

Some Swedish Trees

The Mountain Goats

Well, you were standing in the door
Well, 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 turning black as motor oil

We come from California
The air around you was familiar to me now
You were gazing westward
I was looking at you again