

# Strawberry

## Boss Hog

Ten, Ten years,  
Ten years too young to die  
Too many times I tried to talk  
You still don't understand  
Too many times you tried to say  
I'm not your kind of man  
Still it's time for me to come  
I really want to know  
Is it time for me to come  
Or time for me to go  
Sunday morning got to settle down  
Got to get my feet back on the ground  
Ten, ten years,  
Ten years to young to die  
Ten, nine, eight, a-seven, six  
To many times you tried to talk,  
  
I still don't understand  
To many times you tried to say  
I'm not your kind of man  
Still it's time for me to come  
I really want to know  
Is it time for me to stay  
Or time for me to go  
Someday, Monday got to settle down  
Got to get my feet back on the ground  
Thursday, Friday, got nothing to show  
Got to be this punk I just don't know  
Someday, Monday got to settle down  
Got to get my feet back on the ground  
Wednesday, Thursday, got nothing to show  
Why don't you tell me something I don't know

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>