

# Wild Strawberries, I Don't Want To Think About It

Meet me in a doorway  
I'll be painting pictures of gates  
You were so crazy  
I was so chaste  
I don't know what happened to me  
I don't know

I don't want to think about it  
I don't want to think about it

You rendered me conscious  
You cut my innocent face  
I'm not really bitter  
Then again I'm not amused  
I just want to kick you till you cry I loved I really loved you

Meet me in a doorway  
I'll be wearing Middleton's lace  
It's as sterile as chess  
Nobody'd guess  
You were touching me between the love of God and sister mercy