

Over My Head

Red House Painters

Some odd door, some blooming tree
Senseless and awkward feeling hard uneased
Sleep in rooms where people leave
Dry of gentleness of life of breeze Sometimes you get so alone
Without a friend
It's hard to know who you are?
And to pretend Little lights reaching over my head
Shiny sinks to let myself out in
And you won't call to say that it's all right
'Cause you know it lasts all night You know you should be at home
Where it's good to be tired
Under a roof that you know
That we're inside

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