

Psychedelic Furs, The "Wedding"

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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

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