

Wild Strawberries, Speak Of The Devil

Speak of the devil baby
I've got my reservations
I saw you coming from a meter away
I'm not excited
I'm not even waiting
I saw the picture and I know it's a fake

That's how the story goes
That's what the people say
I'm bitter I suppose
But bitterness is gold when she wants her way

If you're gonna put me under
Make sure you do it neatly
If I'm going under I'll go all the way
If you're going pull the curtains
Make sure you pull discreetly
Nothing sticks together without needles and chains

CHORUS

I know the number
I've seen the mark already
I drove the rental into the Hertz
I can smell the fishes
I know the crimes are changing
Nothing sticks together without needles and skirts

CHORUS