

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 finger I 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 I 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 wine I 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 I think I met you on death row
Somewhere in Louisiana
Or maybe it was at Heathrow
You were flying to Cancun I 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 I 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 knife I 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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