

## Not Going To Cry

Wild Strawberries

Maybe I should have noticed  
When faith forgot her shoes  
I should have marked the day  
When pity came to stay  
And truth settled on the roof

I'm not gonna cry when you go  
Crying leaves me cold  
And when i'm cold  
I start to crave  
Someone warm and safe

She smells like the violent  
Swollen arm of spring  
Wrestling with her clothes  
Tempting I suppose  
Tepid and glistening

CHORUS

Lately I've been thinking  
Hope is underage  
I'll never kiss her lips  
Unless she insists  
And probably then I'd wait

CHORUS