

Wild Strawberries, On My Own

I want to be the leading lady on my own
I want to act sophisticated on my own

I want to walk across your ocean
I want to file you under C
I want to hang your mixed emotion over me

I want to touch you where the hurting never goes
I want to drive five wicked horses through your pose

Everyone loves a winner when he's wrong
Everyone wants the singer to sing along

If you were water I would never be dry
I'd draw the curtain on the edge of the sky
If I could turn you I would gladly oblige
If I could find you we'd be running out of time