

Not Going to Cry

Wild Strawberries

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 roofI'm not gonna cry when you go
Crying leaves me cold
And when i'm cold
I start to crave
Someone warm and safeShe smells like the violent
Swollen arm of spring
Wrestling with her clothes
Tempting I suppose
Tepid and glisteningCHORUSLately I've been thinking
Hope is underage
I'll never kiss her lips
Unless she insists
And probably then I'd waitCHORUS

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