroad tracks, flatten a quarter in seconds flat.
Stolen candy, drinkin' pop, laughin' so hard we could not stop
Oh, that muskrat trap, the only thing I caught was a big old rat
Skin and tack to a two-by-four
Don't need to do that one anymore

Boy Scouts and Playboy girls, funny kinda bunny, not your mama in curlers!
With plenty of time to figure it out, looking from here I've got my doubts
They say I'll be a man someday; I'll know what I'm doin' know what to say
At the moment I'm checkin' it out
Till I find what makes me shout

Sixty years with my feet on the ground, lookin' back life's lost and found
Wife and home and all my kids, it comes back to me just what I did
Before the day I became a man, played my guitar in a good jug band
I still play it every day
Gonna play it till my dyin' day

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