

Mountain Goats, The "Some Swedish Trees"

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1, 2... 1, 2, 3, 4

John: oh you don't want to start like that? you want me
to do the thing.

Rachel: that's not how we ever start it.

well you were standing in the door
while I wondered what you were waiting for
I saw the wild strawberries on the vine
out of control

well I was trying to think of something clever
you were saying nothing whatsoever
I saw the berries throw their hooks into the soil
felt the blood between us churning thick as motor oil

we'd come from california
the air around you was familiar to me now
if you were gazing westward
I was looking at you again
yeah.

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