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Edie Brickell & New Bohemians "She"

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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 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 You can't judge her for that, oh no 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 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 can't judge her for that, oh no She knows where her head is at

She's got her home and you want to move in You call her home and you want to move in But a house is not a home and her home is not a house When there's not enough room for you

You call her home and you want to move in You call her home, sweet home Sweet home, sweet sweet home Sweet home

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