

The Bride

Dirty Projectors

I, I want a missed bouquet
Raised a longing in the bride
Beckoning everyone in for the good news that
No one has any good reason to live

Tears of laughter did pervade
Your ambivalent behavior
Where was your diamond engaged but an instinct
Could be written over like a page
In a dead book, yeah

Whose cascading empathy
Could really reach beyond tomorrow
And when the dinner chime
When the clarion calls
Will be anyone listening at all