

Inside My Head

Meg & Dia

He's got inside my head
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand

I am not anymore surprised at your phone calls at 4 in the morning
(Hello, hello)
You try to write me letters like you've transformed into Charles Dickens overnight or something
(Oh, I'm sorry)
And I doubt that you've considered that maybe,
Just maybe those genes that you were forced in,
Although heavy, are no excuse for your lack of trust in anyone, even you.

My boyfriend used my palm, as an ashtray,
And that was on his good days
My scar looks like a bear, or a rabbit
They said, "It's just his bad habits."

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I'm not even scared to come cure your past, or try to reinvent it.
(Just leave it alone)
I can be your lover, and your mother,
And your father who never really had to take you fishing or teach compassion
.
(You'll never know)
You used my voice as your spokesman
You couldn't walk on your own feet
Ain't that horrid

He's got inside my head
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand
(What's the use, I've caught the blindness)

He's got inside my head
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand

Are you going to tell me that you can't bear this weight that was a present
12 years from this day?
Well this town's on the edge of the dry, dry ocean,
And you're thinking you're immune to getting torn or more

Yeah...Yeah...
Come on

He's got inside my bed
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand
(What's the use, I've caught the blindness)

He's got inside my bed
He's sleeping in my head
He's got hold of my hand

(What's the use, I've caught the blindness)