

Concrete Blonde "Your Haunted Head"

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Blackest eyes I've ever seen like moonstones shine,
And all the while behind the dancing eyes the boy was
crying,
He creeps like ivy on the stairs, you know I liked him
then,
When we would sit and drink for hours and watch the
sidewalk spin.

(Chorus)

Well baby, I don't wanna hear your secrets,
I don't share your pain,
I don't wanna know about the wrinkles in your bed,
I don't wanna hear about the ghost inside your haunted
head,
Inside your haunted head.

Now, I don't need your tragedy and I don't need your
shame,
You can't keep your promises, but you keep naming
names.
He laid his troubles out to me like a deck of playing
cards,
Well don't you know that I can tell the Kings and Jokers
well apart?

(Chorus)

Now, I don't wanna hear your secrets, I don't share
your blame,
I don't wanna hear about the wrinkles in your bed,
I don't wanna hear about the ghost inside your haunted
head,
Inside your haunted head!

Haunted,

Head.

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