

# Strawberry

Richard Colvaen

Ten, Ten years,  
Ten years too young to die  
Too many times I tried to talk  
    You still don't understand  
Too many times you tried to say  
    I'm not your kind of man  
Still it's time for me to come  
    I really want to know  
    Is it time for me to come  
    Or time for me to go  
Sunday morning got to settle down  
Got to get my feet back on the ground  
    Ten, ten years,  
    Ten years to young to die  
    Ten, nine, eight, a-seven, six  
To many times you tried to talk,  
  
    I still don't understand  
To many times you tried to say  
    I'm not your kind of man  
Still it's time for me to come  
    I really want to know  
    Is it time for me to stay  
    Or time for me to go  
Someday, Monday got to settle down  
Got to get my feet back on the ground  
Thursday, Friday, got nothing to show  
Got to be this punk I just don't know  
Someday, Monday got to settle down  
Got to get my feet back on the ground  
Wednesday, Thursday, got nothing to show  
Why don't you tell me something I don't know

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