

Cherry Ghost "Mary On The Mend"

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By rights we should have been choking
On every word the Preacher had us repeat
A stiff drink and napkins in your hand bag
The first aid of a three-time divorcee

Carried you home down through the subway
Where thrills are cheap and the kids roll down walls
like paint
Borrowed Gods been rubbing their backs on your
window
Your summers are haunted with memories of love sick
strays

Pick up your chin there's a Saint on the mend
On a burnt out estate born of bones that don't bend
Coming back stealing hearts pulling through
Brand fire new

Mary goes a-diving in at the deep end
At the sliding doors of the 13th floor she prays
She says night fall gently on the weekend

When tempers are high and all those frustrations
displayed

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On a burnt out estate born of bones that don't bend
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I'm hit, I'm down, I'm done, I'm dusted, I'm
deadbeat
I am weak as a kitten, been strapped to the tracks of a
train
I have danced with the drunks, and dodged all those
filthy old whispers
But baby go give 'em hell and tell 'em it came with a

name

Brand fire new

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