

Wild Strawberries

"Fall"

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There's a penny poised on a whitewashed fence
There's a little black boy praying for his government
There's a nervous lady reaching for her place
There's a red faced son running from his race
Everything that rises
Everything that rises
Everything that rises must converge
This is my country-this is your sign-
We are painting fences, drawing lines
Well I don't know much about anything
And I don't know much about conversation
Look at me, look at me giving my weakness away
Do you know Coventry-ribbons and bows-
She will throw confetti in your soul
Well I don't know much about anything
And I don't know much about conversation
Look at me, look at me giving my weakness away

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