

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 dampIsn't she so beautiful in her baby blues?

I'll be over when I know she's all over youI 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 handsIsn't she so beautiful in her baby blues?

I'll be over when I know she's all over youLife 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 playIsn't she so beautiful in her baby blues

I'll be over when I know she's all over you

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>