

# 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