

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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