

Noisy Head

Anita Lipnicka

Noisy Head, oh Noisy Head
Why don't you give it a break?
I can hear you from here, oh I can feel
Your thoughts coursing deep in my veins
Your shiny shoes clicking with confidence
As you speed through the corridors
Of your different lives, your fancy lies
How do you keep track of them all?

I made a little grave for you
Right at the heart of my heart
I gave to the birds the remains of you
Still, you just don't want to die...

Noisy head, oh noisy head
So, why don't you tell me once more
What was it really all about?
I don't think I can rest till I know
There on the floor of your hiding place
There in the bright morning light
I would swear I could feel you shine through me
Your wedding ring drowned in wine

I made a little grave for you
Right at the heart of my heart
I bring you flowers and sing for you
Still, you just don't want to die...

Here winter came and slowed my pace
And painted my memories with frost
Noisy Head, oh Noisy Head
Why don't you just let it go?