

## Frightened Rabbit "Wedding Gloves"

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A melting of morals, a solder of souls  
As sexy as lace but with just as much holes  
Doubts were debated and questions were raised  
All the stags and the hens were stunned and amazed  
The portents and omens rang as loud as the bells  
With you at the altar and me in the cells

Are you still breathing?  
Are you holding it in?  
Was it you I heard sniffing when you were stooped at the sink?  
Are we still breathing?  
Are we holding it in?  
After all of this swimming, are we beginning to sink?

The dress will decay  
But be handed down  
You can scrub, you can soak  
But you can't wash me out  
You can call it perversion  
You can call it a kink  
But no one can see us  
There's no need to think

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Are we still breathing?  
Are we holding it in?  
After all of this swimming, are we beginning to sink?

All of these old stains  
All of them ours  
Anniversary fingerprints scattered all through the house  
Do you even remember what we said in the vows?  
God was watching on Saturday

But he is not with us now, with us now  
Turn away from me, darling  
Face to the wall  
Turn the big light out, I have locked the front door  
Squeeze on the wedding gloves, your hands to the wall  
It's the only posterity that will crack me at all, crack me at all

Grip me in your wedding glove  
Fake silk touched to my face  
Tens of years of giddy love come rushing back again

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