

## **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

