

Kate Bush, Full house

Driving back in her car.
Watching the wipers
Squashing the leaves away.
Suddenly there in the road
Is your old self,
Trying to get out of the rain.
I am my enemy
Mowing me over,
And towing the light away.
Somehow it just seems to fit
With that old me,
Trying to get back again.
Imagination sets in.
Then all the voices begin.
Telling you things that aren't happening.
(But they nig and they nag, 'til they're under your skin.)
(You've really got to)
Remember yourself.
You've got a Full House in your head tonight
(You've got to, you've got to)
Remember yourself.
Stand back and see emotion getting you uptight.
My silly pride
Digging the knife in.
She loves to come for her ride.
Surely by now I should know
I can control
My highs and my lows
By questioning all that I do,
Examining every move,
Trying to get back to the rudiments.
(If they nig and they nag, I'll just put in the boot.)
(You've really got to)
Remember yourself.
You've got a Full House in your head tonight
(You've got to, you've got to)
Remember yourself.
Stand back and see emotion getting you uptight.
Remember yourself.
You've got a Full House in your head tonight
(You've got to, you've got to)
Remember yourself.
Stand back and see emotion getting you uptight.