

## Wedding

The Psychedelic Furs

Crooked heels on battered boots  
Shoot down ragged miles  
I'm coming home  
I'm like a girl

In all her rags  
And all her pearls  
I hear her talk  
Through vicious teeth

Sing god is gone  
Stop hanging on my sleeve  
And I can't speak  
And all of that will never please

A hollow moon hung like a heart  
Stars like dirty sparks  
On dirty seas and never seen  
And all of that and all of these

I hear her dust  
Fall at her feet  
And Christ and all His crows can't keep it neat  
So what of me and all that I don't wanna be

A bitter taste, a bitter pill  
Says nothing's ever true  
And ever will become of me  
Or make a sense of what I see

On broken nerves in ragged clothes  
Eyes that never close  
Stare back at me  
And never see and holler names and follow me

What's written now you can't erase  
And pages from my past  
Get in my way for one of why  
I make a stand or take a side