

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