

Rick Springfield

"IN veRonicA'S HEAD"

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He lifted her face from the pillow and said, "Baby such is life"

And then he pushed his suitcase out through the door
And give'm something to talk about

The door slammed, left a scar

She'd be damned she could see her in his car
So much for marriage and the good, good wife
Well, maybe it's a fact of life

But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the wheels were burning
Turning out of frustration
Veronica's bed mocked every private
Thing she said to the bastard

She dyed her hair black in the bathroom mirror
He'd liked it blonde on his wife
An act of independence, a small victory
Hey, it was something to shout about
Cause at night, she'd crack
She'd feel his strong fingers raking down her back
She'd wake up angry, but turned on like a light

Yeah maybe it's a fact of life

But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the wheels were burning
Turning out of frustration
Veronica said, she would never be the same, no
But IN veRonicA'S HEAD, the fields were burning
Burning down the destruction
She turns around, he's there
Confusing her with his promises
And crying on the telephone
She twists and she turns in circles
With all of her strength, she breaks free
She stumbles and she nearly falls

But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the wheels were burning
Turning out of frustration
Veronica said she would never be the same, no
But IN veRonicA'S HEAD the fields were burning
Burning down the destruction
Veronica's bed, she lies there listening

Late at night to her heartbeat. Ooh.

The wheels were turning

And IN veRonicA'S HEAD the fields are burning

The wheels are turning

The fields are burning

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