Fine

Wild Strawberries

Pretty soon we'll be planting marigolds
Pretty soon we'll be trading stories
What ever happened to the baby that I used to know
I sit here staring as my body grows coldAnd when you tell me I feel fine
And when you touch me I feel fineI caught you flirting with my memory
You said she was just a friend
Some things are better when they're standing in front of me
Some things grow bitter when they're near the endAnd when you tell me I feel fine
And when you touch me I feel fineSay goodbye to the vinyl we had
Say goodbye to the radio songs
You said you'd always keep aroundI don't know if I'll be happy
I don't know if I'll be sad
I'll always be there when you drownI'll place my mind inside your sympathy
I'll leave my X beside your O
My generation is a runaway centipede
My generation is about to goAnd when you tell me I feel fine
And when you touch me I feel fine

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