Easter Morning

Wild Strawberries

Gretta's in the corner but she's miles away
Mary's coaxing Adam to stare time in the face
And me and Joey Carpenter are listening to the naked miner
Talking about the way things were before the world was green
I can run where I want
On Easter morning
Run where I dream
It's like a grey suited businessman who's looking for the answer
His wife is complicated and his girlfriend has cancer
Maybe I'm a dotted line between the clouds and Union Station
Maybe I'm an open window swinging in the breeze
Tell me if you've ever seen the convalescent fisherman
Before I kiss you in the corner of my lifelong quarantine
If my name was Richard Nixon would you treat me with conviction
If my name was Colin Thatcher would my protest really matter
But my name is contradiction and I'm standing in your liquor store
I'm stealing from your baby boy and lying in your lanes
You know I don't care much for your chemical names
Pesticide and pimozide they're all the same
And I've half a mind to sit you down and tell you about the holy war
I've half a mind to sit you down and blow you up with metaphor

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/