

Miguel Bose, Over My Head

There's a girl in the room above me
We pass by on the stairs
Claims she's in some new movie
And she acts like she's still there
Says she's in love with Elvis
And she's reading Baudelaire

I went up one Friday night
Just to show my face and to be polite
Looking back now all that I recall
Is dancing on the ceiling to King Creole
I stayed up, stayed up a flight
Woke up in the morning in a different light
Opened my eyes, who should I see?
The girl upstairs right next to me

I'm in over my head
Over my head again (in too deep)
Over my head over my head again

Well, that girl in the room above me
Plays at drama all the time
Thinks this is Brief Encounter
But I can't even think of my lines

I stayed up, stayed up a flight
Woke up in the morning in a different light
Opened my eyes, who should I see?
The girl upstairs right next to me

I'm in over my head
Over my head again (in too deep)
Over my head over my head again
I'm in over my head
Over my head again (in too deep)
Over my head over my head again

I can't go back, I won't go down
I only want to hang around
A voice comes in, it's right on cue
I can't help falling in love with you

I'm in over my head
Over my head again (in too deep)
Over my head over my head again
I'm in over my head
Over my head again (in too deep)
Over my head over my head again