

Inside My Head

Meg & Dia

He's got inside my head
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand I am not anymore surprised at your
Phone calls at four in the morning, hello, hello
You try to write me letters like you've transformed
Into Charles Dickens overnight or something, oh I'm sorry And I doubt that you've considered that maybe
Just maybe those genes that you were forced in
Although heavy are no excuse for
Your lack of trust in anyone, even you My boyfriend used my palm as an ashtray
And that was on his good days, yeah
My scar looks like a bear or a rabbit
They said, it's just his bad habits, yeah He's got inside my head
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand I'm not even scared to come cure your past
Or try to reinvent it, just leave it alone
I can be your lover and your mother
And your father who never really had
To take you fishing or teach compassion You used my voice as your spokesman
You couldn't walk on your own feet
Ain't that horrid, yeah He's got inside my head
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand What's the use
I've caught the blindness He's got inside my head
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand Are you going to tell me that you
Can't bear this weight that was a present
Twelve years from this day Well, this town's on the edge
Of the dry, dry ocean
And you're thinking you're immune
To getting torn or more, yeah He's got inside my bed
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand What's the use
I've caught the blindness He's got inside my bed
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand What's the use
I've caught the blindness

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