

# Bungalow

## Wild Strawberries

Joy is dancing like another thousand  
Coming to my bungalow  
She's infectious and I think of heaven  
Looking down on me belowDon't think about tomorrow  
You'll never see today  
Joy is dancing like another thousand  
Coming to my bungalowYou turn around and everything's the same  
You turn again and everything has changedYou take me to the place where everything starts  
Just like a brand new notion  
I got the way to make it oh, I got the way to make it okayTake me to the place where angels cry  
Under the swollen mine  
I got the way to make it oh, I got the way to make it okayDon't think about tomorrow  
You'll never see today  
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