

## Mary On The Mend

Cherry Ghost

By rights we should have been choking  
On every word the Preacher had us repeat  
A stiff drink and napkins in your hand bag  
The first aid of a three-time divorcee

Carried you home down through the subway  
Where thrills are cheap and the kids roll down walls  
like paint  
Borrowed Gods been rubbing their backs on your window  
Your summers are haunted with memories of love sick  
strays

Pick up your chin there's a Saint on the mend  
On a burnt out estate born of bones that don't bend  
Coming back stealing hearts pulling through  
Brand fire new

Mary goes a-diving in at the deep end  
At the sliding doors of the 13th floor she prays  
She says night fall gently on the weekend  
When tempers are high and all those frustrations  
displayed

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I'm hit, I'm down, I'm done, I'm dusted, I'm deadbeat  
I am weak as a kitten, been strapped to the tracks of a  
train  
I have danced with the drunks, and dodged all those  
filthy old whispers  
But baby go give 'em hell and tell 'em it came with a  
name

Brand fire new