

# Talking Heads, This Must Be The Place

Last time she jumped out the window  
well  
she only turned and smiled.  
You might think she would say something  
but you'd have to wait a while  
Well  
the lady don't mind; no  
no  
no  
the lady don't mind.  
She just turns her head and disappears  
I  
I kinda like that style.  
Little boat that floats on a river  
it's drifting through a haze.  
She floats by whenever she wants to and there she goes again.  
Well  
it's no trouble at all; no  
no  
no trouble at all.  
Well  
what she does is all right with me  
and I kinda like that style.  
Come on  
come on  
I go up and down  
I like this curious feeling.  
I know  
I see  
it's like make believe ;  
Cover your ears so you can hear what I'm saying.  
I'm not lost but I don't know where I am; I got a question.  
All right  
all right  
this is what we like  
Who knows  
who knows what I'm thinking?  
She says love is not what she's after  
but everybody knows.  
Each time she looks in the mirror  
but she lets her feelings show.  
Well  
the lady don't mind; no  
no  
no  
the lady don't mind. . . .  
Oh-oh  
oh-oh  
here we go again  
I don't know  
don't know what I'm sayin'.  
Hey man  
hey man  
I sure don't feel the same  
She likes to say what she's feeling.  
Hey  
did I get a big surprise? I know you think so.  
Come on  
come on  
she says anything  
Who knows  
who knows what she's thinking?