

Jeff Buckley, Strawberry Street

Streetlights flicker on, as they take on the sun
Like counterfeit stars
Watch them come
Watch them come
The pacified hate's full-speed away
A company in the arms of a decorative grave
No tears, no fears - you'll always remain here
The power out there seems to keep you in
Lost your blood to adrenaline
The flesh is weak and the dream is within

And in the plastic room
Seven little honey girls sitting in a row
Pratise for the imperial pillow
Like sweet little strawberries eaten from a bowl
Bite, lipstick red
In a candy store sold
And in the bed I stared - do you hear destiny?
Girl, animal scream

Nightmarey shade, strawberry tile
Drinking for hours alone
Kill memory, watch it die
Pornographic, dead, f**king ripped and bloody
Shredded steaming mess
Kill the memories, watch them die
Lullaby, your mother's once son
Yours is the kind 's born to die young

And on the boulevard, seven little honey girls
Sitting in a row
Manicled to the imperial pillow
And if I came up there to Strawberry Street
It said that I held the key
Would you do as I told you?
Would you give it up to me, automatically?

Strawberry, strawberry....what you gonna do for me?