The Way It Goes

Wild Strawberries

Cali said she saw you walking with a rose in your hand
Cali said you weren't walking alone
You're about as pretty as the picture of the flowers
You drew on my chemistry notes
Boy I really loved you oh well
That's the way it goes
Cali said she saw you lying with a hole in your head
Cali said you weren't lying no no you weren't lying alone
You're about as pretty as the picture of the flowers I drew on your suicide note
Boy I really loved you oh well
That's the way it goes
Everyone's dying to meet you
Everyone's dying to know
Mama said you could be my antidote, well
You're about as pretty as the picture of the flowers
They drew on your pale headstone
God I really loved you oh well
That's the way it goes

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