Wild Strawberries, Everything That Rises

There's a penny poised on a whitewashed fence There's a little black boy praying for his government There's a nervous lady reaching for her place There's a red faced son running from his race

Everything that rises Everything that rises Everything that rises must converge

This is my country-this is your sign-We are painting fences, drawing lines Well I don't know much about anything And I don't know much about conversation Look at me, look at me giving my weakness away

Do you know Coventry-ribbons and bows-She will throw confetti in your soul Well I don't know much about anything And I don't know much about conversation Look at me, look at me giving my weakness away