

Mountains of Your Head

Buffalo Tom

I've been turned on in that little room
And I am all caved in now like a cat
I've woken up, 'cause you've spoken up
I'm catatonic but ready to roll
Drift sense of time, turning round on a dime
Crossed the thin line as I'm waving goodbye
You saved my life now once or twice
And I'm not willing to let it go
Mountains of your head come back in dreams
And I'm thinking true pencil thoughts
Hell hath no fury I'm restless but weak
What's on your mind?
If it's on your tongue you should speak
Speak
It's true
It's true
She's spinning and she was hinting at
And sweeping dust in and out of rooms
"What could I do?", I'm asking you
I made myself invisible to her
Hell hath no fury, I'm restless but weak
What's on your mind?
If it's on your tongue you should speak
Speak
It's true
It's true

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