

Bracing for Sunday

Neko Case

I dropped my gloves into the stove
Hymns echoed out the grate
I fell in love with those electric lights
That drug me into town so late

To nimble, cunning, clever nights
I railed behind them, deputized
To scrape the lens of Christian eyes,

I'm a Friday night girl
Bracing for Sunday to come

I only ever held one love,
Her name was Mary Anne
She died having a child by her brother
He died because I murdered him.

I shot him through his jelly eye
And I won myself his wicked life,
Now I thread-the-needle waltz through mine,

I'm a Friday night girl
Bracing for Sunday to come.

I emptied onto shifting sheets,
Staring rosary holes in my ceiling,
Waiting for my purpose to deliver,
And reveal itself to me
But all I hear are subway trains
Bang against their bedrock lanes
So I bang a little too...

I'm a Friday night girl
Bracing for Sunday to come
Bracing for Sunday to come.