

I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of
My Hair *from South Pacific*

I'm gonna wash that man right outta my
hair
I'm gonna wash that man right outta my
hair
I'm gonna wash that man right outta my
hair
And send him on his way

I'm gonna wave that man right outta my
arms
I'm gonna wave that man right outta my
arms
I'm gonna wave that man right outta my
arms
And send him on his way

Don't try to patch it up
Tear it up, tear it up
Wash him out, dry him out
Push him out, fly him out
Cancel him and let him go

Yea, sister!

I'm gonna wash that man right outta my
hair
I'm gonna wash that man right outta my
hair
I'm gonna wash that man right outta my
hair
And send him on his way

If a man don't understand you,
If you fly on separate beams,
Waste no time, make a change,
Ride that man right off your range
Rub him out of the roll call

And drum him out of your dreams

Oho! If you laugh at different comics
If you root for different teams
Waste no time, weep no more
Show him what the door is for
Rub him out of the roll call
And drum him out of your dreams

You can't light a fire when the woods are
wet
You can't make a butterfly strong
You can't fix an egg when it ain't quite
good
And you can't fix a man when he's
wrong

You can't put back a petal when it falls
from a flower
Or sweeten up a fellow when he starts
turnin' sour
Oh no! Oh no!

If his eyes get dull and fishy
When you look for glints and gleams
Waste no time
Make a switch
Drop him in the nearest ditch
Rub him out of the roll call
And drum humdrumbum right out of
your dreams

I'm gonna wave that man right outta my
arms
I'm gonna wave that man right outta my
arms
I'm gonna wave that man right outta my
arms
And sent him on his way

Walk him out
Dry him out
Push him out
Fly him out
And send him on his way!