Never Run To You

Wild Strawberries

You were in white
I was in gray
I was doing circles at the foot of your golden mane
You were making speeches
You were naming names
Somewhere in your eye I think I see the flicker
Of a man who's slain
Oh--I want to run to you
Oh--I want to run to you
Oh--I want to run to you
I want to run to you
Little sister Mandy
Is a little bit strange
She thinks she's a satellite
I can understand that
You're not to blame
I can see the pilot holding your love
With a silver rein
Mandy's in the whitehouse
Gregory's in sales
Me and old Cissy are pissing on the family tree
I'll save you my speeches
If you save me your name
Eyes in the orbit fixed on the first thing
To set them free

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