

# In Veronica's Head

[Rick Springfield](#)

He lifted her face from the pillow and said, "Baby such is life"  
And then he pushed his suitcase out through the door  
And give'm something to talk about  
The door slammed, left a scar  
She'd be damned she could see her in his car  
So much for marriage and the good, good wife  
Well, maybe it's a fact of life But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the wheels were burning  
Turning out of frustration  
Veronica's bed mocked every private  
Thing she said to the bastard She dyed her hair black in the bathroom mirror  
He'd liked it blonde on his wife  
An act of independence, a small victory  
Hey, it was something to shout about  
Cause at night, she'd crack  
She'd feel his strong fingers raking down her back  
She'd wake up angry, but turned on like a light Yeah maybe it's a fact of life But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the  
wheels were burning  
Turning out of frustration  
Veronica said, she would never be the same, no  
But IN veRonicA'S HEAD, the fields were burning  
Burning down the destruction  
She turns around, he's there  
Confusing her with his promises  
And crying on the telephone  
She twists and she turns in circles  
With all of her strength, she breaks free  
She stumbles and she nearly falls But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the wheels were burning  
Turning out of frustration  
Veronica said she would never be the same, no  
But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the fields were burning  
Burning down the destruction  
Veronica's bed, she lies there listening  
Late at night to her heartbeat. Oooh. The wheels were turning And IN veRonicA'S HEAD the fields are burning  
The wheels are turning  
The fields are burning

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