

“Bad Hair Day”

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I woke up on the wrong side of the bed
With a laundry list of things to do running through my head
Right then I should have crawled back in
Cause what came next put me to the test.

The curling iron nearly fried my hair
I dug through the closet, I couldn't find a thing to wear
Mascara lines all down my face
My heel just broke, and I'm running late.

It's only eight a.m., and my brain's already spent
And I'm just a few miles down the road
I spilled coffee on my lap, as I tried to multi-task
Nothing's going my way
It's a bad hair day!

I pulled in to the Wal-Mart parking lot
Some pretty little trophy princess tries to steal my spot
My check-out clerk is newly hired
I can't find my cash, and my card's expired

And now it's three p.m., and my nerves are wearing thin
Doing the car pool after school
I started heading down the street with the wrong kids in my backseat
Oh what more can I say, it's a bad hair day!

I broke a nail, dog with fleas, credit cards with hidden fees
It's enough to drive a girl insane
Soccer, basketball and dance, piano lessons start again
Mortgage due, homework's late
Will I ever get a break?

It's finally six p.m., and I'm at my wit's end
The dinner's burned again tonight
The laundry's piled up high
My phone's dead and so am I
Nothing more I can say
It's a bad hair day!