

Your Haunted Head

Concrete Blonde

Blackest eyes I've ever seen like moonstones shine,
And all the while behind the dancing eyes the boy was crying,
He creeps like ivy on the stairs, you know I liked him then,
When we would sit and drink for hours and watch the sidewalk spin.

Well baby, I don't wanna hear your secrets,
I don't share your pain,
I don't wanna know about the wrinkles in your bed,
I don't wanna hear about the ghost inside your haunted head,
Inside your haunted head.

Now, I don't need your tragedy and I don't need your shame,
You can't keep your promises, but you keep naming names.
He laid his troubles out to me like a deck of playing cards,
Well don't you know that I can tell the Kings and Jokers well a part?

Now, I don't wanna hear your secrets, I don't share your blame,
I don't wanna hear about the wrinkles in your bed,
I don't wanna hear about the ghost inside your haunted head,
Inside your haunted head!

Haunted,

Head.