

Wild Strawberries, Trampoline

I don't need directions
I can see the course
You don't need to whisper baby
I've heard it all before
Hate and lemon under your nails
I don't need protection
I don't need to show your telling tail

I don't need your prohibition
I don't need to score
You can keep your liquor
Baby that's for sure
Whine and silver under your feet
I don't know what moves you
I can't even see when i'm on my knees

Baby give that quiver to me
I can shoot an arrow through anything
Please don't give me your reasons
I'll never need them when I'm on my trampoline

I have seen the devil
Looking for the chord
I can make your carbon copy
Sullen and adored
Mercy and ashes under your hair
I don't need revisions
I don't need to fill
What isn't there

CHORUS

Tolerance is petty
Misery is bored
Someone slipped the combination
Underneath the door
Tongue and courage under your skin
I don't need your resolution
I don't need to sort what could have been

CHORUS