

Here In My Head – Tori Amos

In my head, I found you there
And running around and following me
But you don't dare
But I find that I have, now,
More Than I ever wanted to
So maybe Thomas Jefferson wasn't born
In your backyard like you have said and
Maybe I'm just the horizon you run to when
She has left You
There you are, here in my head and
Running around and calling me
"come back I'll show you the roses
That brush off the snow
And open their petals again and again"
And you know that Apple green ice cream
Can melt in your hands
I can't so
I held your hand at the fair and
Even forgot what time it was
And even Thomas Jefferson wasn't born
In your backyard, like you have said and
Maybe I'm just the horizon you run to
When she has left you
And me here alone on the floor
You're counting my feathers as the bells toll
You see the bow and belt
And the girl from the south
All favorites of mine you know them all well
And spring brings fresh little puddles
That makes it all clear makes it all
Ohhhuo, do you know what this is doing to me
Here in my head



