

Edie Brickell, She

She glows around you like the moon
She smiles at her reflection in a spoon
She reads expensive magazines
She sees herself in everything

You cant judge her for that
She knows where her head is at

Shes tangled up in you
Shes laced up in your shoe
Shes got a ladder to the sky
Shes got a mad look in her eye

You cant judge her for that
She knows where her head is at

She moves in simple curves
She speaks in simple words
and its simple to be in love with her

You cant judge her for that
She knows where her head is at

You call her home
and you want to move in
but a house in not a home and a home
is not a house when theres not enough
room for you
You call her home Sweet Home