

Edie Brickell & The 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

You call her home
And you want to move in
You call her home
And you want to move in

No but bad house is not a home
And a 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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