Outta My Head

Liz Longley

I was packing to move to New York City
you were the last thing I thought I'd find
miles and miles away you should be gone now
but our years together play like movies in my mindCause I found your letters
and that John Martin record that we spun till it was dead
I found your mixtape for the road
and two tickets to the show
and your sock from under my bed
and now I can't get your outta my head
get outta my headmemories of you start to reappear
and they're getting harder to ignore
I swear I heard you singing in the kitchen
and your bare feet tapping a rhythm on the floor
and I thought I saw you walking through that door
oh I wish you'd walk through that doorWhy don't you come get your letters
and that John Martin record that we spun till it was dead?
Come get your mixtape for the road
and two tickets to the show
and your sock from under my bed
Come get yourself outta my head
get outta my headOh now that you're here, you're far more beautiful than I remember
Oh, remind me why we're not together
shouldn't we be together?Why don't you come get your letters
and we'll spin some records, then go out and paint the town red
I've got two tickets to the show
and I think that we should go
and if you want you can crash on my bed
cause I'd rather you there in my headget outta my head
get outta my head
get outta my head
get outta my head

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