Strawberry

Paul Baribeau

Ten, Ten years,
Ten years too young to die
Too many times I tried to talk
You still don't understand
Too many times you tried to say
I`m not your kind of man
Still it's time for me to come
I really want to know
Is it time for me to come
Or time for me to go
Sunday morning got to settle down
Got to get my feet back on the ground
Ten, ten years,
Ten years to young to die
Ten, nine, eight, a-seven, six
To many times you tried to talk,

I still don't understand
To many times you tried to say
I`m not your kind of man
Still it's time for me to come
I really want to know
Is it time for me to stay
Or time for me to go
Someday, Monday got to settle down
Got to get my feet back on the ground
Thursday, Friday, got nothing to show
Got to be this punk I just don't know
Someday, Monday got to settle down
Got to get my feet back on the ground
Wednesday, Thursday, got nothing to show
Why don't you tell me something I don't know

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