

Wild Strawberries

"May I Call You Beatrice"

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Just a little thought in the head of the one
With the sunburnt cheeks and the eyes to the ground
Making earwaxed tongue-tied gutter sounds

Thinking of the lost rib, dialing the indelible
Thinking the unthinkable, no one's home

And the eyes say, I don't believe we've met
I don't believe you've had the privilege
I don't believe we've met

When the wind, when the wind, when the wind blows
cold
And the eyes of the child grow old
When the erratic conga rises and falls
Above the faithful metronome
You can take me back to the gravestone

See her strain from the weight of the globe
Spinning around his assumptions, barefoot and tight
lipped
He in his favourite chair, blowing his world around

First she's Beatrice then she's a pumpkin
Then she's a faded leaf in a book on his pantry shelf

When the wind, when the wind, when the wind blows
cold
And the eyes of the child grow old
When the erratic conga rises and falls
Above the faithful metronome
You can take me back to the gravestone

The head sees the hand play with the ring in the pocket
And the head knows the hand knows the ring is as
round
As the tear-soaked shoulder in a room in another town

And the ring is getting heavy and so is the crown
Which she drags to the chair feebly to keep the
swelling down

When the wind, when the wind, when the wind blows
cold
And the eyes of the child grow old
When the erratic conga rises and falls
Above the faithful metronome
You can take me back to the gravestone

When the bird in the bush is worth two in the hand
And the empty cage holds the empty man
The bird keeps flying from the orgoglian rising

And the phone keeps ringing and the phone keeps
ringing
And the ring keeps slipping and the phone
And the phone keeps on ringing

And he's thinking about the one who got away
And he's thinking about the one who got away
And he's thinking about the one who got away
And he's thinking about the one who got away

And he's thinking and he's thinking
Whatchu thinking?

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