Grace

Wild Strawberries

I think I met you on the seventeenth floor
When I stood on Margot's window sill
Or maybe it was in the Crimean war
When I lost my middle fingerI really don't love you it just looks that way
Radio lover meets serial killer
And he says it's inevitable
She says call me GraceI think I met you on the mental ward
You watched me juggle my life
Or maybe it was in some naphthalene story
Roman candles and wineI really don't love you it just looks that way
Radio lover meets serial killer
And he says it's inevitable
She says call me GraceI think I met you on death row
Somewhere in Louisiana
Or maybe it was at Heathrow
You were flying to CancunI really don't love you it just looks that way
Radio lover meets serial killer
And he says it's inevitable
She says call me GraceI think I met you at Graceland National
That was me torching your bike
Or maybe it was in the abattoir
I was the one with the knifeI really don't love you it just looks that way
Radio lover meets serial killer
And he says it's inevitable
She says call me Grace

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