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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