

The Only Things I Know

Wild Strawberries

Maybe you're waiting
Hoping the world will spell it's name
In an open minded, whole-hearted way
Maybe you're waiting
Looking for the widow
Who's lost between a lie and a lonely way
Maybe you're afraid I'm the same way
A beggar's crutch, an angel's sigh
A broken hand pressed to its side
These are the only things I know
Love is nothing when it's wise
Jesus holds me wondering why
These are the only things I know
Everyone's a preacher and everyone's a baker
And everyone's a bit of an undertaker going round and round
Throw me a bottle and I'll pass you a hammer
And we can make music like chinese lanterns blowing down
I can hear you talk about the space behind the mirror
And I can see you hold your hand up high
Breathe into the wind and talk about eternity
Look into the gutter and tell me what you see
The patient sun, the constant tide
The tuneless minstrelsy of pride
These are the only things I know
I am yours and you are mine
Life is circled by a line
These are the only things I know

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