

Wild Strawberries, Grace

I think I met you on the seventeenth floor
When I stood on Margot's window sill
Or maybe it was in the Crimean war
When I lost my middle finger

I really don't love you
It just looks that way
Radio lover meets serial killer
He says it's inevitable
She says call me Grace

I think I met you on the mental ward
You watched me juggle my life
Or maybe it was in some naphthalene story
Roman candles and wine

I think I met you on death row
Somewhere in Louisiana
Or maybe it was at Heathrow
You were flying to Cancun

I think I met you at Graceland National
I was the one torching the bike
Or maybe it was at the abattoir
I was the one with the knife