

## Wedding Day

Paul Young

Who is me, the press gang came  
And forced my love away  
Just when we named next morning fair  
To be our wedding day  
Like a silent explosion ripping into the heart  
And the hurt and the anguish do tear you apart  
With a swiftness of hand that I cannot condone  
And discardance of life that is not of your own  
Then a small piece of hear say becomes a big deal  
But that is not the issue, the issue is real.  
When a turn of the page can turn love into hate  
Don't forget that's the power of the fourth estate.  
And a tall string of words keep me tied to the chair  
Where before I was blistfully unaware  
And my skin becomes thicker so I never get hurt  
I'm a man without feeling and I wish that I weren't  
Though you're long dead and gone there is still no escape  
Just forget it, just forget it, you'll never cut all that tape  
And once you're a victim, your love will turn to hate  
Don't forget that's the power of the fourth estate