

# Careful

## Wild Strawberries

"Careful in the kitchen", says the man in red  
He knows exactly where to hang his head  
Someone's in the bedroom playing with the lamp  
Love is like her hair beneath the curtain soiled and damp Isn't she so beautiful in her baby blues?  
I'll be over when I know she's all over you I can hear the ticking of the cuckoo clock  
I can see you hiding in the shadow of her locks  
She don't really love you, she don't understand  
What she's got between the precious creases of her hands Isn't she so beautiful in her baby blues?  
I'll be over when I know she's all over you Life becomes the poet messing with her words  
In the margin soft and blurred  
Time is my complexion, love is my parade  
Funny how the fiddler knows exactly when to play Isn't she so beautiful in her baby blues  
I'll be over when I know she's all over you

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