

# 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

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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  
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