

Natalie Imbruglia

"Pineapple Head"

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Detective is flat no longer
Is always flat out
Got the number of the getaway car
Didn't get very far
As lucid as hell and these images
Moving so fast like a fever so close to the bone
I don't feel too well

And if you choose to take that path
I will play you like a shark and I'll clutch at your heart
I'll come flying like a spark to inflame you
Sleeping alone for pleasure

The pineapple head
It spins and it spins like a number I hold
Don't remember if she was my friend
It was a long time ago

And if you choose to take that path
I will play you like a shark and I'll clutch at your heart
I'll come flying like a spark to inflame you
Sleeping alone for pleasure

The pineapple head
It spins and it spins like a number I hold
Don't remember if she was my friend
It was a long time ago

And if you choose to take that path
would you come to make me pay
I will play you like a shark and I'll clutch at your heart
I'll come flying like a spark to inflame you

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