

Wild Strawberries, I Don't Want To Think About It

Meet me in a doorway
I'll be painting pictures of gates
You were so crazy
I was so chaste
I don't know what happened to me
I don't know

I don't want to think about it
I don't want to think about it

You rendered me conscious
You cut my innocent face
I'm not really bitter
Then again I'm not amused
I just want to kick you till you cry I loved I really loved you

Meet me in a doorway
I'll be wearing Middleton's lace
It's as sterile as chess
Nobody'd guess
You were touching me between the love of God and sister mercy