

# 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