

## 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