

Wild Strawberries, Not Going To Cry

Maybe I should have noticed
When faith forgot her shoes
I should have marked the day
When pity came to stay
And truth settled on the roof

I'm not gonna cry when you go
Crying leaves me cold
And when i'm cold
I start to crave
Someone warm and safe

She smells like the violent
Swollen arm of spring
Wrestling with her clothes
Tempting I suppose
Tepid and glistening

CHORUS

Lately I've been thinking
Hope is underage
I'll never kiss her lips
Unless she insists
And probably then I'd wait

CHORUS