

Wild Strawberries, Bungalow

Joy is dancing like another thousand coming to my bungalow
She's infectious and I think of heaven looking down on me below
Don't think about tomorrow
You'll never see today
Joy is dancing like another thousand coming to my bungalow

You turn around and everything's the same
You turn again and everything has changed
You take me to the place where everything starts
Just like a brand new notion
I got the way to make it o...
I got the way to make it okay

You take me to the place where angels cry
Under the swollen mine
I got the way to make it o...
I got the way to make it okay
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You'll never see today

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