

# I Don't Want To Think About It

Wild Strawberries

Meet me in a doorway  
I'll be painting pictures of gates  
You were so crazy  
I was so chaste  
I don't know what happened to me  
I don't know  
I-I-I-I-I don't want to think about it  
I-I-I-I-I don't want to think about it  
You rendered me conscious  
You cut my innocent face  
I'm not really bitter  
Then again I'm not amused  
I just want to kick you till you cry  
I loved I really loved you  
I-I-I-I-I don't want to think about it  
I-I-I-I-I don't want to think about it  
Meet me in a doorway  
I'll be wearing Middleton's lace  
It's as sterile as chess  
Nobody'd guess  
You were touching me between the love of God and sister mercy  
I-I-I-I-I don't want to think about it  
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I-I-I-I-I don't want to think about it  
I-I-I-I-I don't want to think about it  
I don't want to think about it  
Think about it  
Think about it  
Think about it