

Wild Strawberries, Fine

Pretty soon we'll be planting marigolds
Pretty soon we'll be trading stories
What ever happened to the baby that I used to know
I sit here staring as my body grows cold

And when you tell me I feel fine
And when you touch me I feel
Fine

I caught you flirting with my memory
You said that she was just a friend
Some things are better when they're standing in front of me
Some things grow bitter when they're near the end

Say goodbye to the vinyl we had
Say goodbye to the radio songs
You said you'd always keep around
I don't know if I'll be happy
I don't know if I'll be sad
I'll always be there when you drown

I'll place my why inside your sympathy
I'll leave my x beside your o
My generation is a runaway centipede
My generation is about to go