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## 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

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