

# She

Edie Brickell

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 cant judge her for that  
She knows where her head is at

Shes tangled up in you  
Shes laced up in your shoe  
Shes got a ladder to the sky  
Shes got a mad look in her eye

You cant judge her for that  
She knows where her head is at

She moves in simple curves  
She speaks in simple words  
and its simple to be in love with her

You cant judge her for that  
She knows where her head is at

You call her home  
and you want to move in  
but a house in not a home and a home  
is not a house when theres not enough  
room for you  
You call her home Sweet Home