

# 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 breezeSometimes you get so alone  
    Without a friend  
    It's hard to know who you are?  
And to pretendLittle 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 nightYou know you should be at home  
    Where it's good to be tired  
    Under a roof that you know  
That we're insideSome odd door, off-white painted sills  
    Faded pictures gathered 'round me still  
    And I know what you face in the night  
    And I know you'll be alright

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