

Little Feat "Brides Of Jesus"

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Bill Payne, Lowell George

Matthew stood by the wall and watched his love below
Her pale hair came in golden rings down below her
shoulders

As she waved and slowly turned around
To find the path that led her to the ancient gate was
closed

She said Matthew why won't you tell me what it is you
see

Your smile so wide this figured grin
You look as if, you look as if you're looking right
through me

Why won't you tell me how it is you see
Through the darness all around me
No amulets or chains will work to keep the demons
from

Or hide the night filled eyes from the brides of Jesus
The brides of Jesus

The brides of Jesus

Keep them over me

Keep them over me, can't you see

On tender-hooks and to be pleasure bent

His voice it scratched the air

May bring you so much sorrow

That you may be entertaining angels unawares

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