

# Tim Minchin, Beautiful Head

What's going on inside that beautiful head of yours?  
What's going on inside that beautiful head of yours?

I'm gonna tell ya about my fancy queen  
I met my baby we were just seventeen  
We were still wearing tight-arse shirts and white jeans  
Uh-huh, I know the smell of her hair  
Uh-huh, I know her freckles come in pairs  
Uh-huh, I know she doesn't know her left from her right

Yeah I know everything about her  
And I know what she does in the shower  
And I can tell what's going on around her  
But I don't know what's going on  
Inside that beautiful head

What's going on inside that beautiful head of yours?  
What's going on inside that beautiful head of yours?  
What's going on, ah-ah-oh  
I just wanna know what's going on  
Inside that beautiful head of yours  
Inside that beautiful head

I know my baby like the back of her thighs  
I know she loves me by the look in her eyes  
I buy her underwear cause I know her size  
Uh-huh, yeah I know all her details  
Uh-huh, I know she quite likes females  
Uh-huh, I know she doesn't know her left from her right

I know her better than anybody  
And I know every movement of her body  
And I can tell you all her facts and figures  
But I don't know what's going on  
Inside that beautiful head  
Inside that beautiful head  
Inside that beautiful head

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Inside that beautiful head...