

The Beatles, Strawberry Fields Forever

Let me take you down 'cause I'm going to strawberry fields,
Nothing is real, and nothing to get hung about.
Strawberry fields forever...

Living is easy with eyes closed, misunderstanding all you see.
It's getting hard to be someone, but it all works out.
It doesn't matter much to me.

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No one, I think, is in my tree. I mean, it must be high or low.
That is, you can't, you know, tune in, but it's all right.
That is, I think it's not too bad.

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Always, no, sometimes think it's me, but you know I know when it's a dream.
I think er, no, I mean, er, yes, but it's all wrong.
That is, I think I disagree.

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