

Wild Strawberries, Fall

I'm not the kind you marry
I'm not that kind at all
I'm not the one you think you want
But I will be the one
There when you fall

I'm not your bloody mary
I'm not that type at all
I'm just the writing on the wall
But I will be the one
There when you fall

Did I tell you I would come around
Did I say that I would ever be the one to hold you