

# Wild Strawberries, Walking By Lightening

The woman in the window turns to see him wave  
She says life is like a sailor in a storm  
Truth knocks once then slips away  
Love shouts loudly then it fades  
Like water off a collar slightly worn

Walking by lightning  
Taken by storm  
Frozen by fire  
Healed by thorns

A flash in the night is always what it seems  
And memory prides itself on being brave  
From the end you see the mean  
Like a vague forgotten dream  
Crawling through the mist of yesterday