

# The Cardigans, Country Hell

Such a foolish thing  
What a way to be  
I couldn't stay in here  
And it's not right to leave  
I couldn't tell you how  
But all the things I feel  
Have their qualities

If you fall apart  
Fall into my arms  
One uneasy morning  
Doesn't make me leave

Such a simple thing  
What a way to say  
I couldn't help myself  
For my foolish ways  
You couldn't tell me how  
But all the things you feel  
Have their qualities