

# Buffalo Tom, Mountains Of Your Head

I've been turned on  
In that little room  
And I am all caved in now like a cat  
I've woken up  
'Cause you've spoken up  
I'm catatonic but ready to roll  
Drift sense of time  
Turning round on a dime  
Crossed the thin line  
As I'm waving goodbye

You saved my life  
Now once or twice  
And I'm not willing to let it go  
Mountains of your head  
Come back in dreams  
And I'm thinking true pencil thoughts  
Hell hath no fury  
I'm restless but weak  
What's on your mind  
If it's on your tongue you should speak  
Speak  
It's true

She was spinning and  
She was hinting at  
And sweeping dust in and out of rooms  
What could I do?  
I'm asking you  
I made myself invisible to her  
Hell hath no fury  
I'm restless but weak  
What's on your mind  
If it's on your tongue you should speak  
Speak  
It's true