

## The Only Things I Know

Wild Strawberries

Maybe you're waiting  
Hoping the world will spell it's name  
In an open minded, whole-hearted way  
Maybe you're waiting  
Looking for the widow  
Who's lost between a lie and a lonely way  
Maybe you're afraid I'm the same way  
A beggar's crutch, an angel's sigh  
A broken hand pressed to it's side  
These are the only things I know  
Love is nothing when it's wise  
Jesus holds me wondering why  
These are the only things I know  
Everyone's a preacher and everyone's a baker  
And everyone's a bit of an undertaker going round and round  
Throw me a bottle and I'll pass you a hammer  
And we can make music like chinese lanterns blowing down  
I can hear you talk about the space behind the mirror  
And I can see you hold your hand up high  
Breathe into the wind and talk about eternity  
Look into the gutter and tell me what you see  
The patient sun, the constant tide  
The tuneless minstrelsy of pride  
These are the only things I know  
I am yours and you are mine  
Life is circled by a line  
These are the only things I know