

Wild Strawberries, Minions

Any last requests before I go
Time is fading fast and feeling slow
Hit me when I start to dream
When I whisper maybe close the screen

I'm not asking for opinions
Spare me all your little minions
I just want to wake inside my dreams
I don't know what makes me happy
Just give me joy and make it snappy
Paste my numbered soul with magazines

Someone made a killing on tv
Everyone was willing no one free
All the kids in china stores
Know that living makes them sore

CHORUS

Blessed are the meek for they shall see
Everything that we've already seen
Everybody we have known
Every thing that's overgrown

CHORUS