

She

Edie Brickell and New Bohemians

She glows around you like the moon.
She smiles at her reflection in a spoon.
She reads expensive magazines.
She sees herself in everything.
You can't judge her for that.
She knows where her head is at.
She's tangled up in you.
She's laced up in your shoe.
She's got a ladder to the sky.
She's got a mad look in her eye.
You can't judge her for that.
She knows where her head is at.
She moves in simple curves.
She speaks in simple words.
And it's simple to be in love with her.
You can't judge her for that.
She knows where her head is at.
You call her home and you want to move in.
But a house is not a home and a home is not a house when there'
s not enough room for you.
You call her home. Sweet home.