

Jeff Lynne**"Can't Get It Out Of My Head"**

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Midnight on the water.
I saw the ocean's daughter.
Walking on a wave she came,
staring as she called my name.

And I can't get it out of my head,
no, I can't get it out of my head.
Now my old world is gone for dead
'cos I can't get it out of my head.

Breakdown on the shoreline,
can't move, it's an ebbtide.
Morning don't get here tonight,
searching for her silver light.

And I can't get it out of my head,
no, I can't get it out of my head.
Now my old world is gone for dead
'cos I can't get it out of my head, no no.

Bank job in the city.
Robin Hood and William Tell and Ivanhoe and Lancelot,
they don't envy me.
Sitting till the sun goes down,
in dreams the world keeps going round and round.

And I can't get it out of my head,
no, I can't get it out of my head.
Now my old world is gone for dead
'cos I can't get it out of my head, no no.

No, I can't get it out of my head,
no, I can't get it out of my head.
Now my old world is gone for dead
'cos I can't get it out of my head, no no no no.

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