

Wild Strawberries "Careful"

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"Careful in the kitchen", says the man in red
He knows exactly where to hang his head
Someone's in the bedroom playing with the lamp
Love is like her hair beneath the curtain soiled and
damp

Isn't she so beautiful in her baby blues?
I'll be over when I know she's all over you

I can hear the ticking of the cuckoo clock
I can see you hiding in the shadow of her locks
She don't really love you, she don't understand
What she's got between the precious creases of her
hands

Isn't she so beautiful in her baby blues?
I'll be over when I know she's all over you

Life becomes the poet messing with her words
In the margin soft and blurred
Time is my complexion, love is my parade
Funny how the fiddler knows exactly when to play

Isn't she so beautiful in her baby blues
I'll be over when I know she's all over you

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