

IN veRonicA'S HEAD

Rick Springfield

He lifted her face from the pillow and said, "Baby such is life
"

And then he pushed his suitcase out through the door
And give'm something to talk about

The door slammed, left a scar

She'd be damned she could see her in his car

So much for marriage and the good, good wife

Well, maybe it's a fact of life

But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the wheels were burning

Turning out of frustration

Veronica's bed mocked every private

Thing she said to the bastard

She dyed her hair black in the bathroom mirror

He'd liked it blonde on his wife

An act of independence, a small victory

Hey, it was something to shout about

Cause at night, she'd crack

She'd feel his strong fingers raking down her back

She'd wake up angry, but turned on like a light

Yeah maybe it's a fact of life

But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the wheels were burning

Turning out of frustration

Veronica said, she would never be the same, no

But IN veRonicA'S HEAD, the fields were burning

Burning down the destruction

She turns around, he's there

Confusing her with his promises

And crying on the telephone

She twists and she turns in circles

With all of her strength, she breaks free

She stumbles and she nearly falls

But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the wheels were burning

Turning out of frustration

Veronica said she would never be the same, no

But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the fields were burning

Burning down the destruction

Veronica's bed, she lies there listening

Late at night to her heartbeat. Oooh.

The wheels were turning

And IN veRonicA'S HEAD the fields are burning

The wheels are turning

The fields are burning