

# Wild Strawberries, Give It Up

Words can be a problem when you're on parole  
I don't care much for language I just want her soul  
She left me just when Pushkin turned to shove  
The answer to the question who are you thinking of?

You've got to give it up  
Give it up  
Hold me baby when you give it up  
Give it up

Every now and then I start rambling on  
I don't care much for grammar I just need her son  
He left me in the sibilance and pops  
The answer to the question who made your sentence stop