

Robert Calvert, Over My Head

She was talking about the world situation
She was sitting on a coffee-bar stool
I heard her say something clever 'bout inflation
And the Ayatollah's rule

It was over my head, over my head
Over my head, over my head
Over my head, over my head
Over my head,

Her eyes were plastered with a lot of mascara
And her hair was cut by Vidal
I was wondering how I was going to score her
A real live intellectual

And then she started talking bout a new production
Of Dostoyevsky in drag
The way her mouth moved was pure seduction
When she said she'd written it up in a mag

It was over my head, over my head
Over my head, over my head
Over my head, over my head
Over my head,

Everybody's talking 'bout a new way of thinking

Getting plugged into silicon chips
All I could think about was lateral linking
And I just watched her Mary Quant lips

Talking over my head, over my head
Over my head, over my head
Over my head, over my head
Over my head,

She asked me was I ever into Fellini
And what did I think of Godard
I tried to imagine her in a bikini
And didn't find it was hard

She said have you seen that Fritz Lang movie
Where the hero loses his soul?
I said I didn't think that sounded too groovy
I'm more into rock and roll

She was over my head, over my head
Over my head, over my head
Over my head, over my head
Over my head,
Over my head,
Over my head,