

Wild Strawberries, Careful

Careful in the kitchen
Says the man in red
He knows exactly where to hang his head
Someones in the bedroom
Playing with the lamp
Love is like her hair beneath the curtain soiled and damp

Isn't she so beautiful
In her baby blues
I'll be over when i know
That she's all over you

I can hear the ticking
Of the cuckoo clock
I can see you hiding in the shadow of her locks
She don't really love you
She don't understand
What she's got between the precious creases of her hands

Life becomes the poet
Messing with her words
In the margin soft and blurred
Time is my complexion
Love is my parade
Funny how the fiddler knows exactly when to play