

The Icicle Works

"What She Did To My Mind"

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(McNabb)

I'm lookin' across a frozen landscape,
I'm lookin' out on an empty port,
I can't believe what happened here,
Look what she did to my mind...
She was young & pretty,
I was old & wise,
Thirty seven years kept our love apart,
Look what she did to my mind,

What she did to my mind

Her little face was a picture,
She brushed her hair by the fire
She played guitar, she drove my car,
Look what she did to my mind...

What she did to my mind

The days were long,
The nights were peaceful,
N' sometimes music filled the air,
The 'Rites of Spring', The Byrds, The King,
Look what she did to my mind,

What she did to my mind

She took work, I couldn't,
I read alone all afternoon,
I'd fix her food, create a mood,
Look what she did to my mind,
I could tell she was restless,
Sometimes she stayed out all night,
I'd get uptight, and then we'd fight
Look what she did to my mind...

What she did to my mind

One night I found a bottle
I put the lip to my own,

'Bout 7:30 I felt drunk n' dirty.
Look what she did to my mind,
She'd been with a young man,
I heard her footsteps in the hall,
I put my pistol up to her ear,
'N put her brains against the wall,

What she did to my mind

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