

Everybody Loves You When You're Dead

Wild Strawberries

She told me her name was Cymbeline
I met her at the corner of Church and Queen
She was selling lies and other painted things
I hardly even noticed when she touched my ring
She sold me a camera for a song
A silver instamatic made in Bonn
Careful with my heart it's not very strong
She wrote that on the border when I was gone
She said that she's going home
And she won't be long
Half a mile from Texas
She looked at me and said
Everybody wants you when you're dead
I can drive for hours when I'm wrong
She said it like a preacher before the throng
Careful with your life--it's not very long
We struggle for a moment and then we're gone
I think I'll take her bishop with my queen
The glass is nearly empty and she's asleep
Somewhere in my mind I think I see her weep
Perhaps I'll check the silver before I leave