

## Wild Strawberries "Grace"

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I think I met you on the seventeenth floor  
When I stood on Margot's window sill  
Or maybe it was in the Crimean war  
When I lost my middle finger

I really don't love you it just looks that way  
Radio lover meets serial killer  
And he says it's inevitable  
She says call me Grace

I think I met you on the mental ward  
You watched me juggle my life  
Or maybe it was in some naphthalene story  
Roman candles and wine

I really don't love you it just looks that way  
Radio lover meets serial killer  
And he says it's inevitable  
She says call me Grace

I think I met you on death row  
Somewhere in Louisiana  
Or maybe it was at Heathrow  
You were flying to Cancun

I really don't love you it just looks that way  
Radio lover meets serial killer  
And he says it's inevitable  
She says call me Grace

I think I met you at Graceland National  
That was me torching your bike  
Or maybe it was in the abattoir  
I was the one with the knife

I really don't love you it just looks that way  
Radio lover meets serial killer  
And he says it's inevitable  
She says call me Grace

