

# Your Haunted Head

## Concrete Blonde

Blackest eyes I've ever seen like moonstones shine  
And all the while behind the dancing eyes the boy was crying  
He creeps like ivy on the stairs, you know I liked him then  
When we would sit and drink for hours and watch the sidewalk spin  
Well baby, I don't wanna hear your secrets,  
I don't share your pain  
I don't wanna know about the wrinkles in your bed  
I don't wanna hear about the ghost inside your haunted head  
Inside your haunted head  
Now, I don't need your tragedy and I don't need your shame  
You can't keep your promises but you keep naming names  
He laid his troubles out to me like a deck of playing cards  
Well don't you know that I can tell the kings and jokers well apart?  
Now, I don't wanna hear your secrets, I  
don't share your blame  
I don't wanna hear about the wrinkles in your bed  
I don't wanna hear about the ghost inside your haunted head  
Inside your haunted head

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