

## 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?