

Here, In My Head

Tori Amos

In my head
i found you there
and running around
and following me
but you don't hold
hold dear and there
but i have find
that i have now
more than i ever wanted to

so maybe thomas jefferson
wasn't born in your back yard
like you i've 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
i held your hand at the fair
and even forgot what time it was
and even thomas jefferson
wasn't born in your back yard
like you i've 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 the 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
it makes it all

hey, do you know?
hey, do you know?
mmm what this is doing to me?
oh, here
here
here

here in my head