

# Strawberry Street

Jeff Buckley

Streetlights flicker on, as they take on the sun  
Like counterfeit stars  
Watch them come  
Watch them come  
The pacified hate's full-speed away  
A company in the arms of a decorative grave  
No tears, no fears - you'll always remain here  
The power out there seems to keep you in  
Lost your blood to adrenaline  
The flesh is weak and the dream is within  
And in the plastic room  
Seven little honey girls sitting in a row  
Pratise for the imperial pillow  
Like sweet little strawberries eaten from a bowl  
Bite, lipstick red  
In a candy store sold  
And in the bed I stared - do you hear destiny?  
Girl, animal scream  
Nightmarey shade, strawberry tile  
Drinking for hours alone  
Kill memory, watch it die  
Pornographic, dead, fucking ripped and bloody  
Shredded steaming mess  
Kill the memories, watch them die  
Lullaby, your mother's once son  
Yours is the kind 's born to die young  
And on the boulevard, seven little honey girls  
Sitting in a row  
Manicled to the imperial pillow  
And if I came up there to Strawberry Street  
It said that I held the key  
Would you do as I told you?  
Would you give it up to me, automatically?  
Strawberry, strawberry....what you gonna do for me?

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