

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 discarding of life that is not of your own
Then a small piece of hearsay 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 blissfully 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