

# Here, In My Head

Tori Amos

In my head  
i found you there  
and running around  
and following me  
but you don't hold  
hold dear and there  
but i have find  
that i have now  
more than i ever wanted to

so maybe thomas jefferson  
wasn't born in your back yard  
like you i've said  
and maybe i'm just  
the horizon you run to  
when she has left you there

you are here in my head  
and running around  
and calling me  
come back  
i'll show you the roses  
that brush off the snow  
and open their petals  
again and again  
and you know that apple-green ice cream  
can melt in your hands  
i can't

so i  
i held your hand at the fair  
and even forgot what time it was  
and even thomas jefferson  
wasn't born in your back yard  
like you i've said  
and maybe i'm just the horizon  
you run to when  
she has left you

and me here alone on the floor  
you're counting my feathers  
as the bells toll  
you see the bow and the belt  
and the girl from the south  
all favorites of mine  
you know them all well  
and spring brings  
fresh little puddles  
that makes it all clear  
it makes it all

hey, do you know?  
hey, do you know?  
mmm what this is doing to me?  
oh, here  
here  
here

here in my head