**Hair Loss Tragedy**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Finger Pick in G – 148 BPM**

**G-G/F#-Em: C-C/B-Am: G-G/F#-Em-D**

**G-G/F#-Em: C-C/B-Am: G-G/F#-Em-D-G**

**He lost all his hair at a very young age**

**It was in all the papers I’m told**

**Such a shame for a man with a lifetime of plans**

**To go bald at twenty-seven years old**

**His girl broke it off, “It’s not you dear; it’s me.”**

**With a text from her over-sized phone**

**Such a shame; such a scare; to lose all his hair**

**And be left so completely alone**

**Meanwhile his hair went on a wild drunken binge**

**At its first taste of sweet liberty**

**Partied raucously wild; like a motherless child**

**Finally knowing how it feels to be free**

**With senses all curled in a permanent wave**

**Washed by the snow moon in December**

**With a flush and a start that tore it a part**

**Snip, snip, snip and it all was dismembered**

**There’s is more to this tail, a pony, a braid**

**A cornrow, dreadlocks, and a warning**

**Such a shock to his locks; when they found only socks**

**And no lover to touch in the morning**

**Waking up so alone with no wallet, no phone**

**Lying limp in a pillow-less bed**

**There is much more to say, but what I’ll convey**

**Is that they say that his hair lost its head**