

Alejandro Escovedo, Dearhead On The Wall

Dear Head on the wall
Look until you're too simple
And the softness of knowing hurts
And the softness of knowing hurts

Dear Head on the wall
Afraid to mention the deaths
That I can't stuff into my mouth
That I can't stuff into my mouth
All the longing that is

A pity pretty pin
A pity pretty pin
And the sadness will come
When there is no one

Dear Head on the wall
Forget what we already know
Hang a picture of your heart
Bandaged in a surgeon's bowl
Opened up to it all

A pity pretty pin
A pity pretty pin
A pity pretty pin
A pity pretty pin
A pity pretty pin
A pity pretty pin